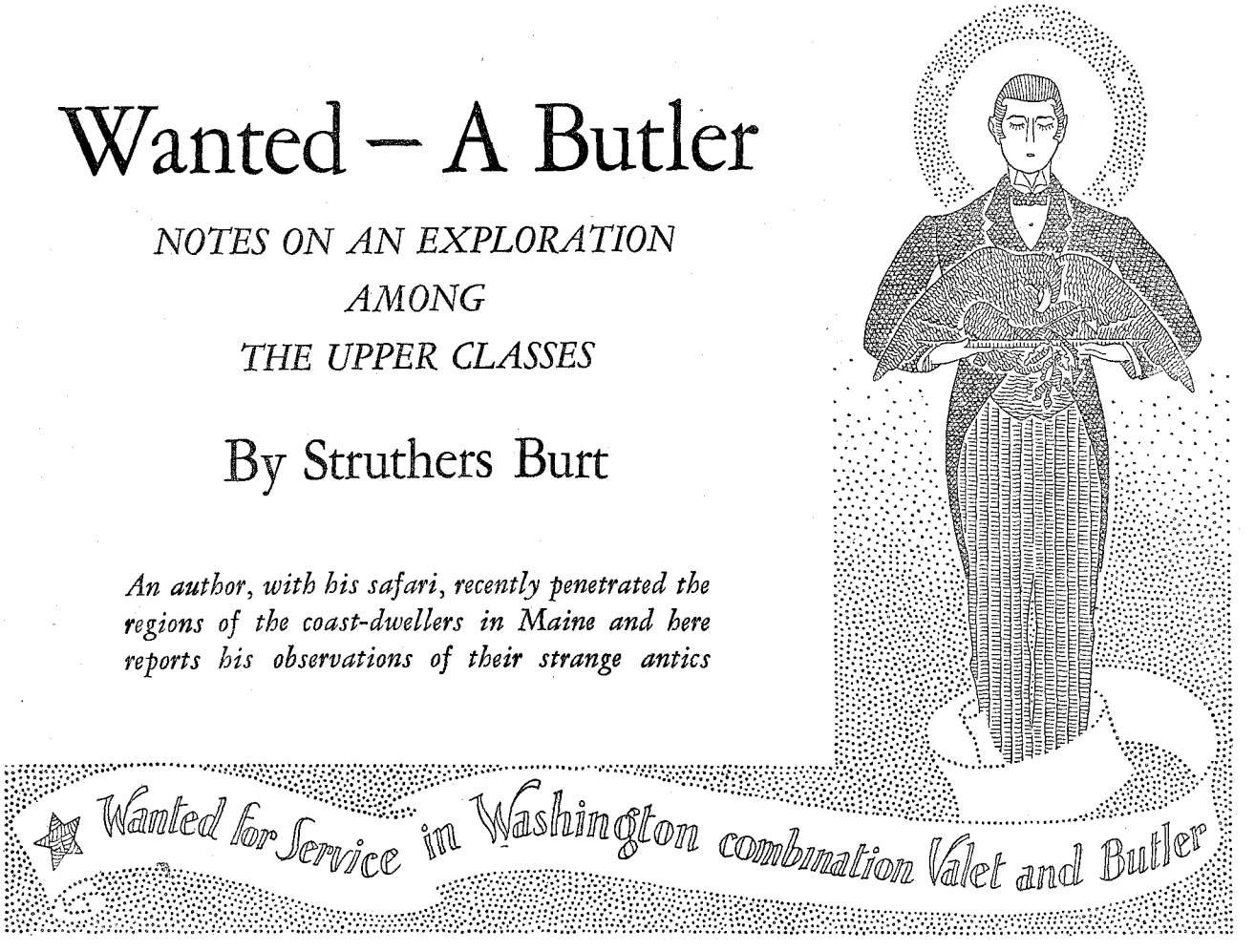
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
VOL. XCIX MARCH, 1936 NO. 3

Wanted – A Butler

NOTES ON AN EXPLORATION AMONG THE UPPER CLASSES

By Struthers Burt

An author, with his safari, recently penetrated the regions of the coast-dwellers in Maine and here reports his observations of their strange antics



While groaning over the sad destiny of their country, they were really sorry only on account of the probable reduction of their own incomes; fear of their own safety had taken hold of them, and the mention of names which shall be remembered by posterity, caused them to grind their teeth with rage.

CAN you guess who said that? And when? Some present day dissenter? Some modern radical? Some insidious foe of property? No, not at all. The balanced sentences should tell you that this is not the writing of nineteen thirty-five. The quotation is from Turgenev's *Smoke,* published in 1867, just sixty-eight years ago, and Turgenev was talking about the Russian upper classes of his time. Well, by now we all know what became of them. Nor was Turgenev a revolutionist. He was a liberal and so was equally belabored by the extreme Left and the extreme Right.

And with that I can begin at the beginning.

Most of my life has been spent in "the sticks" which, if you haven't already heard, comprise about ninety-nine and a half per cent of this country and of most other countries as well. Just why this has been so when I might have lived in Philadelphia, or Boston, or New York, or Chicago, is not germane to the discussion, although, in passing, I would like to say that "the sticks" have their advantages. About them there is a slow burning unconscious Americanism, however at times wrongly or crudely expressed, as pervasive as the smoke of leaves in autumn, and this, to one interested in his country, is not only gratifying but a useful critical corrective. "The sticks" are not given to metropolitan panics; their inhabitants escape scores of wrong deductions. For one thing, they do not as yet function entirely upon Wall Street, necessary as a chastened edition of that Monte Carlo may be for the transaction of certain business. Wall Street does not make the sunshine or the rain of "the sticks." But this, as I have said, is not the point. The point is that last summer, for the first time in years, save for long sojourns in Europe, I enjoyed a sabbatical three months. Not without due forethought and the intentions of an explorer, and with a trustworthy safari in the shape of my family and some negro retainers, I penetrated into what for me, and most Americans, is a comparatively unknown country. A Prester John's Land. A land of magic and amazement; to wit the very heart of the North Atlantic Coast States. And when I say the heart, I mean a quintessence, a summer-time culling of the North Atlantic Coast States, which makes New York look like the disorderly, heterogeneous mining camp it really is. For three months I settled near a certain section of the New England coast that has for genera-

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tions drawn to itself during the summer many of the most outstanding, cultivated, and worthwhile citizens of the United States.

My anthropological and sociological notes, my observations of tribal customs may be of interest; that they are of paramount importance at the present juncture, I am assured. And coming from "the sticks," I saw this country with a fresh eye and without, I hope, the usual prejudices.

It is a radiant stretch of coast. Seeing it for the first time, I was amazed by its beauty. Except for the Puget Sound country and Norway and Sweden, I know of no other coast line with such a combination of sea and bay and forest and field and cliff and mountain. Along the bays and cliffs, hidden in pines and birches, are splendid houses, multicolored with gardens, surrounded by lawns of a smoothness and verdure possible only in damp climates. On the shining waters of inlet and sound, the white sails of racing boats, large or small, stand out, and every now and then the lithe shadow of a yacht passes. Like flying fish scattering sun-touched spray, speed-boats dart from point to point. And on these boats and in these houses lives a race, bronzed, for the most part tall, which, even when it is not actually handsome, is at least invariably good looking because of its vigor and sunburn and perfect condition. The older men are remarkable. Nowhere else save in England will you see such well-preserved, able-bodied older men. It has taken about two hundred thousand dollars apiece to raise them to their present age.

A race of Visigoths, or rather, Vikings, since most of them are sailormen. A race—physically—of conquerors. A race that at any time, if it will exhibit the brains and courage and patience that should be there, can assume, or rather regain, its leadership, lost for over a century, provided that leadership is honest, unselfish, and not in direct opposition to all intelligent modern thought. A race in startling, and sometimes tragic, contrast to much of the rest of the country.

I trust that you have already realized that I have been speaking of a stretch of coast that does not in the least resemble Palm Beach. Nor Southampton. Nor even Newport. It is one of the most civilized stretches of coast in the world—there aren't many. So civilized that money is no more than a taken-for-granted background which, in the majority of cases, has been so long in the family that its possession causes not the least undue excitement. So civilized that artists and intellectuals are welcomed on equal terms provided they exhibit a normal amount of manners and personal attraction, not such irrational requirements even with artists and intellectuals. These coast dwellers, with but few reservations, have most of the virtues people of their kind should have. They are simple, gracious, kindly, worldly, cosmopolitan, intelligent, cultivated, and leaders in whatever they are doing, and the last ranges from finance to music. They are responsible and vicarious according to their lights. Honest according to their lights. They are neither the ordinary rich, vulgar or otherwise, nor the average captains of industry. They are not what the motion pictures present to us in penthouses, swimming pools or brawls. They are not what the average foreigner thinks Americans are; nor what American novels give us. They are utterly unlike the communistic vision of them. There is not a Joan Crawford, and few, if any, Marie Antoinettes among them. To the contrary, they belong to that shy, quiet, hardly ever described, frequently denied, but none the less large and extremely powerful group of people which constitutes the actual American upper class.

Quaintly enough, considering patent facts observable to every one, and considering the aristo-democratic ideals upon which the United States were founded, it is still necessary in America, in a discussion of this kind, to make such distinctions. In order even to begin such a discussion you have first to cut through a thick growth of mental underbrush. Despite three hundred years of history, in our secret hearts we still cherish what Oscar Wilde called our oldest tradition, an illusion of youth, and by means of it excuse ourselves. It is an easy and lazy thing to do.

Furthermore, since all of us are born automatically democrats—that also, in itself, a matter of no difficulty—the majority of us, without taking the trouble to find out what democracy really means, like to compensate for our individual failings and inertia by denying to others better customs, manners, and traditions which, although they may belong to our next-door neighbor, frequently do not belong to ourselves. Even many of those who are members of the class I am describing, bewildered by the formal and labelled aristocracies of Europe, crystallizations that all too often are merely vehicles for perpetuating bad manners and vulgar tastes and childish ideals, are frequently among the first to deny their birthright, thus confirming the foreign critic, and the majority of American critics, in their immemorial error, the belief that America is a country without the traditions which, in all articulate countries, are a part of every class.

You cannot understand any complex country if you make that error. You cannot understand America, for example, if you confuse the average business man with the man, or woman, whether in business or not, who has back of him, or her, generations of tradition and of mental and physical elbow-room. Whatever their opposing virtues or vices may be, the fact remains that they are different people. You cannot use the same arguments, nor make the same appeal, to classes in the process of *becoming* as you can to a class already arrived. Nor have classes in the process of becoming the same obligations as a class that has already arrived.

They have, for one thing, no obligation to set a standard for the classes in the process of becoming, many of whose members will, eventually, belong to the class which has already arrived.

My coast tribes, therefore, cannot excuse themselves on the score of immaturity or because of a lack of time, or the opportunity to achieve the ideals of an intelligent upper class. They are full grown. Full armed. Men and women—or, at least, they should be. Even the most recent additions have been taken into an old society. They cannot—the coast tribes—even excuse themselves any longer on the count that they are building up, in their own peculiar way, the country. The country is built. The frontier is closed. In periods of exploration, or great material expansion, other virtues are required, and the upper classes of a nation may with comparative safety, if not altogether with wisdom, forget to some extent their country in the exigen-

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cies of their own private interests; in periods of depression, or consolidation, and therefore thought, they do so only at their own peril and the peril of their nation.

Most of my coast-dwellers are Americans of many generations. Many of them are descendants of men who, a hundred and fifty years ago, took their lives in their hands to form what they hoped would be a great and abiding democracy. The majority are great-great grandsons, or grand-daughters, of men and women who, like Thomas Jefferson or "Mr." Washington, believed, and proved, the Greek theory that an aristocracy is not a formal or hereditary estate, but a caste of mind, and a body of actions, dependent upon deep and clear thought, service to one's country, and a national vicariousness which invariably puts unselfish patriotism above private advancement: who believed, indeed, that only in such a fashion could a real aristocracy be formed. Finally, all of them—every one of the coast-dwellers—owe a debt of gratitude to America greater than that of most Americans. It is America which has given them the opportunity to build along their glamorous coast line; to exercise the power which is theirs; to consider themselves what they think they are, and most certainly should be, but what, save for a few outstanding exceptions, they most certainly are not.

One of the fundamental tenets of a real aristocracy is that you must pay your just debts, spiritual or actual. One of the few infallible laws in an uncertain world is that sooner or later, in one way or another, you will. If you do not pay them gladly and willingly, time and circumstances will eventually put you in some sort of debtor's prison, if that debtor's prison is no more than your own dissatisfaction with yourself. The canons of *quid pro quo* are pitiless and inflexible.

Some time ago Mrs. Gerould, in one of her accustomed moods of despair, asked at length what had become of the descendants of the men who had signed the Declaration of Independence. A small amount of research on her part would have shown her that, with the exception of Button Gwinnett, a bachelor, and in other ways an equally unfecund man, even to the signing of his name, an overwhelming majority of the descendants of the signers of the Declaration of Independence are in exactly the same social and financial positions as were their ancestors. Wealth in America has shown itself to be no more unstable than in other countries, and no more than in any other country is it historically correct to subscribe to the ancient American axiom that the fortune of a family lasts only for three generations—from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves. To the contrary, fortunes have a way of building themselves up by what is known as unearned increment, and no one is deceived by the exhortations of those well-fed gentlemen who refer to the ancient American axiom as evidence of the automatic workings of individual liberty and rugged individualism, and who having inherited or cornered a large share of the available wealth themselves, have every intention of leaving it, despite hell or highwater, to the fourth, fifth or sixth generation of those who love them.

It is amazing, this sudden conversion to the minor aspects of Jeffersonian democracy on the part of gentlemen who a few years ago were working day and night to destroy Jeffersonian democracy. They overlook, however, the major aspects of Jeffersonian democracy, which imply small holdings, small proprietors, and widely distributed wealth.

In short, what I have attempted to make clear is that there is in America, as in every other similar country, a class whose traditions, rightly understood, are not only not purely monetary, but whose best interests, rightly understood, are aristocratic and not oligarchic. A class to which it should be possible to present appeals that are not based entirely upon profit and loss. A class which should understand and respond to the basic aristocratic ideal of *noblesse oblige,* which, simplified, merely means that there is no privilege without responsibility, and no responsibility which does not begin with the intention to promote the general welfare of your country. A class which has arrived, the major portion of it, many decades ago, and which, therefore, has had the comparative leisure and the full opportunity to form noble and wise intentions instead of ignoble ones. A class, finally, still so powerful and dextrous that it could speedily furnish at least three-fourths of the necessary leaders against poverty, stupidity, dishonesty, and injustice, and an equal proportion of the fixed determination to make this country a fine place; a place somewhere near to the plans of those who founded it.

Herbert Agar has recently said that "Americans are sick with the desire to honor their country." I think without exception that this is so, save among the coast-dwellers and their allies the oligarchs.

A class—to return again directly to the coast-dwellers—which at its most ignorant should at least have sufficient education and historical perspective to realize that it is the rôle of intelligent self-preservation, if nothing more, not to be in times of crisis venal, unimaginative, self-seeking and inert.

No country, save in times of prosperity, has for long supported a selfish and irresponsible aristocracy or a selfish and unwilling oligarchy. Such classes have been taxed out of existence or else disposed of by cruder methods. If they are merely wealthy, and nothing else, they become, in periods of straitened circumstances, too expensive to support. The ordinary citizen is not in the least interested in mere wealth —when it belongs to some one else. Reduce his delusion, prevalent in eras of plenty, that he too can become fabulously rich, and pretty soon he begins to class the selfish oligarch or the irresponsible aristocrat with those equally selfish, irresponsible, and expensive fellow-countrymen at the other end of the scale, the racketeer and criminal. It is quite possible that the coast-dwellers may for a long while stave off this nemesis; it is quite possible that they may at the moment convince the country by their arguments, but they will not stave off the nemesis in the long run unless they change their methods and their way of thinking.

And yet, despite Karl Marx, such a nemesis is by no means inevitable. There are many instances where coast tribes have had the vision and foresight, not to mention the patriotism, to bend the tribal will sufficiently to the public good in such a way as to maintain their ascendancy and the respect which makes this ascendancy possible. With all their limitations, the English and Scandinavian upper classes are examples of this. For hundreds of years the English and Scandinavian upper classes

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have managed to retain their heads, both actually and metaphorically. All through their history the English upper classes, with that remarkable semi-conscious genius which distinguishes them, that intuitive smelling out of necessary procedure, like a mole hunting tulip bulbs, have managed to adapt themselves to changing circumstances in a way that puts the dinosaur to shame. No sooner does some one think up something new, than the English upper classes are there ahead of him, welcoming him urbanely into a nice, chintz-curtained rest-room.

Unfortunately John Strachey is married; although even in England divorce is possible. But John Strachey I believe has a son. Some day the English upper classes are going to marry that son off to a nice buxom blandly conservative young peeress. You wait and see.

And now, with these conclusions in mind, and in these uncertain, and perhaps, parlous times, let us see what the coast tribes are doing.

They are having tribal dances almost every hour of the day and night; at breakfast and luncheon, too. The witch-doctors and medicine-men have adorned themselves with all their feathers and all the trophies of their former cures and victories. The bonfires are lit, but so far, let him search who will, it has been impossible to detect one single note of unselfishness, one clear flame of alert Americanism, or one thud of the drums that does not catch up and repeat monotonously the hollow reverberation—money.

These drumbeats range all the way from the staccato of the lady who remarked—it seems impossible that she did, but she did—that "if things keep up as they are going, we will soon all be reduced to the Buick class," to the fine basses, baritones, or acerbated tenors of Bishops Manning and Freeman, the Honorable James Wadsworth, Albert Jay Nock, and soon, coast-dwellers all of them, if not by actual residence, then by position, and those like them, who, if wise enough to admit that there are lots of things wrong with the world, none the less arrive at the somewhat baffling conclusion that those who are trying to do something about it, are busybodies and tyrants. Mind you, they do not say that these "busybodies" are mistaken in their methods, which may be quite possible, they attack by implication, whether conscious of this implication or not, the fundamental intention of trying to right obvious wrong. Even such a really splendid American as President Nicholas Murray Butler wanders in the same maze of logical confusion. We are not, as I have said, concerned with oligarchs as such unless, at the same time, they are also coast-dwellers. The great du Pont family, however, are clearly coast-dwellers. They have every right to an understanding of the aristocratic ideal. Read the few public statements they permit themselves.

Among the coast-dwellers, save for individual voices in direct opposition, belonging to pariahs speedily silenced by the peculiarly raucous tones of the well-bred when aroused, there is to be heard not a solitary altruistic argument; not a solitary plan that has for its basis patriotism or vision. To the few pariahs in opposition, the favorite epithet applied is "traitors to their class." It is my secret opinion that the pariahs are the only ones who are not betraying their class, and the only ones who have the faintest idea what the aristocratic ideal really means.

Added to the thunder of the drums are the voices of the leaders of most of our institutions of higher learning, especially the leaders of privately endowed ones, who—the latter—if they do not themselves always belong to the ranks of the coast-dwellers, are at least fed and clothed by the coast-dwellers, and whose opinions, save when inimical, are gladly repeated by the coast-dwellers as examples of academic confirmation and scientific thought. Thus, among the more confirmative, we have President Angell of Yale, Doctor Bowman of Johns Hopkins, and Doctor Cutten of Colgate, the last even going to the extent of advising a return to that fine old law of the jungle, the survival of the fittest, not realizing, apparently, that in a jungle university presidents are likely to be eaten by tigers. Such university presidents as Doctor Clothier of Rutgers and Frank Graham of the University of North Carolina, both, of course, presidents of State institutions, but both, none the less, subject to the whims of Northern and Southern coast-dwellers, stand out, with their tolerance and liberalism, like stars in a stormy night.

To consider our theological leaders is, as always in a crisis, somewhat embarrassing. On the one hand, we have the blithe reply of the Reverend David Steele, rector emeritus of that most fashionable Philadelphia church, St. Luke's and Epiphany, to the President's letter of inquiry not long ago; an ill-advised letter but a reply on the part of Mr. Steele which is a perfect example of bad manners. And on the other, we have these words of wisdom falling from the lips of the Reverend Charles R. Brown, dean emeritus of the Yale Divinity School. Dean Brown is a Congregational minister, and so does not belong to the more ornamental element of the coast-dwellers, but, in New England, Congregationalists have, mentally at least, a long coast-dwelling tradition.

Dean Brown said: "With a playboy in the White House, a mere opportunist who caters to popular feeling and whose chief desire is to make himself agreeable, who openly disregards his promises, who acts as the wind blows and who does not know what to do—and does it—thoughtful people of the North, South, East, and West are considering the importance of having a more desirable type to control the economic order."

Is the dean speaking of "order" or "disorder"?

"Character comes from within and changes will not be wrought through high wages, two autos in every family (Was it the present President who promised that?), or silk and rayon, but through unselfish devotion."

To what? The United States Chamber of Commerce?

"A change in the social order will not come through an economic device or a political contraption. Wholesome, moral qualities are needed."

Yes, among the coast-dwellers. They have time for them. Otherwise, will somebody please page Wall Street, Mr. Insull, dust storms, soil erosion, accident, ill health, the steel workers, the coal miners, the textile operatives, *Tobacco Road,* and the countless people who save, but being innocent and unprotected, invest about a hundred million a year in false securities. Also, it would be well to page those distinguished representatives of thrift and toil, of "wholesome, moral qualities," who fill the Reno divorce

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courts, occasionally assist a mistress to jump out of a tenth-story window, and in their quieter moments marry some battle-scarred member of the Balkan aristocracy.

And since Dean Brown has mentioned the impossibility of change through "political contraption," why not at the same time page the American Revolution, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States?

It may interest Dean Brown, and all these other sudden Jeffersonian Democrats, to know that the American farm population of today consists of 2,900,000 more or less independent farmers, and 6,900,000 tenant farmers, hired laborers, or farmers hopelessly in debt. That the number of independent producers in mining, manufacture, and construction has fallen from 473,000 in 1909 to 353,000 in 1927. And that in 1929 the House of Morgan held 2400 interlocking directorates. A hundred years ago 80 per cent of the American population owned property; today the percentage is 23.

The Honorable Walter E. Edge belongs, both by inclination and adoption, if not by birth, to the coast-dwellers. Leaving recently for Europe, he announced that the purpose of his trip was to gather strength and inspiration to "help straighten out the madhouse in Washington. I am going to shoot grouse for a couple of weeks in Scotland," said Mr. Edge. "I want another month's invigoration so that I can fight better." God help the birds!

But here is a bona fide coast-dweller speaking; a leader of them, no less than Mr. J. P. Morgan. Mr. Morgan comes of a race long distinguished for its discretion. Furthermore, it was his father, if I am not mistaken, who made the historic remark, "My son, never sell your country short. If you do, you'll go broke." A few months ago this son remarked petulantly, and to ship news reporters, that in thirty years there would be no rich men in America and that already he was "working eight months of the year for the government," I have no idea what Mr. Morgan's annual income is, but I imagine it cannot be less than two and a half millions. At that rate, if he works eight months of the year for the government, he nets during the four months he is working for himself, somewhere around $800,000, which, it seems to me, is enough for any man, even Mr. Morgan.

My business friends tell me that this is not a fair argument. That a principle is involved—not mere money. I don't know why it isn't a fair argument, but if they want a principle, here it is.

A government, naturally, is by no means always the same thing as the country it is supposed to represent, but until very distinctly by a majority of the people it is shown not to be, it must be taken for granted, in a democracy, that it is. Translated then upon these terms, what Mr. Morgan said was that for eight months of the year he was working for his country. If Mr. Morgan and every one else worked eight months of the year for their country, it would be a better country. Mr. Morgan spends a great deal of his time in England where the majority of the upper classes, in one way or another, work for their country with the utmost cheerfulness and with excellent results to themselves. England is ten to twenty years ahead of us in all manner of advanced legislation leading to social security and the proper equalization of wealth. The present Conservative Party would be called in the United States "Socialists," or, so great is American political and social ignorance, more likely, "Communists." As Will Rogers said a short while before his death, "We're just amateurs compared to England and France when it comes to taxation."

I hope we will remain so, and there are no reasons as yet why we shouldn't, but if our coast-dwellers persist in presenting themselves as disingenuous and bad-tempered, the numbers of those who would like to see them taxed into a state of proper humility and national consciousness will be increased.

Now, this is not political propaganda. I am speaking for no political party. The way a man votes, his surface political and social opinions, are of relative unimportance compared with why he votes and his point of departure. Any honest and patriotic liberal, or the other way about, prefers . . . except, possibly, on election day . . . an honest and patriotic tory to a dishonest and self-seeking adherent, but in order to be honest that tory, or that liberal, must base his ideas on something higher than his pocketbook. You can work with, or against, an honest man because, no matter how wrong you may think him to be, you at least know what he is about; but a disingenuous, or self-deceived, man is difficult. His tortuous thinking evades you. His ability to pervert logic and common experience to his own uses, baffles you. His quickness for self-justification, disheartens you. His genius for twisting scripture to his own ends, leaves you breathless.

You feel this way when talking to the coast-dwellers. You feel that here is something that cannot be changed outside of a year of steady, uninterrupted argument, and probably not even then. That in order to begin, you would have to start with man crawling up from the sea and patiently, simply, and in detail describe all that has happened to him since. And it isn't only the logic of the coast-dwellers that is alarming, it is their mental health as well. They are suffering from a bad pan-demic of nerves. There is an excellent chance of their all going mad together and running from their homes, offices, or clubs, baying at the noon, or the moon. A regrettable and undignified picture no matter how you look at it.

But nervous breakdowns occur for the most part because of divided personalities. Is it possible that the coast-dwellers are not happy in their secret souls?

Mr. Hoover, who all through his later years has been striving so manfully but unsuccessfully to join the coast-dwellers, announced recently that the times called for straight and not muddled thinking; for reason and not fantasy. I doubt if any one will disagree with the ex-President, the only question being his definition of straight and muddled thinking. It is straight thinking, it seems to me, to admit that the world has changed considerably in the last thirty years, and with increasing acceleration since the war. It is straight thinking, it seems to me, to base your opinions and actions upon this incontrovertible fact whether, as a conservative, you wish to go forward slowly, or, as a radical, you wish to go forward fast. It is muddled thinking, it seems to me, to believe that you can—at least, for any length of time—turn the clock back or resist the four demands now so clearly before the world: for bread, for security, for more opportunity, and for justice both in business and before the law. These are facts.

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They are here. The Jinns are out of their bottles, and no man has as yet devised a way of putting back a Jinn of this description, once he has escaped.

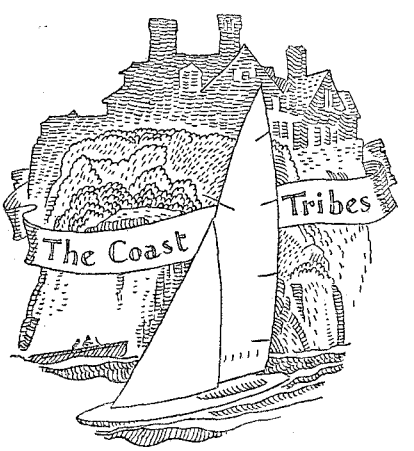
If it is going to be a mere question of wishful thinking, I should like to be an English duke in the '60's. I know of no more secure or gratifying position. But there is no more chance of my being an English duke in the '60's than there is of Mr. Hoover, or the coast-dwellers, returning, save in some surface and dangerous way, to the dear dead days of 1929, or the grand days of exploitation when many of their fortunes were made.

And before we leave Mr. Hoover, I should like to call attention to another of his recent speeches, the one in which he referred to his simple Iowa upbringing where he learned that "money does not grow on trees" and that you could not, by legerdemain, "turn one dollar into two." In the last decade and a half, holding companies have sold to the trusting citizens of the United States hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of practically fiat paper. If that isn't making two, or even ten, dollars out of one, I don't know what legerdemain is. It is more than legerdemain; it closely approaches the parthenogenetic reproductive processes of the wood louse.

Perhaps of all the curious delusions now bewitching the coast-dwellers, the most curious is their attitude toward the office of the presidency. Just what this attitude is I have not as yet been able to discover, but it is evidently not mine. The office of the President of the United States is surrounded by broad powers; so broad that they are often vague, but there is just one thing he is not supposed to be, although very often he is, and that is a figurehead. H. G. Wells suggests that he "is a sort of sounding board, by means of which general directive ideas can be got over from the people who know and think hard, to the mass of the people and to legislative and administrative realization"; and then he adds the sinister note, that although the American people are thinking hard at present, they are doing very little of this thinking in their higher strata. To Wells's definition I should like to add something more. His definition is good so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. Despite the cumbersomeness of our political system we do exhibit an uncanny accuracy in electing to the Chief Magistracy just the type of man at the moment desired and required. The American President is not only a sounding board, but he also goes in with definite instructions, shadowy as the details of these instructions may be.

Mr. Roosevelt was elected by the American people on four major conditions; all minor ones to the contrary; that he get rid of Prohibition; that he attempt to break the back of the depression; that he clean up business; and that he restore to the average American some semblance of the opportunity and equality which existed in a former America. The first two conditions have been fulfilled; the latter are still unfinished business. Whether Mr. Roosevelt is capable of accomplishing them or not, I do not know, any more than I know if they are possible of accomplishment. But I do know that any intelligent opposition will not argue with his aims, but only with his methods. Never before in our history has there been a more near-sighted opposition; never before in our history has there been a greater need for a candid, thoughtful, and unselfish one.

This country was founded by men, justly afraid of tyranny, as a government of laws, not of men, and so, most of the time, it can remain, but in times of crises it has been, and always will become, a country governed by men pledged to put into effect certain necessary objectives. Count them over—every outstanding President we have ever had; for crises call forth men. Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln, Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson. And about every one of these men were said exactly the same things that are being said about our present President. Nor am I implying that these men were invariably right. Possibly some of them were wrong all the time. I am merely saying that they were men.



The coast-dwellers are so near-sighted that they cannot even recognize one of their own kind. In ordinary times their chief complaint is that they cannot get into office enough men of their own stamp. Well, the city of Washington is at present filled with them. Not for over a hundred years has there been so great a proportion; not even in the administration of the present President's fourth cousin, Theodore Roosevelt. These people talk the same language as the coast-dwellers; they have the same fundamental ideas. The coast-dwellers should at least be able to do one of three things with them: convert them, support them, or, at all events, furnish them with intelligent and dignified contradiction.

This should be a quarrel between well-bred Americans, not, on one side, an attempt at a barroom brawl.

But I am afraid the coast-dwellers have been spoiled by too much service. Witness their present search for a candidate sufficiently reactionary to be practically unintelligible and surely defeated. Witness the way in which they have quieted their younger and more progressive members. The way in which they have disclaimed their one candidate who so far has had any popular following or who so far has shown any appreciation of what is going on. A quiet man is wanted. A dressier sort of Mr. Coolidge. The coast-dwellers seem to be largely in the mental state of the gentleman who recently wrote a letter which began, "I am just an ordinary farmer, and most of my education has been acquired through the columns of *The Herald Tribune*."

Since this is the sort of candidate they want, it is a little difficult to see why they waste time or money on meetings or conventions. It would be much simpler and more frugal merely to insert the following advertisement in the conservative press:

"Wanted, for service in Washington, combination valet and butler. White, Protestant, willing to learn, accustomed to taking orders. Respectful manners more important than brains."

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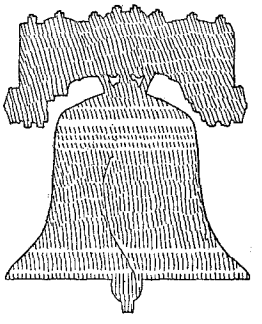
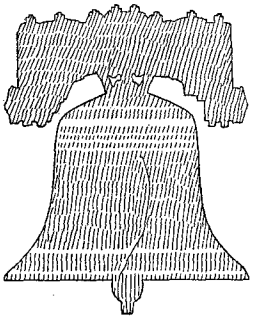
The Crisis and the Constitution

By James Truslow Adams

IV. *The Roosevelt Record—Has the President Thought it Through?*

An examination of the President's policies in the light of American tradition and of Mr. Roosevelt's own statements





THE Presidential campaign of 1932 took place in the midst of probably the most profound economic and psychological depression which the American people have ever experienced. It was not regarded, however, as a serious constitutional crisis. The situation in which we found ourselves, whether we consider it in its world aspect or its more local American one, had not been caused by any particular form of government, or by the defects of any specific political system. It had come about from human factors—ignorance, economic greed, nationalistic feeling, and other qualities and emotions. We have learned from the Great War and subsequent events that danger to world stability may come equally readily from democratic, monarchic, fascist, communist or other states, although, as I write, it is the old-fashioned democratic states which are trying to save civilization from another, and perhaps final, catastrophe, threatened by the newer dictator states.

As the success of a form of government depends in the last analysis, as stated in an earlier article, on the wishes, desires, and character of the individuals operating it, we may stop a moment to look at the human causes of the particularly sharp disaster which occurred in America. Full recognition must be accorded to these when, in the next article, we come to consider the future of our Constitution and government.

From the death of McKinley in 1901 down to our entry into the World War, we Americans had been trying to set our house in order. We had put ourselves to the job of saving the American Dream and making America a better place for the ordinary citizen. Theodore Roosevelt had been preaching and trying to bring about the "Square Deal" before Franklin D. Roosevelt had even been admitted to the bar; and no plea for the "more abundant life" ever uttered by the latter has equalled in eloquence that in Woodrow Wilson's first inaugural. The Supreme Court had by interpretation made possible such control of giant corporations as had been considered impossible a generation earlier. When, as in the case of the Income Tax, interpretation reached its limits, a formal amendment in accordance with constitutional procedure had been adopted. Thus, we were "on our way."

The war, however, upset all American life. The high wages for labor and the huge profits for capital made us mad, and we spent some fifteen years in establishing an insanely high standard of living and trying to make the money to maintain it. Had we been a sober, economical, cautious people, anxious to be told the truth, we would not have acted as we did. We are not. The circumstances of our history have made us the opposite. We like to gamble with life, to take chances, to be optimistic not fearsome. When we are riding "high, wide, and handsome" we want no one to tell us of danger ahead, and most people consider anyone applying brakes as an enemy to prosperity and hence of Society. These human characteristics accounted for our actions, for the folly of the boom, for the acts and words of our political leaders, far more than did any form of government, or any malevolent or selfish capitalists. If many in high places lost their heads and did what they should not have done, so did many millions in more lowly places who had the same complex of "get-rich-quick" and cared as little about the methods. We shall speak of this again in the final article but here may we emphasize once more that a constitution and a government machinery are not inanimate, mere blue prints, but, whatever their form, will be influenced and molded by the vital element of the character of the people themselves. There can be no clear thinking about the problem of forms which does not lay great stress on this truth, a truth for the most part wholly neglected by the blue-print reformers.

It is interesting that the final crash came during the presidency of Mr. Hoover, who more than any former executive represented the supposed expert administration of government. Indeed, one of the criticisms levelled at his administration was that under him government had become too much a

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matter of specialists, too cool and calculating an effort at economic control. No one was willing to listen to anything but prosperity talk, and even Mr. Hoover is reported to have said that "it is the duty of the President to be optimistic." Then came the crash, and by 1932 America was prostrate among the ruins.

That autumn we had to elect a President. In America a President who has been in office during an economic smash is practically certain to be defeated if he runs for office at the next election. Nevertheless, the people, in spite of their customary desire under such circumstances for a new man in the White House, do scrutinize the plans, ideas, records, and characters of the opposing candidates. In 1932 the only two who were really important were Hoover and Roosevelt. The former was known by his acts. He had set up a group of scientific bureaus to run affairs, and had tried "economic planning" in forms such as the Farm Board, which in an effort to solve the farm problem had asked the farmer to reduce his crops and had paid millions to increase prices for farm products. Roosevelt, except to the few who knew something of him as governor of New York, had to be judged by his statements and by the platform of his party. We now turn to these.

The Democratic platform, considering the state of the nation, was remarkably conservative. It was far more so, for its time, than had been, for example, that of the same party in the Bryan campaign of 1896. Parliamentary or Congressional government cannot be operated to best advantage without two strong parties, a conservative and a liberal, representing the two attitudes toward life of us human beings of various ages and outlooks. Millions must have hailed, after the twelve years of Republican rule or misrule, what appeared to be the rehabilitation of the opposing party on sound principles but with forward-looking objectives, and with the democratic outlook (I do not use the word in its party sense) of a Theodore Roosevelt or a Wilson.

The platform advocated, among other things, "an immediate and drastic reduction of governmental expenditures by abolishing useless commissions and offices, consolidating departments and bureaus and eliminating extravagance, to accomplish a saving of not less than 25 per cent in the cost of federal government;" "maintenance of the national credit by a federal budget, annually balanced on the basis of accurate executive estimates within revenues;" "a sound currency to be preserved at all hazards;" "a competitive tariff for revenue, with a fact-finding commission free from executive interference." Help for the farmers by the "enactment of every constitutional measure" to raise prices was also promised, as were likewise "strict and impartial enforcement of the anti-trust laws;" the development in the public interest of the water-power then owned by the nation; the regulation (not the abolition) of holding companies interested in interstate commerce; regulation of security exchanges; and better protection for investors. Among the things especially condemned by the platform were "the extravagance of the Farm Board [and] its disastrous action which made the government a speculator in farm products, and the unsound policy of restricting agricultural production to the demands of the domestic market."

In the most solemn manner this platform, which contained not a word foreshadowing the extent of the later "Roosevelt Revolution," was declared to be "a *covenant* with the people," who, it further said, "are entitled to know in plain words the terms of the *contract* to which they are asked to subscribe." Such were the pledges of a great party, signed and sealed with unusual solemnity.

Not a great deal was known by the nation at large of the candidate, Mr. Roosevelt. It was generally understood that he had an unreasoning prejudice against Public Utilities. Also, Walter Lippmann, one of the ablest and most influential of the publicists in the country, said of him that "his mind is not very clear, his purposes are not simple, and his methods are not direct." Nevertheless, to most people, who assumed Roosevelt to be a man whose word could be trusted, his speeches seemed to be for the most part both clear and emphatic.

Not only had the platform come out against the increasing expense and complexity of the federal government, but Roosevelt, two years before, had put himself on record as against too much "planning" and centralization. "The doctrine of regulation and legislation by 'master minds,'" he had said, "in whose judgment and will all the people may gladly and quietly acquiesce, has been too glaringly apparent at Washington during these last ten years. Were it possible to find 'master minds' so unselfish, so willing to decide unhesitatingly against their own personal interests or private prejudices, men almost godlike in their ability to hold the scales of justice with an even hand, such a government might be to the interests of the country; but there are none such on our political horizon, and we cannot expect a complete reversal of all the teachings of history." To this he added that "to bring about government by oligarchy masquerading as democracy, it is fundamentally essential that practically all authority and control be centralized in our national government. . . . We are safe from the dangers of any such departure from the principles on which this country is founded just so long as the individual home rule of the states is scrupulously preserved and fought for whenever they seem in danger." If words mean anything, this pronouncement of Roosevelt's fundamental political beliefs was clear enough.

In the campaign he made many similar statements, most of which seemed equally clear. "I accuse the [Hoover] administration," he said, "of being the greatest spending administration in peace times in all our history—one which has piled bureau on bureau, commission on commission, and has failed to anticipate the dire needs or reduced earning power of the people." Again he said: "I know something of taxes. For three long years I have been going up and down this country preaching that government — federal, state and local—costs too much. I shall not stop that preaching. . . . We must merge, we must consolidate subdivisions of government, and, like private citizens, give up luxuries which we can no longer afford. . . . I propose to you, my friends, and through you, that government of all kinds, big and little, be made solvent and that the example be set by the President of the United States and his Cabinet." "This," he said again, "I pledge to you, and nothing I have said in the campaign transcends in importance this *covenant* with the taxpayers of this country."

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If men and women were starving, money must be raised to support them but only by taxation. "Let us have the courage," he said, "to stop borrowing to meet continued deficits. Stop the deficits and let us have the courage to reverse the policies of the Republican leaders and insist on a sound currency." "Here at least is a field in which all business—big business and little business and family business and the individual's business—is at the mercy of the big Government in Washington." "If, like a spendthrift, it throws discretion to the winds, is willing to make no sacrifice at all in spending, extends its taxing to the limit of the people's power to pay and continues to pile up deficits, it is on the road to bankruptcy."

"The truth is," he said elsewhere, "that our banks are financing these stupendous deficits, and that the burden is absorbing all their resources. All this is highly undesirable and wholly unnecessary. It arises from one cause only, and that is the unbalanced budget. . . . Now, ever since the days of Thomas Jefferson, that has been the exact reverse of the Democratic concept. . . . [In his philosophy] I shall approach the problem of carrying out the plain precept of our party, which is to reduce the cost of the current federal government by 25 per cent. Of course that means the complete re-alignment of the unprecedented bureaucracy that has assembled in the last four years [1928-1932]."

Speaking of the relations between government and business, he announced emphatically that "I have warned the country against unwise governmental interference with business; I have pointed out that the policies of the present leadership of the Republican Party in the last few years have constituted dangerous back-seat driving. I am opposed to their kind of governmental interference with business. It means casual, dangerous tampering."

Speaking of the currency, the prospects for which had alarmed many people, both because of the world situation and because of the general record of the Democratic Party, he said that "the Republicans claim that the Democratic position with regard to money has not been made sufficiently clear. The President [Hoover] is seeing visions of rubber dollars. This is only part of his campaign of fear. I am not going to characterize these statements. I merely present the facts. The Democratic platform specifically declares, 'We advocate a sound currency to be preserved at all hazards.' That is plain English." When Hoover asserted that at one time the government had been nearly driven off gold, Roosevelt declared that this could not have been so because, after recently having sold bonds payable in gold, had this been true and had the officials "failed so to advise the banks and private investors who had purchased nearly $4,000,000,000 of these federal securities, they were guilty of amazing dishonesty; they were cheating the investing public; and could not even appropriate to themselves the solace of future oblivion because their names would have been remembered in terms of anathema for a century to come."

These, then, were Mr. Roosevelt's considered statements as to his attitude toward government in general and also to his personal policies which would be pursued if elected. At no single point did they conflict seriously, if at all, with our traditional governmental theory or the constitution. Indeed, in his Inaugural Address, pronounced four months after his election, the new President said, after outlining his policy, that "action in this image, action to this end is feasible under the form of government which we have inherited from our ancestors. Our Constitution is so simple, so practical that it is possible always to meet extraordinary needs by changes in emphasis and arrangement without loss of essential form. That is why our constitutional system has proved itself the most superbly enduring political mechanism the world has ever seen. It has met every stress of vast expansion of territory, of foreign wars, of bitter internal strife, of world relations." The only thing it had not yet met was the new President.

This article is not a political diatribe against Roosevelt. As it happens I was one of the 22,500,000 Americans who were for him when he was elected. But in view of what he said, as just quoted above, on the Constitution, and the facts that there was nothing in his party platform or his own announced views and policies during the campaign which called for unconstitutional action, it must be enquired why, at the end of three years, the most important question which has been thrust upon the American people by him is whether or not the Constitution is still adequate for the nation. The question, which promises to be, perhaps, the leading issue in the next campaign has been imposed upon us and has to be faced. This series of articles has not been concerned with details. It has been intended rather as an attempt to aid thinking on the subject in general than to point to specific problems or to specific suggested solutions. But for the clarification of the problem it is of the first importance that it be considered whether or not, since Roosevelt pronounced his panegyric on the Constitution in his address on taking office less than three years ago, it has become inadequate to the genuine needs and desires of the great mass of Americans or whether it has merely proved a stumbling-block to the carrying out of hasty and ill-considered measures of certain individuals or minority groups. In the long run, what sort of government, and what sort of goods provided by it, do the great majority of Americans really want? This question will be discussed in the next and final article. In this one we must consider further the attitude of the present administration toward the Constitution in order to try to understand better why the issue of the Constitution has come to overshadow all else.

As we have seen, there was no such issue in 1932. For a long time it had been felt by many, conservatives as well as radicals, that changes, by one method or another, would have to be made in our Constitution considered in its broad sense, in order to keep pace with the changing conditions in modern America. But, without considering other methods, even formal amendments had been made for a generation at the rate of one to about every three or four years, and, as Roosevelt himself pointed out, the Constitution had been flexible enough to meet every crisis and condition for a century and a half. There was, in 1933, when this administration took office, no constitutional crisis in the sense which so many claim now exists.

That year, however, was marked by an economic crisis in which the morale of the American people reached perhaps the lowest point ever touched. Nevertheless, the figures for the election were most illuminating. Out of a little more than 39,200,000 votes ap-

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proximately, the conservative Hoover, without the qualities which make for popularity, and by necessity scapegoat for the crash, received about 16,000,000. Roosevelt, the "new face" desired by many, but running on a conservative platform and series of public addresses, received 22,500,000. The "radical," as it is understood in America, Thomas, on the Socialist ticket, polled only about 730,000, much less than that party had been able to muster in 1920 or even as far back as 1912. Roosevelt had talked much of the "forgotten man," and it was felt that he would be progressive but at the same time constitutionally and economically sound. Allowing for all cross-currents, it was as clear as anything could be that the overwhelming mass of the people were for a progressive and humanely motivated government but against socialistic experimentation and for sound economics.

In reality, although few recognized it at the time, in view of the fine work which the new President did in clearing the banking situation and restoring morale, the constitutional crisis began at once. Herman Finer, in his admirable book on *Mussolini's Italy,* notes that "the democratic system of government . . . proceeds upon an assumption radically different from that of the Fascist movement. It requires that all who aspire to power shall state clearly what they intend to do with it when they achieve it. This has given rise to political parties with elaborate programs, often based upon considerable scientific research, and a sense of responsibility and trusteeship to those for whose welfare the program is intended, and upon whose voices the accession to power will depend. It is a question of political morality of the first order whether it is right for men to demand the power to govern without first having thought out the consequences of that demand and genuinely accepted their responsibility for the execution thereof when they have attained to power. To do otherwise is to work the confidence trick, which is not less dishonest because it is played on the vast stage of politics. It has the same air of super-morality about it as a company floated during the South Sea Bubble 'for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is.'"

Did Roosevelt, when he asked the people to elect him to supreme office, have a clear vision of the general policy and principles he intended to pursue? This question is not asked for political purposes but because I think the answer has a very important bearing on our present so-called constitutional crisis. The responsibilities to which he was elected were overwhelming, and his attempts to solve the difficulties of the situation should be accorded the most sympathetic consideration. On the other hand, he was not a private individual, suddenly drafted to serve the public. He did not take office until two and one half years after the crash of September 1929. During the intervening period he had been in an office second only, perhaps, in responsibility to that of Hoover himself, namely, governor of New York, the most populous, wealthy, and economically diversified state in the Union. For at least a year before his inauguration he had known that he might be President.

It is incredible that he should not have thought out his policy and principles. It is also incredible that he should have deliberately deceived the electorate as to what they were. We must, therefore, accept his platform and speeches at their face value. But the point is that there was nothing in these to foreshadow what has become a conflict all along the line with the Supreme Court, and the creation of the "constitutional crisis." I think the answer to the problem is to be found in the fact that since taking office, the policies he has pursued and the legislation he has demanded have fallen into two categories. There is one group, such as his carrying out the pledge to regulate the stock and commodity exchanges, which had long been regarded by many as a desirable reform and which, properly carried out, would not conflict with the Constitution. But another, and by far the larger and more important group, constitute in their aggregate what is called the "Roosevelt Revolution," and it is in that group that practically the whole of the difficulty with the constitution has developed.

There are several important points to be noticed. First, the President, almost from the day he started, himself ran counter to an important part of the Constitution, understanding that to mean the whole of our democratic machinery of government. No one can complain if an administration does not succeed in enacting its entire program, provided it makes an effort to do so, and moves in the promised direction. Democratic government cannot continue to function, however, if those elected on pledges of carrying out certain lines of policy turn round, when elected, and try to follow policies directly the opposite.

It is unnecessary here more than to list some of the things that have been done. Instead of balancing the budget, the hugest peace deficits in history have been piled up annually. New bureaus and commissions have been created in bewildering number and on an unprecedented scale, involving an increase of possibly 200,000 in the number of government employees, until it is estimated that 16 per cent of all the workers in the nation are on the federal pay-roll. After issuing government obligations payable in the old gold dollars, not only has the gold content of the dollar been reduced to about 59 cents, with the possibility that the President can make it 50 cents, but the gold clause was wholly repudiated. So far from maintaining a "sound currency," people have been justly alarmed at the possibility of such inflation of credit or currency as to make future purchasing power of income impossible of calculation. Instead of relieving the banks of the burden of financing the government, they have been loaded up as never before. So far from taking the government out of speculation in farm products, it has been put more heavily than ever into the markets, and has engineered the greatest cotton corner in history. Instead of cooperating with Congress to reduce expenditure, the Executive has demanded and received in one lump the unimaginable sum of nearly $5,000,000,000, a sum probably never before in the history of the world in the control of one man. Without extending the list further, we may note, finally, that so far from getting government out of business and refusing to indulge in "dangerous back-seat driving," the administration has undertaken to control vast areas of business in a manner never before contemplated except by dictatorships and other forms of the totalitarian state. In this sphere of its activities, the administration, so far from protecting investors, has assumed the power of life and death over their investments, even when honestly made and honestly used.

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This is exemplified, for example, in the grants of money raised by federal taxation and handed over to local communities in order that they shall build utility plants to destroy the value of those already existing even when, as is the case in Iowa City, it is admitted that the existing plant has given good service at fair rates. A citizen may thus be taxed by the federal government for the purpose of destroying his own local investments, honestly managed.

If space permitted it could be shown how, in one way after another, the administration has been trying not merely to regulate business or correct abuses, but to make over the whole political and economic structure of our government and society. An outsider cannot know when Roosevelt turned from his announced pledges and principles of the campaign speeches to this new and unprecedented attempt to reorganize society. Such an effort in a democracy, and so complex a one as the United States, would seem to require at least two things, first, an unhurried and deeply considered approach to the problem, and second, a mandate from the people.

At this point, I think we reach the answer as to why Mr. Roosevelt has plunged the nation into what he seems to consider its constitutional crisis. The vast changes which he sought to bring about, and the experiments he wished to make, without any mandate from the electorate at the time he was elected, were not properly thought through. There was not time. If we accept his presentation to the people of his political philosophy up to the time of his election as honest and sincere, there were only four months for him to change before inauguration. There were also immediate problems of the most pressing sort to be considered. The Brain Trust, to whom rather than his Cabinet, the President-elect appears to have turned for advice, were men of ideas mixed with fads and fancies, but most of them were characterized by lack of long experience in large affairs, public or private. At this time doubts as to constitutionality of some of the plans to be tried seem to have assailed Roosevelt, for immediately after his panegyric on the Constitution in his Inaugural Address, he added, "it is to be hoped that the normal balance of executive and legislative authority may be wholly adequate to meet the unprecedented task before us. But it may be that an unprecedented demand and need for undelayed action may call for temporary departure from that normal balance of public procedure." In fact, he soon asked and received from Congress executive power as great as that which "would be given me," in his words, "if we were in fact invaded by a foreign foe," power much enlarged subsequently.

It has been said that the President was advised that even should some of the plans suggested by the Brain Trusters not be constitutional, nevertheless, if cases concerning them could be kept out of the Supreme Court for two years, the economy of the nation would have become so entwined with the new order, or the "New Deal," that (as did prove the fact in the gold case), the Court might declare measures unconstitutional, even immoral, but could do nothing about them. In any case, the nation was started toward an entirely new conception of the state, contrary to our former democratic ideal.

All sorts of plans were tried, many of them conflicting. The piling up of new bureaus started, giving us the NRA, the TVA, the AAA, and a host of other experiments, not thought out as to where they might lead us as a nation and apparently with scant attention paid to their constitutionality. Indeed, Act after Act was so hastily and carelessly drawn as necessarily to call forth an adverse decision when tested by the Courts.

Successive Brain Trusters, each with his own pet plan or panacea, rose and fell in influence. The attempt to plan on a wholesale scale for a complicated economic mechanism without adequate thought or cooperation, kept running against snags. Constant new plans had to be made and the area of planning widened, once we were *On Our Way,* as the President called his book. This has been clearly shown in the AAA, which has had to consider one crop after another as "basic" and to be controlled until we reached the absurdity of the Potato Act which even the administration was impelled to repudiate. As the muddle became greater, less and less attention was paid to the Constitution until the President asked Congress to pass the Guffey Bill, almost universally considered unconstitutional, even though Congress itself might also consider it so.

These are some of the reasons why now, after about three years of the Roosevelt administration, many consider that we are facing a constitutional crisis, and why the Constitution is likely to be a leading issue in the next campaign. That is far from saying, however, that the Constitution has yet proved inadequate for the sort of government Americans want. The facts that almost the whole of the administration's policies are now considered to be of very dubious constitutional validity and that both the NRA and the AAA, considered pillars of the New Deal, have been overturned by Court decisions, are largely due to two things, first, the lack of attention paid to the Constitution in many cases of hasty and ill-considered legislation, and, second, the fact that the attempt is being made to turn the Government of the United States into something quite different from what the great majority of Americans have wished it to be in the past. If we really want a totalitarian state with universal planning and regimentation, then neither the present Constitution nor a mere amendment or two will suffice for our new government. But it must be clearly understood that much more than our Constitution will, in that case, have to be altered. With it will have to go those personal liberties which have meant something to us for the past three centuries. If we do not wish a complete overturn of that sort, then we may still be able to use the old Constitution, making from time to time certain alterations by the various methods pointed out in a previous article. It is certain that changes must continue to occur in the future as in the past. We cannot, however, continue merely to go gaily "On Our Way" without a clear realization of where it may lead, and the almost certain goal of the efforts of the Brain Trust thus far has not only not been confided by them to the people, but has been concealed. Mr. Roosevelt who so solemnly said, when speaking of wide-scale national planning, that "we cannot expect a reversal of all the teachings of history," must have been wrong in 1930 or is wrong now. Not only history, but also the contemporary story of several great nations, show all too clearly where leads the path of national economic control.

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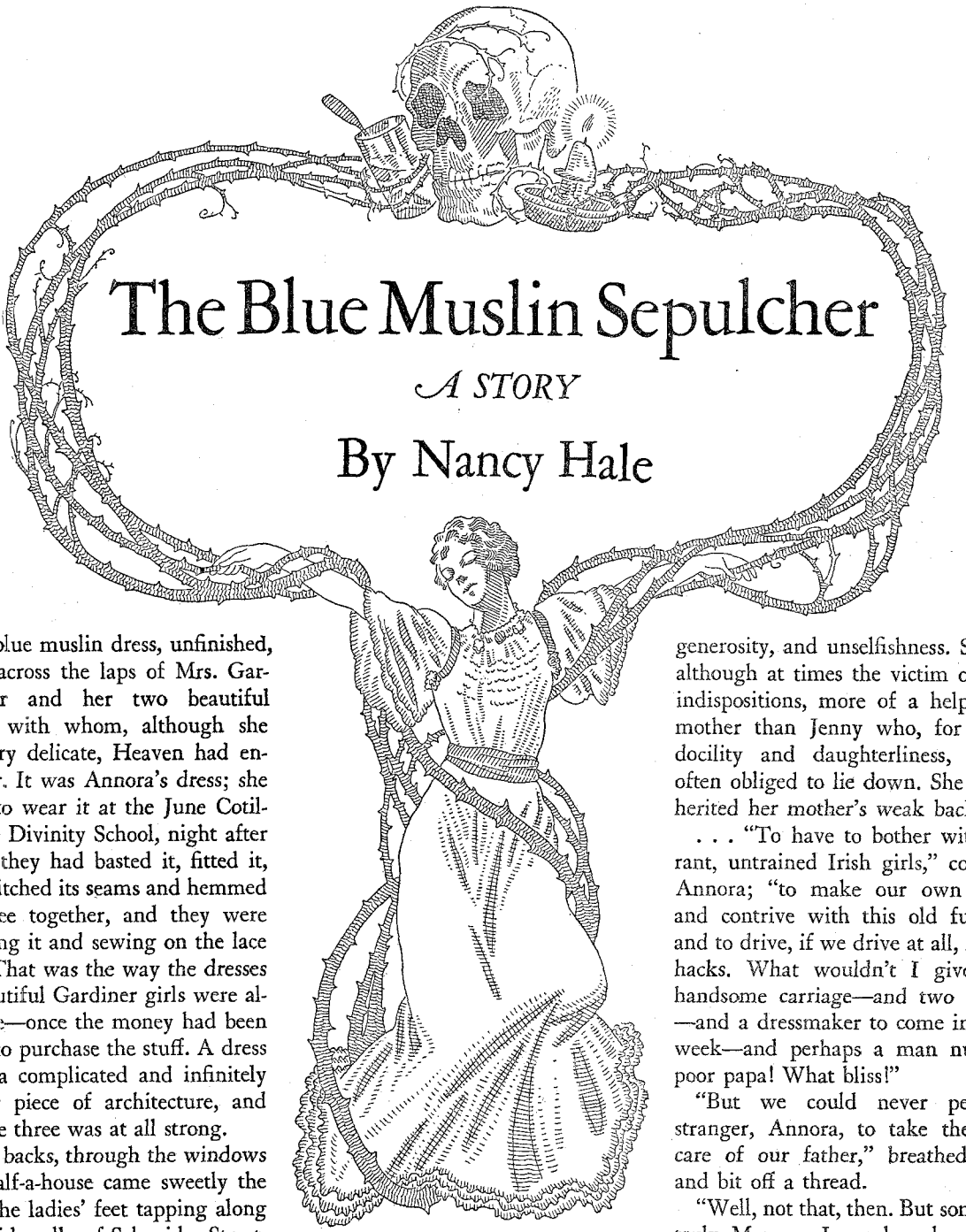

The Blue Muslin Sepulcher

A STORY

By Nancy Hale

THE blue muslin dress, unfinished, lay across the laps of Mrs. Gardiner and her two beautiful daughters with whom, although she was so very delicate, Heaven had endowed her. It was Annora's dress; she proposed to wear it at the June Cotillion of the Divinity School, night after next. But they had basted it, fitted it, hung it, stitched its seams and hemmed it, all three together, and they were now tucking it and sewing on the lace together. That was the way the dresses of the beautiful Gardiner girls were always made—once the money had been contrived to purchase the stuff. A dress was such a complicated and infinitely exhausting piece of architecture, and none of the three was at all strong.

At their backs, through the windows of their half-a-house came sweetly the sound of the ladies' feet tapping along the brick sidewalks of Schneider Street, the voice of the disagreeable Huntley boy raised above those of the other children of the street, the comfortable trundle of an occasional cab or a fringe-topped surrey: in this weather it was pretty, even on Schneider Street. The door of the parlor, where they were sitting, stood open so that they would be able to hear poor Papa call if he should be in pain; at present the house was in silence except for the low harsh singing of Julia in the kitchen; she was green from Ireland, and as yet had not been frowned into real "training." . . .

. . . "She does seem quite dreadfully stupid," Mrs. Gardiner sighed. She drooped over the blue muslin, but her thimble twinkled and darted like a little golden bee above the long, tiny rows of tucking.

"It *is* wretched to be poor," Annora cried impulsively. She was the reckless one, and often, walking or marketing, forgot out of sheer high-spiritedness and let the hem of her dress swish through the dust, although she knew what a task it was to replace the dust-ruffle. What she lacked in prudence, however, she made up in affection, generosity, and unselfishness. She was, although at times the victim of severe indispositions, more of a help to her mother than Jenny who, for all her docility and daughterliness, was so often obliged to lie down. She had inherited her mother's weak back. . . .

. . . "To have to bother with ignorant, untrained Irish girls," continued Annora; "to make our own dresses and contrive with this old furniture, and to drive, if we drive at all, in hired hacks. What wouldn't I give for a handsome carriage—and two servants—and a dressmaker to come in by the week—and perhaps a man nurse for poor papa! What bliss!"

"But we could never permit a stranger, Annora, to take the whole care of our father," breathed Jenny, and bit off a thread.

"Well, not that, then. But sometimes, truly, Mamma, I wonder why we slave and work our fingers to the bone with sewing, and dusting, and tending, and even cooking, and always, always contriving." Annora laid down her corner of blue muslin, and the strip of Valenciennes insertion; she regarded her mother and sister with large, earnest blue eyes. "We *are* poor; why do we wear ourselves out pretending that we are not? I can't help but think how much less tired you would be, dear, if we all wore plain dresses without lace or tucks or pipings, and if we let the Irish girls do the best they can without worrying over them, and if . . ."

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She shook her head, and picked up the strip of lace.

Her mother shook her head too. She leaned back; her fingers lifted from the work to the gold-and-tortoise-shell cross pinned to her boned net collar; she seemed in speaking hardly more than to breathe the words: "What would people think?"

Jenny nodded, her eyes on a bit of lace edging, and Annora, with her little lift of the chin, bit her lip and sighed, "I know."

They were silent for a little while; their thimbles clicked minutely against the fine steel needles that flew in and out of the pale blue muslin, yard on yard. By infinitely small degrees it grew darker inside the dark red-papered parlor, though it was still clear and bright out on Schneider Street. Presently Mrs. Gardiner let her hands drop idle in her lap.

Soon Jenny ceased her stitches too; she ran her white hands up through the heavy dark mass of her wavy hair, and drooped delicately to one side of the maroon corduroy chair. In the mulberry gloom her beautiful white face was whiter, an oval of thin white paper against the ponderous carved woodwork.

As was like her, Annora pressed on longest, and her golden hair was bright longest of anything in the dark parlor. Some minutes passed, each dimmer and quieter than the last, before she at length put down her work and thrust it from her lap with one of her definite, restless movements.

"My dear, I envy you your store of physical energy." In the soft, stuffy twilight the older lady half spoke, half sighed. "I could wish for no more valuable endowment for either of you. My own health since my girlhood has been contemptible, but I constantly give thanks that you do not resemble me in that wretched particular. On the contrary, your spirits recall those of Mr. Gardiner in the first years of our acquaintance. You are like your poor papa as he was then. You would not remember him as other than a sufferer, but he was buoyant and determined, and the highest hopes were held of his career by his associates." A small sob, or the ghost of a sob, broke the low, gentle murmur. "Although many years my senior, as you know, at the time of our marriage Mr. Gardiner far surpassed me in constitution and vivacity. He was a man of magnificent physique, and extremely handsome. You children see your dear papa now, the survivor of years of the most distressing ill health." The frail voice whispered away into silence.

"But Mamma!"—after her mother's voice Annora's broke the dusk eagerly, questioningly. "Need Papa always be ill? Mightn't he get well?—and then everything would be different," she added in a lower tone.

"Dearie, you've heard Doctor Drake on Papa. We must all try to make him as comfortable as we are able; we have been told that the malady may be relieved—but Doctor Drake never said anything about recovery."

"But what's the *matter* with him?" This was actual impatience in Annora's voice; a sort of wistful, hopeful impatience. "Do *you* know what's the matter with him, Mamma?"

"I know how he suffers; I do not know the name of his affliction, Annora."

"Oh, but Mamma! How are we ever to know his chances of recovery unless we know what ails him? I can't see how Doctor Drake could have not told you; after all, you are his wife."

"I think we may trust Doctor Drake." Mrs. Gardiner's voice was so tired, and yet so much more satisfied than Annora's. "He is, besides a respected physician, an old friend. He has always assured me that Papa's illness is of a nature that I would not understand, and naturally I have never desired to press him."

"But why? In your place I shouldn't be able to endure not knowing! I can't endure not knowing myself! Why shouldn't we know?"

"You *are* a tomboy, Annora!" said gentle Jenny. "There are lots of things I shouldn't want to know."

"Gentlemen in the course of their more violent lives must understand many different sorts of things, I imagine, that would only distress and alarm ladies," Mrs. Gardiner murmured. "Gentlemen like your papa and Doctor Drake endeavor to shield such women as are within their protection from disagreable knowledge. I am quite sure that if Doctor Drake says that I would not understand and had better not know what is the precise nature of poor papa's illness, that it is so."

"We do want to be womanly, don't we, Annora?"—Jenny stretched out a soft, slender hand in the half-darkness and laid it upon one of Annora's warm ones. It was all tensed.

"Oh, I do! I wish I were as gentle as you, Jenny, and as resigned and splendid as you, Mamma dear. Oh, but I'm not! I do try, truly, but I simply can't bring myself to accept things, I do so wonder why things can't be changed to be nearer what we want. I wonder—I wonder about everything. I want so many things—not just for me; for all of us, comforts for Mamma and health for Papa and oh! a future for Jenny and me! I suppose I'm just a horrid hoyden."

"Dear Annora," her mother said softly. "There is nothing that I don't wish for both of you, too. I try to give you everything that is in my small power—pretty dresses and a home which if not elegant is at least genteel."

"I know you do, dearest Mamma," Annora said remorsefully. Impetuously she slipped out of her chair and dropped at her mother's feet. In the dark the thick voluminous folds of her dress and its petticoats spread out around her on the floor. Mrs. Gardiner stroked the soft thick hair that lay against her knee. And Jenny pressed her sister's hot hand.

"Resignation is something which comes, gratefully, with time," the mother said, with infinite affection. "Your youth makes rebelliousness very natural; in your sweet character it will be soon overcome. Soon, Annora. One comes to accept without vain repining the unquestionable dictates of a Divine Providence. Never doubt that resignation will come, dearie."

A ray of honey-colored light from the street-lamp on Schneider Street caught and radiated the golden head that was lifted vehemently; sparks and tiny flames of fire danced in Annora's hair; in the tremulous ray her face, upturned, was as earnest as an angel's.

"I don't want to be resigned!" she cried. "I want to do something before it is too late! In this house we accept everything—we accept poverty, and we accept that we should all of us feel tired and ill most of the time. Why shouldn't we ever, ever be able to do something about it? Why shouldn't we *be* as happy and proud as we pretend to be? I feel—I feel that we are just sitting in

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this house waiting for—for something terrible that will happen to us. . . ."

"Annora!" cried her mother sharply. But it was too late; Jenny had fainted. Her slim body had slipped awry, hanging over the carved walnut arm of the chair; and in her beautiful face, white as whitest paper in the street-lamp's shivering light, white as alabaster against the cloth of her garnet-colored gown, her large eyes were closed.

Annora ran for a lamp; Mrs. Gardiner for water; Julia's footsteps stumbled toward the parlor; and from upstairs the hoarse, querulous voice called down:

"My dear! Annora! Jenny! Mrs. Gardiner! What's the matter? Eh? Will no one tell me what in thunder is the matter?"

But the next night was Thursday night, and Jenny, in spite of her continuing indisposition, helped all day with the sandwiches, the salads, the creaming of chicken, the stuffing of delicate egg-whites with a mixture of yolks, pepper, salt, bayleaf, and mustard, the making of fruit jellies, besides taking entire charge of her particular specialty, the mayonnaise dressing, which for more than an hour must be beaten with a fork while the half-pellucid, yellow-green oil was allowed to fall, drop by drop, drop by drop, into the white china bowl. . . . On Thursday nights certain lucky students at the Divinity School made it an institution to come to supper at the half-a-house on Schneider Street. These eight or ten aspirants to orders made a great, jolly to-do about setting the supper dishes on the dining table—tying towels for aprons about each other's black cloth waists, bringing in more chairs from the parlor, running to the door to admit new arrivals—they loved to insist that their beautiful hostess and her beautiful daughters leave all the work to them, and sit, frail and pretty and appealing as flowers, in comfortable chairs and have their plates of supper put in their laps.

The three were tonight exhausted by their day of preparation; but they looked fresh as pinks—Jenny in primrose lawn, Annora in pink dimity, and their mother, whom the divinity students loved to call "Mother Gardiner," in handsome and dignified brown corded silk, with ruchings of pleated organdie freshly done up by Annora in the morning. The early June evening was fine, the windows stood open, and a bench had been placed underneath the large horse-chestnut tree in the yard—the yard which by night, and in the moonlight, had almost the look of an elegant garden.

The group of theological students was quite cosmopolitan for Schneider Street—there were several from excellent families in the South, one from California; one, Charlie Forrester, was actually wealthy, and had travelled extensively on the Continent. But they told Mother Gardiner that they loved to think of her house as home, and when they filled the narrow rooms on Thursday nights they laughed and cracked their jokes, paid the ladies compliments, made a show of washing the dishes after supper, and even indulged in a bit of not-too-rambunctious horse-play, striking one another shattering blows on the back and crying "*Good* old fellow!"

After the flurry of cleaning-up was over with only the loss of two plates and a tumbler, the makeshift aprons untied, the chairs put straight, and clerical waistcoats brushed off, the boys sat about on the floor at the feet of their particular secular deities, several of the students loudly professing to hold Mother Gardiner the most shining of the trio. There was talk of the June Dance the following night; tattletaling of each other's pranks at the Seminary; reminiscences of past pleasant evenings that winter and spring; and semi-serious talk of ideals and ambitions for the future.

Annora slipped away from the little group around her gold and pink and blue prettiness, ran up the creaking narrow stairs, whose dark carpeting had so often and laboriously been shifted down a few inches to conceal new worn spots, and tiptoed softly into her father's room.

The old gentleman lay motionless in the ugly old bed, his large, beaked face propped stiffly up against the black walnut headboard, his huge long body lumpy and still under the covers. A ruby-colored night-lamp burned beside the bed, and in its weak, lurid illumination his wide-open eyes could be seen flickering in a half-blind stare at nothing.

"Papa dear," Annora said softly, "we have just finished supper. Is there anything you want that I can get for you?"

Her father cleared his throat, a long, thick, rasping noise. His voice came out hoarse and phlegmy.

"Annora, my dear. Or is it Jenny?"

"It's Annora, Papa. What would you like?"

Again there was a deep, viscous clearing of the throat.

"I think a drink of water, my dear. A little drink of water."

Asking for it, he himself stretched out one large, still handsome hand for the full glass that stood beside him. His flickering eyes shifted sidewise toward where it stood, and he made an attempt to close his hand about the tumbler. But his hand missed the glass by some two inches, and his fist closed around nothing, around a spot of air to the right of and above the water.

"Confound it, I cannot do it for myself, Annora. Help me to a little sip, will you, my dear?"

She slipped her arm in its tucked pink dimity sleeve beneath the old man's Roman head, lifted it, and held the tumbler to the mouth beneath the huge moustache. A little of the water ran down into his beard.

"Thank you, Annora."

"You are welcome, Papa."

"Are you having a pleasant evening below, Annora?"

"Oh, yes, Papa. Nine of the Seminary students are here."

"Pompous psalm-singers," said the old gentleman, clearing his throat.

Annora laughed.

"Not really, Papa. They love fun."

"Pompous psalm-singers," said the old gentleman.

Annora straightened his blankets.

"Are you in any pain, Papa?"

"Certainly. I suffer constantly. My condition is wretched, Annora." The deep, glutinous voice slipped vaguely into a whisper.

Annora hesitated and caught her breath.

"Papa, are you satisfied with Doctor Drake's care? Don't you suppose that there may be some one somewhere who might cure you?"

There was an enormous, trumpeting sound of his throat being cleared.

"Annora, I am quite satisfied with my friend Drake. He understands me. He understands my case."

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She caught her breath again, and leaned nearer.

"Papa, what is the matter really? Couldn't you tell me?"

The huge frame twitched a little, convulsively, and the hairy gray brows drew down in a semblance of a frown.

"Certainly not, my dear. Sickness is most distressing, most distressing. No woman—no lady—could understand about matters of severe illness."

"No, Papa." Annora's voice was a sigh. "Can I get you anything more, Papa?"

"I think not, Annora."

She turned to go out, but there was one more viscous tearing from that throat.

"Annora!"

"Yes, Papa."

"Have you all the—*errhaghch*—pretty dresses you want?"

"Oh, yes, Papa."

"*Errhaghch!* If I were not a wretched invalid you should have a carriage, of course, my dear."

"Yes, Papa."

She left the room softly, and ran down the stairs, her footsteps sounding a little on the thin carpet. Charlie Forrester was standing at the bottom, waiting for her. His face was clear and cheerful above his black.

"Annora! Come out in the garden and sit under the chestnut tree with me! Come ahead!"

The great dark leaves let the moonlight through in slivers on their heads, and they sat side by side on the curly iron bench. Schneider Street was quiet, and except for the yellow gas-lights whose heads showed above the brick wall of the yard, they might have been in the real garden of some large establishment.

"Annora, you're still going to grace the dance tomorrow with your presence, and me with the honor of being your protector, aren't you?"

"Yes, Charlie. Nothing short of sudden death could keep me from waltzing tomorrow night!" She laughed gaily.

"You talk like a dreadful flirt, but *I* know you're an angel," he protested, and laughed too.

"I hope I don't flirt, but I'm ever so far from being an angel! I'm the prosaic, tiresome member of this family."

"You're an inspiring family, but I have my favorite in it," he declared. "—What color will you wear tomorrow?"

"Blue."

"True blue."

"New blue, anyway. It isn't even finished, quite!"

"Tell the seamstress to hurry, for I shall count on blue."

She laughed a queer little laugh.

"I will."

"Annora."

"Yes, Charlie."

"Annora, I was going to wait till tomorrow night to ask you something, but I've been wondering whether tonight wasn't even a better opportunity. Annora, I'm so afraid of offending you—I'm really awfully frightened."

"What, Charlie?"

"Can't you guess?—When I saw you first I knew at once. And since I've known you I've been able to see how kind and good and generous in all ways you are. Annora, I am a man of God, and your presence brings me nearer God than I can ever grow to be alone. Could you—consent to be a clergyman's wife?"

She allowed him to take her hand, but did not speak at all. He continued to lean toward her. His voice was sincere and pleading.

"Annora, my heart and my love and all that I have of this world's goods are yours. I want you to help me meet life, and to meet Our Heavenly Father at the last with your hand in mine. Annora, will you be my wife?"

She looked at him with one of her quick, lifted glances, and smiled in the moonlight.

"Yes," she said.

"Dearest!" he cried, and buried his face in her hands.

He talked, then, of plans, of his family, who would love Annora, of all the future together. She let him press both her hands to his breast, but as he talked she grew quieter and quieter. At last, suddenly, she dropped back against the seat with a sharp little gasp.

"Annora! Dearest! What is it? Oh, I have been tiring you, my dearest! Can I help you to the house? Shall I call your mother?"

"I can walk," she said, faintly, and he assisted her, slowly, to the house, and laid her upon the horsehair sofa in the parlor. Charlie was half beside himself with anxiety, remorse, and devotion; at his murmured word, Mrs. Gardiner hastened to the parlor; and he, with a fond and significant look to his unproclaimed betrothed, tiptoed out and left them to be quiet together.

But Annora only said, and her face was desperately pale:

"Oh, why must I always feel ill? *Why,* Mamma?"

The next morning Annora was still white and weak; Jenny was not yet wholly recovered; and Mrs. Gardiner was shaken from the tiring labors of the day before. But Charlie had been able to ask, and receive, confirmation of his joy, and the assurance that Mr. Gardiner's would be forthcoming; and both mother and sister were full of their delight at Annora's prospects of happiness and good fortune. Annora herself was, for such a buoyant and unshadowed nature, quiet and with marks of suffering in her face. She bore, also, an unaccustomed air of preoccupation.

"My dearest girl," said her mother, as together they dusted the vari-colored, fragile examples of porcelain which bloomed like so many China nosegays upon the shelves of the black walnut whatnot in the corner of the parlor, "can I recall to your mind that only evening before last you were, in this very room, expressing your desire for dressmakers, for servants, and for coachmen and carriages? Perhaps if you had postponed your wishing for two days poor Jenny would have been spared her indisposition, for it looks very much to me as if your desires were on the way to being fulfilled—not that these are more than happy accidents incidental to Charlie's worth as a gentleman and a minister of the Gospel. Still, I would like to remind you, my dear."

"I know," Annora replied with a certain abstraction. She lifted a Chelsea shepherdess in green and rose from the whatnot shelf, and flicked it with her turkey-feather duster.

"Mamma," she said abruptly, setting the figurine down again, "don't you think a woman owes a great deal to the man whom she marries?"

"Indeed I do, Annora. Unswerving devotion, love, and loyal effort are the most important things a bride may take her husband, dearie."

"No, Mamma, but even beyond that. Do you think that it is fair to a young

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man at the beginning of his useful life to find himself married to—a semi-invalid? How it must cripple his plans, his dearest schemes!"

"Annora, I would give anything in my possession to be in vigorous health, and I am sure your father detests his infirmity thoroughly. No one chooses to be ill, my dear."

"Of course, Mamma. Please don't think I meant you; I did not. But—I think you'd better know that I have completely made up my mind overnight to go and have a talk with Doctor Drake, and *insist* upon being told why my health is not better, and what my chances are for health during my lifetime, and whether I can—have children." She broke down a little at the end.

"Annora!" Mrs. Gardiner gazed fixedly at the Dresden shoemaker in her hand, and a flush of rose suffused her beautiful, tired face. She started to speak, but Annora was already talking.

"I *must* go, Mamma. I cannot marry Charlie until I know why I am not stronger, and how I may become stronger, and understand things I have never understood about my poor health. I'm not like you and Jenny. I can't, I cannot, learn to be resigned to things which I do not understand. Mamma, try to sympathize if you can. I must go."

Perilously near tears, Annora rushed from the room, and a few minutes later Mrs. Gardiner heard her leave the house. She sighed, and bit her lip, put her hand to her heart, and went and lay upon the sofa.

It was some time later when the small but piercing tones of the bell, that connected by a long wire to the glass bell-pull beside the front door, pealed through the half-a-house on Schneider Street. Jenny ran to answer the door, decreasing her pace as she neared the vestibule so that she appeared serene and decorous as she opened to a messenger-boy who handed in an envelope addressed to Miss Annora Gardiner.

She stepped back into the main hall.

"Mamma!" she called in modulated accents. "Has Annora returned yet? There is a note for her, addressed in Charlie's hand."

"I don't think so," her mother's voice, also lowered, came from the kitchen regions.

"I'm in here, Jenny," Annora's own voice spoke from the interior of the parlor—but it was not Annora's own high-spirited voice, but one flattened and muted almost out of recognition.

"Why, Annora," Jenny exclaimed, and entered the room. Mrs. Gardiner, who had come down the corridor, followed her.

Annora sat, limp, in the elaborately carved chair with maroon corduroy upholstery. She only turned her face as they entered.

"What is the note? Read it, will you please, Jenny?" The envelope made a crackling sound as it was torn open.

"Oh, Annora, I don't like to read a note from your lover, dear. Won't you? . . ."

"Please read it."

"He asks," Jenny said, and she was blushing up her fair long throat, "if it will be convenient if he calls by for you this evening at half-past eight, and —whether you still mean all you said last evening, and—he sends all his love, he says. Oh, Annora!" Jenny dropped the letter in her sister's lap.

No one said anything. The French ormolu clock ticked inside its glass bell, a carriage trundled by on Schneider Street.

"The messenger's still waiting," Jenny offered. "Shall I tell him to tell Charlie his plan suits you, and you will be ready?"

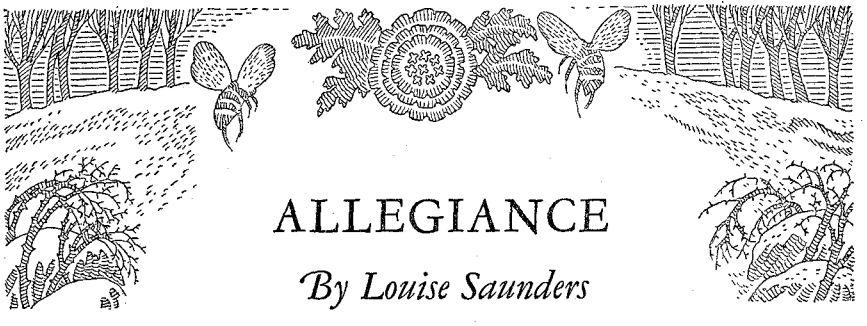
"No!" cried Annora, and she sat up in a kind of strange fury, and her blue eyes burned desperately: her mother and sister stared at her in fear. "Tell him I won't go tonight, that I'll never go anywhere again. Tell him I won't marry him after all, that I shall never marry anybody. Tell him I shall never leave this house. Tell him—" her voice faded out into a terrible sob.

Her mother clasped her hands in a kind of futile confusion.

"Hush, dear child, hush, dear, don't speak so violently; the messenger—and your poor papa—you will alarm and excite him—remember how very ill he is. . . ."

When Annora spoke her voice had fallen from its wild heights. It was a hopeless droning sound, a muted tone that went on and on. . . .

"I know he is. He is very ill. And so am I. And so am I."



ALLEGIANCE

By Louise Saunders

THERE is no sadness in a winter's day
To me, when muddy fields are striped with snow,
And colorless the sullen earth, below
A sky, dull-toned like pewter, and as gray.
Here is a scene that matches well my mood,
Portrayed behind a flickering film of rain,
And all I know of bitter fact made plain.
Less true to life is summer (so imbued
With lavishness and juice of fruit and flower,
No winging bee need drain the honey cup
And green profusion shadows every hour)
Than frost and cold, trees that have given up
Their sap to earth, yet starkly acquiesce
That they must live, and live on nothingness.

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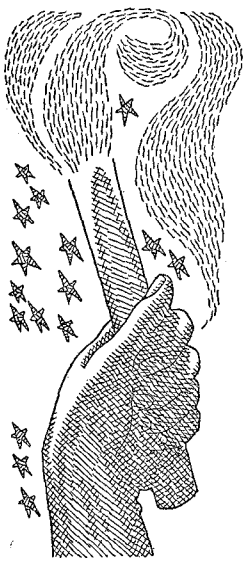
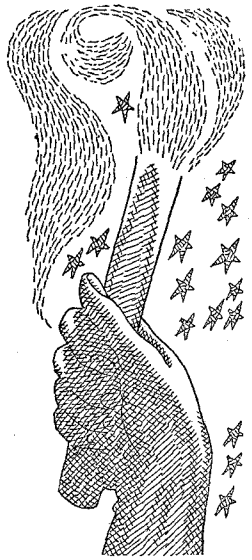


Across the Busy Years

Fourteen Republican Conventions

By Nicholas Murray Butler

III. Behind the Scenes in 1916



The author played an important part in the negotiations between the Republican and Progressive Conventions in 1916 and here tells for the first time what went on behind the scenes. The final article, bringing Republican Conventions up to the present, will appear in the April Scribner's

THE convention of 1916 was of exceptional importance and was planned for long in advance. The leaders of the party, and indeed the great mass of the enrolled voters, had one dominating idea, which was that Theodore Roosevelt, who had left the party in 1912 and who had attacked it most viciously and caused its defeat, should not be nominated in 1916.

During the autumn of 1915 many conferences were held in New York and elsewhere for the purpose of ascertaining the general trend of party opinion and of party preference. Previous to this time Theodore E. Burton of Ohio, Senator Albert B. Cummins of Iowa, and Senator John W. Weeks of Massachusetts had more or less formally announced their candidacy. Indiana was understood to be getting ready to name Mr. Fairbanks and Illinois held a similar attitude towards Senator Sherman. While these gentlemen might, and did, differ in competence and in availability, the political distinctions between them were not sufficient to give to any one of them a commanding lead over his fellows. Burton prosecuted the most active personal canvass, although Senator Weeks did nearly as well and in addition had better organization and more support, financial and otherwise, than did Mr. Burton. Representatives of Senator Weeks were active in the border states and in the South, particularly in Maryland, in North Carolina, and in Alabama, while the friends of Mr. Fairbanks laid special siege to the neighboring state of Kentucky. Sentiment favorable to Senator Cummins existed in Minnesota, in South Dakota, in Nebraska, and in Montana.

The situation in Pennsylvania was very mixed, so much so that Senator Penrose had great difficulty in deciding upon, and in following, a course of action. While he himself had been re-elected to the Senate by a large majority in 1914, the heavy Progressive vote cast in 1912 still exerted much influence and was a factor to be reckoned with. The vanity of Governor Brumbaugh led him to fall an easy prey to those who whispered that, having been elected governor of Pennsylvania, the path to the White House now lay open before him. Mr. Knox was anxious to return to the Senate but some of his friends, including Mr. Frick, were anxious, in the early stages of the campaign, that he should be brought forward as a candidate for the presidency. If left to himself Senator Penrose would undoubtedly have supported Mr. Fairbanks, but he could not well do so in face of the fact that Governor Brumbaugh was a receptive candidate, and in face of the farther fact that Mr. Roosevelt still had a very large and very influential following in Pennsylvania. During the past few years Senator Penrose had fallen out with the Vares, contractors in Philadelphia, one of whom was a member of Congress. These gentlemen were very influential in South Philadelphia and their chief concern was not so much with the presidency of the United States, as with contracts for public work in Philadelphia and elsewhere in Pennsylvania. With a view to embarrassing Senator Penrose the Vares espoused the cause of Governor Brumbaugh, and Penrose found himself driven to negotiate with the friends of Mr. Roosevelt in order to maintain himself. During the winter of 1916 Mr. Knox was sent for to come north from Palm Beach and attend a conference at which his presidential candidacy was carefully discussed. Despite the urgings of some of his Philadelphia and Pittsburgh friends, Knox, on looking the situation over, declined to permit the use of his name and returned to Palm Beach, having announced that he would remain a candidate for the United States Senate. The date of the Pennsylvania primaries was unusually late—May 16—and therefore Senator Penrose was kept on tenter-hooks until the very last moment. One reason for the persistence of the notion that Roosevelt might yet be nominated at Chicago was to be found in the fact that Senator Penrose was under such pressure at home, and was in such close negotiation with Mr. Perkins, Mr. Wilkinson, and others of Mr. Roosevelt's friends and advisers, that these felt justified in believing that sooner or later he would be driven to declare for Mr. Roosevelt in self-defense. Had he done so, of course Roosevelt's strength in the Chicago Convention would have been notably increased, but, under no circumstances could he have been nominated.

A most amusing episode developed because of Senator Murray Crane's anxiety over what he believed was Senator Penrose's very important political conferences with Colonel Roosevelt and his supporters. So one day Senator Crane asked me to see Penrose

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and find out just what the facts were. I called upon Penrose at the old Waldorf-Astoria and found him sitting placidly there in a comfortable chair as if there was nothing in the world either to disturb or to interest him. After a few preliminary sentences, I told him that Senator Crane was concerned about the Oyster Bay visit and the character of the conferences with Colonel Roosevelt, and had asked me to ascertain the facts and to learn what was to be his, Penrose's, attitude at Chicago. Penrose made a perfectly characteristic reply. He said, "My dear boy, you people must remember that the Progressives carried Pennsylvania in 1912, and that they are very strong there now. I am going to have a hard fight in the primaries next Tuesday, so I have entered into partnership with the Roosevelt men, which partnership will be dissolved on Tuesday afternoon at six o'clock. I shall have all the assets and they will get all the liabilities." Senator Crane was greatly cheered by this news.

The situation in Massachusetts was also extremely complicated. This was due in part to the candidacy of Senator Weeks, in part to the action and the egotism of Senator Lodge and in part to the ambitions of Governor McCall. Senator Weeks was put forward, in part at least, by men prominently associated with the United Shoe Machinery Company and other large financial and commercial organizations in Boston. This of itself was no ground for criticism, but it was made such by the press of the state and by those who were unfriendly, for various reasons, to Senator Weeks. As early as December, 1915, Senator Lodge had made a public declaration in support of Senator Weeks but, as the event proved, he had not the slightest idea of seriously aiding to bring about his nomination. Indeed he was at this very moment, in the Senate cloak-rooms, commending Justice Hughes as a possible candidate, and at the same time he was in constant and confidential communication with Mr. Roosevelt in a way that might well have justified the latter in believing that Senator Lodge was really friendly to him. The Roosevelt sentiment had been very strong in Massachusetts in 1912 and, as a result of the primary fight for Governor in 1915 between Governor McCall and Grafton D. Cushing, the lines of demarcation between the two elements in the party had been emphasized anew. Finally, at the instigation of Congressman Gardner, four men, of whom Grafton D. Cushing was one, announced that they had decided to offer themselves as candidates for election as delegates-at-large to the national convention pledged to the support of Mr. Roosevelt. Their action precipitated a direct fight on the question of Roosevelt's candidacy. Ex-Senator Crane undertook the difficult and delicate task of uniting all the other elements in Massachusetts in support of a ticket that, while opposed to the nomination of Roosevelt, would be unpledged so far as any other candidate was concerned. By the exercise of his most unusual skill and tact, he succeeded in inducing Governor McCall, Senator Lodge, and Senator Weeks to join with him in becoming candidates for delegate-at-large in opposition to the ticket headed by Congressman Gardner. This so-called unpledged ticket, while containing in itself elements of sharp dissension, won at the primaries, and with its victory the final death knell of Roosevelt's hopes was sounded so that everybody could hear it. Yet this delegation was not really for Mr. Weeks, nor was it ready to support Governor McCall. It was, with the exception of Senator Lodge, strongly opposed to the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt, but, as it afterwards showed, it could not be united in support of any candidate when the balloting began.

In the State of New York the situation was as pathetic as usual when a national convention is to be held. The extremely small men (with the notable exception of Chairman Hilles) who had managed to get into conspicuous public and party positions were concerned first and chiefly with such relatively unimportant questions as who should be chairman of the delegation, who should be chairman of the State Committee, and who should be members of the National Committee. They were much less concerned with the question as to who should be nominated for President of the United States. In December and in January there were many signs that the opinion of the party in New York State was turning towards Mr. Root. William Barnes, whose skill and foresight included the making of what he called "pictures" to impress and to instruct public opinion, was insistent that Mr. Root should be chosen to be temporary chairman of the State Convention called to meet in Carnegie Hall, New York City, on February 15, 1916. His object was to have Elihu Root make a speech of such commanding ability and of such statesmanlike power that it would, first, serve to focus the mind of the party on the real issues of the coming campaign, and, second, bring forward Mr. Root himself as a desirable and available candidate for the presidential nomination. Mr. Root made the expected speech and it had a profound effect. It desperately offended the pro-German element and it failed to influence the votes of many Republican congressmen on the McLemore Resolution, warning Americans against travelling on English or French vessels, which came before the House of Representatives not long afterward. *The New York Times* and other papers friendly to President Wilson did not hesitate to point out that, whatever might be said for the strength of Mr. Root's position, it was not the position of a majority of the Republican Party as was evidenced by the votes in Congress. Meanwhile, Mr. Root himself had vetoed the proposal that he should be either endorsed for the presidency or presented to the country as a candidate by the Republican State Convention. A resolution to do either of these things would have been carried, but it would have been vigorously fought, behind the scenes if necessary, by Governor Whitman, Speaker Sweet, Herbert Parsons, and others.

The result was that a large part of the political activity of the State of New York during the winter and spring of 1916, was spent upon purely local and personal squabbles, leaving the presidential candidate a matter of minor importance. When the delegates were elected it was found that about thirty-five of them were ready to declare themselves instantly and uncompromisingly in favor of Root, and that two of them believed that Roosevelt should be nominated. The remainder were either allied with the group opposed to Root or were uncertain. It was not until the roll had actually been called in the convention that it was known where one or two of the delegates stood. That roll call showed forty-three for Root, forty-two for

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Hughes, and two for Roosevelt; so that once more, as in 1880, 1884, 1892, 1896, and 1908, the State of New York was so thoroughly divided in sentiment as to destroy what should have been and should always be its really controlling position in the National Convention. As a result of the convention of 1912 the intellectual leadership of the State of New York in the Republican Party had been made secure. As late as the Christmas holidays of 1915, the unprecedented sight could be seen of prominent Western party leaders coming to New York to ask what New York wanted and what attitude New York was going to take. A month or two afterward the situation had so changed that no Western leader cared what New York wanted or what attitude New York was going to take.

The delegation was on the whole one of high tone and good representative capacity. There were some members of it who sincerely believed that, while Mr. Root was incomparably the best-fitted candidate for the presidency, he was not so likely to be elected as Charles Evans Hughes or some one else. To this group belonged Herbert Parsons, Ogden L. Mills, and two or three more. Then there were those who were simply playing state politics and who had no interest whatever in either Mr. Root or Mr. Hughes, although in private conversation they were frank to admit the commanding ability of Mr. Root, and their personal dislike of Mr. Hughes. Among those were William L. Ward of Westchester and George W. Aldridge of Monroe.

The Southern States, as usual, had their local fights but the usual amount of money was not spent upon them and the results were correspondingly happy.

As early as January, 1916, there were conferences as to the organization of the convention and I was asked whether I would take either the temporary or the permanent chairmanship, and which I would prefer. I pointed out that I could not under any circumstances take the temporary chairmanship since, in our anxiety to put our convention a week ahead of the Democrat convention, the date of its opening session had been fixed for the same day as the annual Commencement of Columbia University, from which I could not be absent. The question as to the permanent chairmanship I took under advisement. While I was in Seattle about March 20, a dispatch was published in the newspapers saying that the Committee on Arrangements for the National Convention was in session in Chicago, and that my name among others was being considered for the temporary chairmanship. I at once wired to Chairman Charles D. Hilles reminding him of the conflict of dates and again pointing out that I could not be present at Chicago on the opening day of the convention and that therefore my name must not under any circumstances be considered for the temporary chairmanship. Chairman Hilles told me afterward that he understood this perfectly, but that some other members of the Committee on Arrangements had felt that I ought to be willing to sacrifice the University Commencement and accept the temporary chairmanship as asked. As the record shows, the matter was held over until a later meeting and then Senator Harding of Ohio was chosen and proved a most capable and acceptable officer. During the month of April the matter of the permanent chairmanship was again brought forward and I agreed to accept it if chosen. Shortly afterwards, however, William Barnes and Congressman John W. Dwight, together with James R. Sheffield and Cornelius N. Bliss, made the point that the speech nominating Mr. Root was much more important than the permanent chairmanship and that they wished me to make that speech. We discussed this matter for two or three days and it was finally decided that I should make the Root nominating speech and that Senator Harding should be continued as permanent chairman, unless, acting upon a suggestion of mine, we could find some delegate from the Pacific Coast who was competent to discharge the duties of permanent chairman. It seemed to me that, in view of the fact that California, Oregon, and Washington had all been heavily Progressive in 1912 and were now safely back in the party ranks, it would be a graceful thing to select a permanent chairman from there if any one was available for the position. The names of Scott Bone of Washington and of Judge Walter Bordwell of California were discussed but both were set aside as not having the voice adequate to the performance of the chairman's task. It was then settled that Senator Harding should be temporary and permanent chairman.

Meanwhile Charles B. Warren of Detroit was working on the rules, a subject of which he had made a specialty, and Chairman Hilles was beginning to give thought to the platform. About May 1, he wrote to twelve or fifteen prominent Republicans in various parts of the country asking them for suggestions, first as to the importance and order of treatment of topics for the platform and second as to specific paragraphs dealing with particular subjects. As fast as he received replies he sent them to me to be digested and classified. Then he invited a group of representative men, almost all of whom were delegates to the convention, to meet in New York on May 15 and 16 to discuss the platform in confidential conference. Those invited included Charles F. Scott of Kansas, John T. Adams of Iowa, James P. Goodrich of Indiana, H. C. Ogden of West Virginia, General Felix Agnus of Maryland, Charles Hopkins Clark of Connecticut, ex-Senator W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts, and William Barnes, Elon R. Brown, Herbert Parsons, Henry L. Stimson, James R. Sheffield, and myself of New York. We worked for two days practically from ten in the morning until six o'clock at night and came to substantially unanimous conclusions as to the tone, temper, and contents of the platform. I was then requested to draft, within the next few days, a platform expressing the conclusions arrived at. I did this and sent a confidential copy to each participant in the conference and three copies to Chairman Hilles, who by that time had gone to Chicago. Reference to a draft of this proposed platform will show that it is far more progressive, more definite, and more constructive than the platform actually adopted by the convention, which was the work of Senator Lodge. After the New York conference, I was asked to serve as Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions and to present for consideration the platform there agreed upon. I could not do this for the same reason that I could not accept the temporary chairmanship. On Wednesday, June 7, when I must be in New York, the Committee on Resolutions would be appointed and would immediately go into session. Then Charles Hopkins Clark of Con-

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necticut was asked to take the chairmanship, but he felt that he was not in sufficiently robust health to stand the strain of an all-night session and of the close and active discussions that were certain to accompany the work of the committee. So it was that the position went by default to Senator Lodge, who had been anxiously asking for it for some weeks. When Mr. Clark presented the New York draft of the platform, Senator Lodge refused to have anything to do with it and insisted on using a draft of his own, which was, with a few committee amendments, reported to the convention and adopted as the platform of 1916. By common consent it is a sorry document and far below the Democrat platform, both in literary style, in progressiveness and in definiteness. The Republican Party owes this to Senator Lodge and not at all to its own lack of convictions at that time or of ability to express them.

The convention opened at eleven o'clock on the morning of June 7, and at 2:45 P.M. on that day we left New York for Chicago, getting the speech of the temporary chairman at Albany in *The Evening Journal*. On reaching Chicago the next morning there was lively interest manifested in the possible relations between the two conventions, the Republican and the Progressive. It was not known what might result from the establishment of friendly relations between these two conventions. If no relations were established it was felt that the Republicans would nominate either Root or Hughes or some person whose name had as yet hardly been mentioned. Shortly after reaching the convention hall, I was told by Chairman Hilles that the Progressive convention had asked for a conference and that each convention would probably appoint a committee of five conferees, who might be found to hold the fate of the party in their hands. At the same time he told me that if the convention adopted the resolution accepting the invitation of the Progressives to a conference, I would be named as one of the Republican conferees. He warned me to get ready for this and to so arrange my other convention work and obligations as to give the conference precedence over everything else. Shortly afterwards the resolution providing for a conference was introduced and passed unanimously without debate. There was a noticeable stir both in the convention and in the galleries as it was felt that this move might possibly produce some dramatic or unexpected result. Some even thought that it insured the nomination of Roosevelt by both conventions.

The chairman at once appointed the Republican conferees as follows: Reed Smoot of Utah, W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts, William E. Borah of Idaho, Nicholas Murray Butler of New York, and A. R. Johnson of Ohio. As soon as the convention adjourned Senator Crane suggested that the Republican conferees should dine together at the Chicago Club at 7:30 and that the Progressive conferees should be invited to join us at 9 o'clock. This program was carried out. During dinner we discussed our own attitude and were unanimous in feeling that, since the Progressives had asked for the conference, they must take the initiative in the discussions and that we would be guided by events. Shortly after 9 o'clock the Progressive conferees arrived. They were: George W. Perkins of New York, Charles J. Bonaparte of Maryland, Hiram Johnson of California, John M. Parker of Louisiana, and Horace S. Wilkinson of New York. Several of the conferees, most of whom knew each other personally, exchanged most cordial and hearty greetings and after a little informal chat we proceeded to the serious business of the conference. George Perkins opened the discussion by stating that, since the Progressives had asked for the conference they would probably be expected to speak first. He thereupon called upon Mr. Bonaparte to present the Progressive point of view. Bonaparte, speaking with his characteristic and curious drawl, proceeded for thirty minutes to state the Progressive position, first as to the issues of the campaign and second as to the candidate. Everything which he said as to the issues of the campaign was cordially assented to by the Republican conferees and within ten minutes it was plain to every one in the room that, so far as the platform was concerned, both conventions were in entire accord. So soon as this became evident, Mr. Bonaparte, turned his attention entirely to the question of a candidate. He stated that the Progressives had canvassed the entire field of possible candidates, had weighed the claims and the advantages of many different men, but always came back to the conclusion that Roosevelt was not only the best-fitted man for the presidency, but also the one man so associated with the dominant issues of the campaign as to be indicated the logical and almost the necessary candidate. All this took some time and was done with great good temper and excellent feeling. Mr. Bonaparte was followed by Mr. Parker of Louisiana, who harped upon the old and tuneless string of carrying the solid south for Republican principles. His argument was that this could be done if the Republican principles were nicknamed Progressive, and if the Republican candidate were Mr. Roosevelt. He was certain that Mr. Roosevelt could carry Louisiana, North Carolina, and probably other Southern States, and that if the Republican Party were given a Progressive veneer so as to overcome the long-time antipathy of the Southerner to the very name "Republican," all that he hoped for would be speedily accomplished. Governor Johnson of California followed and showed his very best side. He wholly lacked the violence, the temper, and the bad manners which marked his appearance in the convention of 1912. He referred to the very great importance of this conference, saying that he felt as if he were acting in the discharge of a really sacred duty. He, too, joined in saying that Mr. Roosevelt was really the only possible candidate. Then Mr. Wilkinson spoke and at some length. He discussed financial and commercial questions, and the relation of Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy and probable election to the business interests of the country and to prosperity generally. Mr. Perkins spoke last and rather briefly. He vigorously but quietly sustained the thesis that Mr. Roosevelt was by far the best candidate to unite upon, and he gave the reasons which he had often given publicly. All this took, perhaps, two and a half hours, so that it was midnight when Senator Smoot turned to me and asked me to make a statement for the Republicans.

My remarks were very, very brief and consisted, first, in expressing my great satisfaction at the conference and at the tone and temper with which it was being conducted; second, my appreciation of the personality, the ability, and past services of Mr. Roosevelt; and,

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third, my conviction that under no circumstances whatever would the Republican convention consent to his nomination. I stated that it seemed to me only just and fair to the Progressive conferees that they should not be left in doubt upon this perfectly clear and certain point and that they should not be misled by concealing it from them. Perkins interrupted to say that he thought this was a full and free conference, and if we were not prepared to discuss the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt he did not see what use there was in coming together. My reply was that we were having a full and free conference; that the Progressive conferees had stated a fact, namely, that Mr. Roosevelt seemed to them the best candidate and that they all favored his nomination and had no second choice; that in reply I was stating a second fact, namely, that whatever Mr. Roosevelt's merits he could not be nominated by the Republican convention. It seemed to me, therefore, that with these two facts before us we ought to be ready to go forward to the consideration of the third fact, which was upon what candidate other than Mr. Roosevelt can we agree. To this all the Progressive conferees replied that they had no second choice and that they were not prepared to discuss anybody but Mr. Roosevelt. Senator Borah then spoke saying that so far as he was concerned he would be glad to vote to nominate Mr. Roosevelt at any time, and that no one could excel him in appreciation of Mr. Roosevelt's abilities and character, but that he too was of opinion that under no circumstances would the Republican convention nominate Mr. Roosevelt and that we might just as well accept that fact at once. This led to more general and informal discussion, during which Perkins asked whether the Republican conferees were ready to propose any name to the Progressive conferees. The Republican conferees replied that they were not ready to do any such thing. They pointed out that the Republican convention had not yet balloted, and that at least ten names were to come before it, some of which had been endorsed at primary elections in various states, and some of which had been endorsed by state conventions. In advance of some indication of preference of the convention itself the conferees did not feel that they had the right to select one candidate from this group or to eliminate others.

All this took until about three o'clock in the morning and then it was decided that the Republican conferees should prepare a short statement by way of report to the convention and that this report should be simply a statement of fact without any recommendation or expression of opinion. Thereupon Senator Smoot and I went downstairs to the writing-room and I wrote the report to the convention. Perkins asked whether he might see this report, and a copy of it was made by Senator Smoot for the Progressive conferees. However, they did not show us in advance the report which they presented to their convention the following morning and which gave the impression that the Republican conferees had stood in the way of a united report in favor of some one candidate. When we separated at about 3:30 A.M. on Friday, June 9, it was with the understanding that we should reassemble at the Chicago Club thirty minutes after the adjournment of the Republican convention. It was then thought that this adjournment would take place about six o'clock in the afternoon. As a matter of fact, the nominating speeches were so numerous and so long, and the interruptions by applause and by demonstrations were so great, that it was after nine o'clock when the convention adjourned.

Throughout the conference the Progressive conferees kept emphasizing the fact that it was with the greatest difficulty that the Progressive convention had been kept from nominating Mr. Roosevelt on Thursday, and that they could not assure us that despite the continuance of the conference he would not be nominated during the sessions of Friday. We replied that we understood this situation perfectly and that we too were proposing to ballot on Friday afternoon, and that while we did not expect that the convention would nominate on the first or second ballot, of course it might do so, and that we could not be responsible for the result if it did. The Progressive conferees stated that they appreciated this situation and took it into full account.

The report of the Republican conferees was read to the convention by Senator Smoot on Friday morning. He read it with fine elocutionary effect and it produced a distinctly good impression. Indeed, so good was the impression that some persons who did not follow its language closely thought at first that the report recommended the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt. After the nominating speeches had been concluded two ballots were taken, in accordance with a previously arranged program. The first ballot was expected to clear the air as far as instructions and merely formal preferences were concerned; the second ballot was expected to show the drift of the convention's mind. Hughes received 328½ votes, Root 98½, Weeks 79, Burton of Ohio 76½, while as many as twelve other candidates were voted for. Adjournment until Saturday morning was proposed. Some of the more stupid of the advocates of Hughes resisted the motion to adjourn, on the theory that if a third or a fourth ballot could be had immediately Mr. Hughes would be nominated. They were quite wrong about that, for on Friday night Mr. Hughes had polled his full strength in that convention as matters then stood. He might have received ten or twenty more votes on a third or fourth ballot, but no more than that until the situation with the Progressives had been cleared up or until it was quite certain that Theodore Roosevelt would under no circumstances make a statement in advocacy of Elihu Root. The first choice of the convention's head and heart, was by an overwhelming majority, Mr. Root. There was no dissent from the statement as to his peculiar fitness for the presidency, but there was a feeling that it might not be possible to elect him unless Mr. Roosevelt would either advocate his election or at least state that he would not oppose him. A great many delegates in the convention were waiting for a final demonstration of Roosevelt's attitude in this respect. Not before they were convinced that it would be unsafe to nominate Mr. Root, were they ready to go to Mr. Hughes.

As soon as the convention adjourned the conferees took the shortest possible time to refresh themselves and to change, and hastened to the Chicago Club for a late dinner and a resumption of the conference. The conferees all assembled at about 10:30 P.M. and resumed the discussion where they had broken it off in the early morning. The Progressive conferees again stated that

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their convention had with great difficulty been persuaded to refrain from nominating Mr. Roosevelt during the day, and that they were more convinced than ever before that he was the only candidate upon whom both parties ought to unite, or indeed could unite. The Republican conferees reiterated their statement of opinion that, under no circumstances, would the Republican convention nominate Mr. Roosevelt, and pointed to his sixty-five votes on the first ballot and his eighty-one votes on the second ballot as evidences of his very small support in the convention. The Progressive conferees were then asked whether there was any name on the list of Republican candidates which they would consider as a possible second choice. Their answer was that they had no second choice and that there was no name on that list which they would so consider. Mr. Perkins in turn asked the Republicans whether they were ready to bring forward any name as a possible candidate for both parties. The Republicans replied that they could not do this, since although the convention had balloted twice they were substantially in the same position as the night before. While it was plain that Mr. Hughes had more support than any single candidate for the nomination, eight candidates had received fifty votes or more each, and the history of past conventions proved that a candidate in that position might well be nominated later on. At this point the Progressive conferees manifested some impatience at the attitude of the Republicans in neither accepting Mr. Roosevelt nor proposing a substitute. The discussion was continued amicably but fruitlessly for a long time and finally at 3 A.M. on Saturday the conference adjourned to meet again at 9 o'clock in the morning. The Republican convention had adjourned until 11 o'clock, and the Progressive convention until 10:30, therefore the time was growing very short within which to arrive at a conclusion.

As soon as the conference adjourned I called the Congress Hotel and found that a number of the leaders were then in the rooms of the Indiana delegation and that they wished me to join them at once. I went there, and found, in addition to John W. Dwight, Will H. Hays, Chairman of the Indiana State Committee, ex-Senator Hemenway, Senator McKinley of Illinois, National Committeeman King of Connecticut, and Senator Penrose. I outlined to them the proceedings of the conference. I also said that just before leaving the Chicago Club, Perkins had asked me whether, in view of the critical situation in which we all were, I would be willing to talk with Mr. Roosevelt on the telephone, using his (Perkins') private wire. I told Perkins that I would let him know in an hour's time. Meanwhile I had asked Senator Smoot what he thought of the suggestion and he had advised me to do it by all means. The group of gentlemen assembled at the Indiana headquarters gave me the same advice. We then discussed what I should say to Mr. Roosevelt.

They told me that at a conference held earlier in the evening they had been unable to concentrate on any one candidate in opposition to Mr. Hughes, that the hoped-for concentration on Mr. Root had failed because of Senator Penrose's refusal to cooperate, and that concentration upon Mr. Fairbanks had failed because a number of delegates not specially favorable to Mr. Hughes preferred him to Mr. Fairbanks. This group of gentlemen then suggested that in talking to Mr. Roosevelt I should suggest to him the names of Mr. Root, Mr. Knox, and Mr. Fairbanks, and in that order, and ask whether he would be willing to advise his Progressive friends to support any one of them. What I learned in this conversation made it doubly clear that Mr. Hughes was certain to be nominated when the convention reassembled in the morning, unless Mr. Roosevelt would support some other name.

By this time it was 4 A.M. and I went over to the Blackstone to Perkins' rooms, where he was awaiting me. I told him that I was ready to talk with Mr. Roosevelt on the telephone if Mr. Roosevelt desired it, and in a very few minutes Mr. Perkins told me that Mr. Roosevelt was at the Oyster Bay end of the wire. As soon as we had exchanged "Hellos," I said, "Good morning, Mr. President," and he replied with great precision of utterance, "Good morning, Mr. President of Columbia." He then went on to say that he wished to thank me personally for the form of report submitted to the Republican convention on Friday morning by the conferees and for the very nice mention of his name. He added that he understood from Perkins that the Republican conferees were unanimous in the opinion that he himself could not be nominated, and asked whether I held this opinion. I said that this was undoubtedly the fact, that under no circumstances could he be nominated, and that unless he was willing to indicate his support of some other name, Justice Hughes would certainly be nominated on the first or second ballot when the convention reassembled. Mr. Roosevelt said that he thought this was true; what names had I to suggest? In reply I said that I had just come from an important conference of leaders and that I had three names to suggest to him and in a definite order; and then I named Mr. Root, Mr. Knox, and Mr. Fairbanks. After an instant's hesitation, Mr. Roosevelt said that he was not in a position to discuss Mr. Root, something which I, of course, deeply regretted, and which he did not farther explain. Of Mr. Knox, he said that of course he held him in high regard and thought him a very able man, but that he believed him to be quite as much responsible for the Mexican mess as was President Wilson, and that since we were going to fight this campaign in large part upon the issue of Mexico, we could not possibly do it with Knox as a candidate. Fairbanks he said he greatly liked. "He is a very able and a very nice man, but I am not sure what my Progressive friends would say. I shall have to talk it over with them."

Mr. Roosevelt then said: "Is there any chance whatever for a wholly new man?" I replied: "There is a chance for anybody who is fit for the office and upon whom we can agree. Any man upon whom you and I agree now over this telephone can be nominated tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock." "Well," he said, "what about Leonard Wood? Could he be nominated?" I said, "No. He could not. General Wood is a very able man; he is much more than a soldier, as his administration in the Philippine Islands and in Cuba amply demonstrated. But," I added, "at a time when we are asking the country to take a new attitude as to foreign affairs and as to military preparedness, we cannot possibly ask them, at the same time, to take a man from the active army to be president." I added

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that it was going to be hard enough to bring the Middle West to the support of our program, and that this section would revolt beyond any question if we asked them to take both our program and a soldier; that never was there a clearer case for the nomination of a civilian on every possible political and public ground. Mr. Roosevelt quickly added, "I thought it might be that way; there is a good deal in that." Then he said, "What about Lodge?" and proceeded for two or three minutes to outline Mr. Lodge's experience and knowledge very much as he described them at greater length in the message which he shortly afterwards addressed to the Progressive conferees. I replied: "Of course Mr. Lodge is a Republican in good standing, and a statesman of large experience. He is entitled to be considered in connection with the Presidency. What the Republican convention will say to his name, or what his vote-getting qualities may be, I do not know. As to those matters, I shall have to consult some of my colleagues, but I will do that and let Mr. Perkins know the result." After a few more sentences we closed a most agreeable conversation that had lasted over perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes and I turned the wire over to Perkins.

In five minutes Perkins rejoined me and said, "The Colonel has just been telling me of his conversation with you, but those suggestions of Leonard Wood and Lodge are ridiculous. We have discussed them time and time again. They are impossible." Then he added, "You heard what the Colonel said about Knox, which is perfectly true, but we cannot do anything with Fairbanks. Penrose has been trying to get us to do that for weeks and has offered us everything in return. We turned all that down long ago, and there is no use in going over it again." Curiously enough Perkins, like Mr. Roosevelt, could not or would not discuss Mr. Root, but there was something in the minds of both of them which they did not choose to communicate to me which stood in the way of their saying the word that would have nominated him and thereby have changed the whole history of our country and of the world for the past twenty years. For he would almost certainly have been elected President.

By this time it was 5 o'clock in the morning and I then went upstairs to Dwight's room where were assembled the group that I had left at the Congress Hotel two hours earlier, waiting to hear my report. I outlined my conversation with Mr. Roosevelt and we separated about 6 A.M. all with the conviction that Mr. Hughes would be nominated before many hours had passed, and that then the question would be, would or would not Mr. Roosevelt support him?

At 6:15 I went in for a short sleep, but was back at the Chicago Club for breakfast at 8:30 and ready to resume our conference at 9. This time neither Governor Johnson nor Mr. Parker turned up, but the rest of us were all there. We at once stated to Mr. Perkins that we were now ready to advance beyond the position that we had taken the night before inasmuch as conferences held during the night, which had supplemented the two ballots taken on Friday evening, made it plain to us that Mr. Hughes was, or soon would be the choice of the Republican convention. We therefore presented his name to the Progressive conferees as a candidate upon whom both parties should unite. Before Mr. Perkins came in Senator Smoot and I had again gone to the writing-room and I had dictated the statement to the conferees of the National Progressive Party. As soon as Mr. Perkins heard the statement he said: "Are you unanimous as to this?" We said we were. He said: "Well, I must consult Governor Johnson and others and I will telephone you our answer here before 10:30 at which hour the Progressive convention is to reconvene."

It was just 10:29 when Mr. Perkins called Senator Smoot on the telephone and read him a short statement to the effect that the Progressive conferees, following our precedent of the day before, would report our recommendation to their convention without comment. This they shortly did, and their convention laid our recommendation on the table. We had treated their recommendation of the day before a little better, for our convention had actually voted on their candidate.

We then went back to the Convention Hall and going on the platform asked Senator Harding to call the convention to order promptly so that our report might be heard and the balloting proceeded with. Just as Senator Harding was raising his gavel to call the convention to order, Mr. McGrath, Mr. Roosevelt's secretary, arrived on the platform bearing a communication for Senator Smoot. As soon as Senator Smoot opened it, it was apparent from his expression that the paper was important. He immediately summoned us to the National Committee room in the rear, and asked Senator Harding to postpone calling the convention to order and to have the band play for a time until we could see what this communication was and what ought to be done with it. The communication proved to be a copy of Mr. Roosevelt's message to the Progressive conferees suggesting the name of Senator Lodge as a compromise candidate. He had dictated this message over the telephone between 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning, almost immediately after concluding his conversation with me. The fact that Mr. Lodge either had a copy of it, or knew about it, was evidenced by the fact that he was absent from the Saturday morning session of the convention, probably out of excessive modesty. As soon as we read the communication, we saw how unwelcome the suggestion of Mr. Lodge would be both to the Progressive and to the Republican conventions. Nevertheless, for tactical reasons we wanted to have the Progressive convention act first. Therefore we waited in the committee room while Senator Borah called up Mr. O. K. Davis, Secretary of the Progressive convention, and got word from him that Mr. Roosevelt's letter, as well as the suggestion of the name of Mr. Hughes, had been laid on the table. As soon as he turned from the telephone Senator Borah said to us: "It is very important to get that message confirmed, as on its correctness may turn one of the issues of this campaign." Our whole group of conferees, therefore, now enlarged by the presence of Senator Lippitt of Rhode Island and Mr. Charles B. Warren of Detroit, stood about the telephone while Mr. Hilles called up Mr. Perkins at the Progressive convention. Each time that he asked Mr. Perkins a question, Mr. Hilles repeated to us Mr. Perkins's answer so that our whole group of seven or eight got the entire conversation. Mr. Perkins told Mr. Hilles, as Mr. Davis had told Senator Borah, that the Progressive convention had

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laid Mr. Roosevelt's letter on the table.

This fact made our course perfectly clear. It was to go back to the convention, to report what we had proposed to the Progressive conferees, to read Mr. Roosevelt's letter and then to resume balloting. This we did. Mr. Roosevelt's suggestion of Senator Lodge, which was received in the Progressive convention with jeers and hoots, was received in the Republican convention quietly and with an amused smile. Senator Penrose was particularly sarcastic in commenting upon the suggestion.

While the prayer was being offered, a newspaper man who I understood represented the Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph*, told me that it was a mistake to say that the Progressive convention had laid Mr. Roosevelt's letter on the table. He said that he had been in that convention and that what was done was to lay it over for later consideration. I rushed back to the platform and tried to get this information to Senator Smoot, but before I reached there the prayer was concluded and Mr. Smoot had gone forward to make his report. The result everyone knows. The concentration on Mr. Hughes began at once and there was competition between the two conventions as to which should nominate first. According to the newspaper reports the Republicans nominated Mr. Hughes two minutes before the Progressive convention nominated Mr. Roosevelt.

After the adjournment of the convention on Saturday afternoon, I was sitting with a group in the Chicago Club with Mr. Melville E. Stone of the Associated Press. Mr. Stone stated that he had received word that the Chairman of the Progressive convention, Mr. Raymond Robins, on hearing that Senator Smoot had reported to the Republican convention that the Progressive convention had laid Mr. Roosevelt's letter on the table, had publicly denounced that statement as a characteristic Republican trick and Republican lie. I then recited to these gentlemen what pains had been taken, at Senator Borah's instance, to confirm the accuracy of our information on that point. While we were talking, President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California joined the group and, on hearing what we were discussing, said that he could explain the whole matter. President Wheeler stated that he was in the Progressive convention when the action in question was taken and that the motion made by a delegate was that Mr. Roosevelt's letter be laid over for later consideration, but that in putting the motion, Chairman Robins had stated it as one to lay upon the table, and that in that form the motion prevailed. President Wheeler's opinion was that, while the Progressive convention intended to lay Mr. Roosevelt's letter over for later consideration, as a matter of fact, owing to an error on the part of its own chairman, it had actually laid Mr. Roosevelt's letter on the table. President Wheeler's statement, therefore, makes it perfectly clear that if there was any misunderstanding in regard to this matter, it was due to the action of the Chairman of the Progressive convention and that Senator Smoot was absolutely correct in his statement to the Republican convention.

In many ways the convention of 1916 was the critical point in the later history of the Republican Party. The fact that the bitter opposition of Senator Penrose and the fears of Senator Murray Crane, of Charles B. Warren of Michigan, and others prevented the nomination of Elihu Root proved tragic in high degree. The party was quite prepared, under Root's effective and highly intellectual leadership, to go forward constructively to new and progressive policies, including those of leadership in that international cooperation which is absolutely necessary if war is to be abolished and world trade established and made secure. This would mean peace and prosperity not for our own land alone, but for every land, and a new era of modern history would open. Because this could not be accomplished, the Republican Party was sentenced to a hopelessly timorous and incompetent campaign and to a defeat which it deserved. It is customary to attribute this defeat to the unfortunate experiences of candidate Hughes in the state of California, and those experiences were, of course, a painfully contributing factor. More important, however, was the cowardly campaign conducted in the state of Ohio which, in consequence, was lost by a majority of some 40,000, together with the Governorship, the United States Senatorship, and many Congressmen.

The so-called Adamson Law, was enacted by the Congress purely for political purposes early in September, 1916. When I reached Chicago after nine weeks spent in making campaign speeches in the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast states and throughout the Northwest, I had a copy of this act with me. There was but one more week which I could give to political work before returning to New York for the opening of the new academic year. Will Hays, who was Chairman of the Indiana State Republican Committee, was most anxious that I should give that week to Indiana, and I agreed to do so on the sole condition that I might attack the Adamson Law wherever I went. The reply of Hays was: "I thought you would feel that way and we hope you will do it. We are putting you at the various railway centers in order that you may address noontime audiences of railway employees. This will be in addition to your evening speeches. Go at it as hard as you like." The consequence was that at places like Lafayette, Crawfordsville, Terre Haute, Fort Wayne, Valparaiso, Columbus, Richmond, and elsewhere I had opportunity at the noon-hour to attack the Adamson Law with the utmost vigor, and I did so despite the fact that my audiences there were composed almost entirely of railway employees. The title of the act was:

> An Act To establish an eight-hour day for employees of carriers engaged in interstate and foreign commerce, and for other purposes.

I constantly emphasized the words: "for other purposes" and insisted that those purposes were excessively partisan and political. When Election Day came in November, Indiana was carried by the Republicans not only for their Presidential candidate, but for Governor, for two United States Senators, and for nine out of thirteen Congressmen. On the other side of the purely imaginary line which divides Indiana from Ohio an opposite course was pursued, and I am sure that the Presidency was thereby lost. It is not fair to put all the blame upon California. Ohio was certainly an active and vigorous competitor for the honor of accomplishing that defeat.

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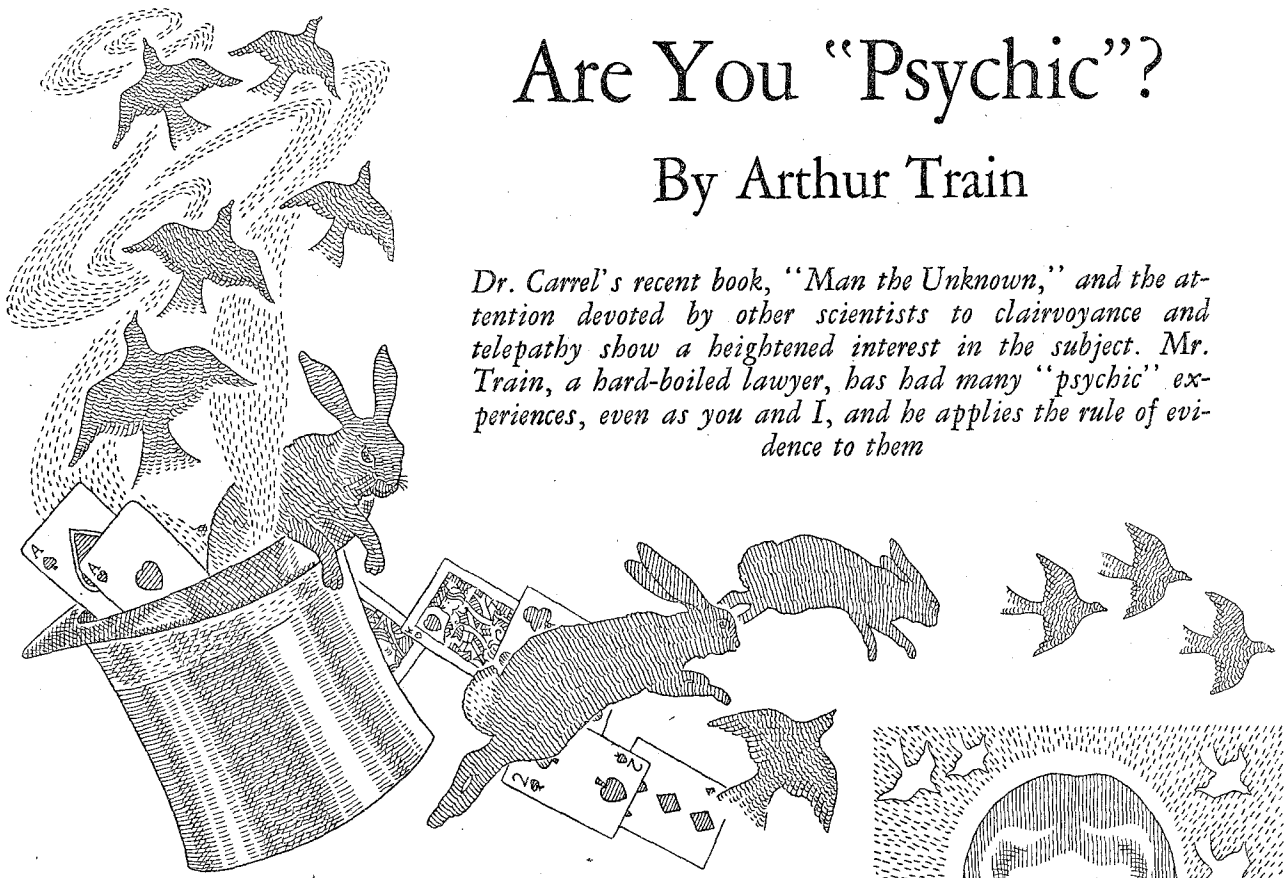
Are You "Psychic"?

By Arthur Train

Dr. Carrel's recent book, "Man the Unknown," and the attention devoted by other scientists to clairvoyance and telepathy show a heightened interest in the subject. Mr. Train, a hard-boiled lawyer, has had many "psychic" experiences, even as you and I, and he applies the rule of evidence to them



"How now, Horatio! You tremble and look pale;
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?"

—*Hamlet*, Act I, Sc. I.

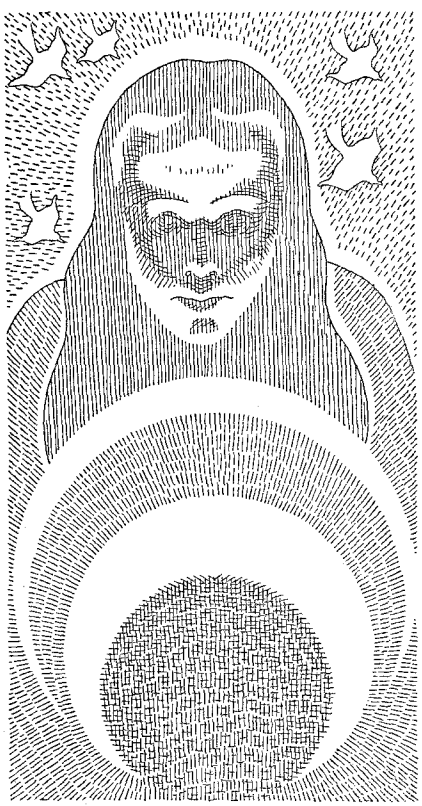
Doctor Alexis Carrel, in his recent book *Man the Unknown*, has drawn a considerable amount of professional gunfire by his assertion that "clairvoyance and telepathy are a primary datum of scientific observation."

"In telepathic phenomena," he alleges, "he [man] instantaneously sends out a part of himself, a sort of emanation, which joins a faraway relative or friend, crossing oceans and continents, communicating to that person certain knowledge," etc.

This momentous declaration is based, he says, upon studies which he began as a young medical student, upon his "own observations and experiments," upon "knowledge he has acquired himself and not the opinion of others," and it is none the less emphatic and unqualified by reason of his admission that "the existence of telepathic phenomena, as well as other metaphysic phenomena, is not accepted by most biologists and physicians." For this, however, he does not blame his confrères, since "these phenomena are exceptional and elusive." It should be added that Doctor Carrel's investigations have not been confined to telepathy and clairvoyance merely, but have extended to spiritistic phenomena as well. In this field he carefully reserves his conclusions.

"As already mentioned," he affirms, "clairvoyants perceive not only events spatially remote, but also past and future events. They seem to wander as easily in time as in space. . . . The facts of prediction of the future lead us to the threshold of an unknown world. They seem to point to the existence of a psychic principle capable of evolving outside the limits of our bodies. The specialists of spiritism interpret certain of these phenomena as proof of the survival of consciousness after death. . . . The results obtained by the spiritists' experiments are of great importance. But their significance is not precise. For the clairvoyant there are no secrets. At the present time therefore, it does not seem possible to make a distinction between the survival of a psychic principle and a phenomenon of mediumistic clairvoyance."

Partly from natural curiosity and perhaps also because my profession as a lawyer has required the careful sifting and analysis of evidence, these "elusive" phenomena have always interested me. I am not here concerned with table moving, tambourine playing, or any ghostly materializations such as "ectoplasma"; neither am I interested in the performances of such famous "controls" as Mrs. Mina Crandon's "Margery," or even of Mrs. Piper's "Rector," save as they tend to connote the ability of the



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medium to read the mind of the sitter. But I am interested in telepathy, and the supposed evidences of it, for personal reasons, one of them being that Doctor Carrel is an old friend of mine, with whom I have frequently discussed these matters and whose attitude towards them I have watched in process of development, if not of solidification, for a long time. For Doctor Carrel, during the entire period I have known him, has always accepted telepathy as an established fact.

I remember very well an occasion when he and Jacques Loeb, both of the Rockefeller Institute, dined with me over ten years ago. Carrel had just seriously taken up the study of psychic phenomena. Incidentally he had made tests of Paladino, Mrs. Halsey, and others less well known, some of whom, he said, could do extraordinary things. Asked for an explanation, Carrel was non-committal. He was, he said, jumping to no conclusions; must first get his data. I knew that he had studied the phenomena at Lourdes for years before committing himself to the opinion that there was some force in operation there, other than "suggestion" or "faith healing," as yet undetermined by science and which might be called "supernormal."

Mrs. Halsey apparently could see through solids.

"Do you think it possible that Mrs. Halsey actually read your mind?" I suggested.

"Of course she can read the mind," answered Carrel, "but it looks as if there may be something else there, too."

"But is telepathy scientifically recognized?"

"The possibility of telepathic communication between human beings is absolutely established," he declared.

The distinguished Loeb looked dourly at his equally distinguished associate.

"Nonsense!" he grunted. "There's no such thing as telepathy. The so-called evidence is wholly untrustworthy. Moreover, it is utterly impossible, because"—and I remember his exact phrase—*"the brain is entirely insulated."*

Carrel looked bored.

"The composition of the brain-case has nothing to do with it!" he retorted.

"Assuming the possibility of some cerebral activity like electricity," shot back Loeb, "the cortex of the brain is of such a character that the vibrations could not get through. It is just as much *insulated* as if it were completely encased in rubber!"

There was a pause, pregnant with polite self-control.

"Mais alors—" began Carrel, then caught my eye.

Loeb, the great mechanistic philosopher, is dead, but I have no reason to suppose that he changed his opinion. Certainly Carrel has not. The incident seems worth recounting if only to show the diametrically opposed ideas of two such eminent searchers after knowledge. It is also an illuminating sidelight upon the scientific attitude of Jacques Loeb, who abruptly discarded the whole business as inconsistent with his conception of the universe.

It did not seem to me then, and does not seem to me now, that his argument was in any way conclusive. Recent discoveries point to the probability of germs being able to reach the brain through the olfactory nerves—those of infantile paralysis, for instance—and to a layman, at any rate, it is conceivable that emanations from the brain itself, even assuming that they were unable, like radio waves, to penetrate a brain cortex, could be communicated under certain conditions in a similar manner.

On the other hand I, as a lawyer, shared and still share Loeb's scepticism with regard to much alleged evidence of supernormal experiences.

The interest of the situation to me lay in the fact that the "evidences" of the phenomena in question, equally familiar and open to both of them, were accepted by the one and rejected by the other. Both were scientific researchers of world repute. The evidence was the same, only the men were different. In this connection the conclusions of other distinguished observers are naturally of vital importance.

Discussing supernormal phenomena in general Professor William James, after a lifetime of informed and careful investigation, reached the conclusion that "when imposture has been checked off as far as possible, when coincidence has been allowed for, when opportunities for normal knowledge on the part of the subjects have been noted, and skill in 'fishing' and following clues unwittingly furnished by the voice or face of bystanders have been counted in, those who have the fullest acquaintance with the phenomena admit that in good mediums there is a residuum of knowledge displayed that can only be called supernormal. The medium taps some source of information not open to ordinary people. Myers used the word 'telepathy' to indicate that the sitter's own thoughts or feelings may be thus directly tapped." This, while on the affirmative side, is certainly not going far.

William Henry Salter, M.B.E., Treasurer and Joint Honorary Secretary of the Society for Psychical Research of London, in what undoubtedly is a sympathetic and semi-official discussion of the whole topic, in the Encyclopædia Brittanica, makes no greater claim than that "supernormal cognition in some form is the most generally accepted phenomena of psychical research. The evidence for it, both spontaneous and experimental, is impressive alike in quantity and quality. Some of it is ambiguous as between telepathy and clairvoyance; so far as demonstration is possible, the first is better attested than the second. . . . Taking the spontaneous and the experimental evidence together there is a strong case for accepting telepathy, and a fair case for clairvoyance."

It would seem, in view of Doctor Carrel's sweeping statement heretofore quoted, that the conclusions expressed by Professor James and Mr. Salter are surprisingly conservative. Doctor Carrel courageously "shoots the works." So far as telepathy and clairvoyance are concerned no scientist of equal reputation has taken so advanced and positive a position. He is prepared to put himself "on the spot." He is one of the most distinguished scientific researchers in the world, a Nobel prize winner, who has repeatedly made discoveries of vast benefit to the human race, and his opinion will carry great weight, as it is entitled to do.

His concession that "the existence of telepathic phenomena is not accepted by most biologists and physicians" is confirmed by the storm of protests which the statements from his book heretofore quoted have occasioned. While the man in the street may vaguely think that there "may be something in" telepathy, the medical profession as a whole certainly does not, the overwhelming majority of scientific men—

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my estimate is, fully 90 per cent of them —still asserting, as did Jacques Loeb, that there is "no valid evidence of it." * "No valid evidence" is going about as strong in one direction as Carrel has in the other. At any rate we must all admit that there is evidence of one sort or another, what there is of it and such as it is.

First a word as to the nature of the evidence itself. Why does not its apparently astonishing and ever-increasing volume carry greater conviction with it?

One reason is undoubtedly the general feeling that as a premise upon which to predicate so momentous a conclusion it is not only inconclusive but untrustworthy. Almost inevitably the evidence of telepathic communication between individuals is largely subjective and always dependent upon facts—usually negative in character—impossible of positive proof. Every lawyer recognizes the unreliability of ex-parte statements, particularly if they are made by persons who were not necessarily good observers in the first place, may have poor memories, and even if thoroughly well-intentioned are probably inarticulate.

Moreover, any one with a thesis to support usually has the will to believe, which grows with what it feeds on: while a witness having once told his story inevitably feels compelled to make good upon it. Even if he has been a little doubtful upon some points originally he usually becomes emphatic when on the stand. That is why cross-examination is so important in the search for truth and why even the Vatican makes use of a "Devil's Advocate." There is little opportunity for real cross-examination in connection with alleged cases of telepathy or clairvoyance. Letters, reports or, at best, "affidavits" are all that can be expected in most instances.

Without questioning the sincerity and thoroughness of the learned and other bodies which devote themselves to accumulating supernormal data, it is safe to say that a large proportion of it would be discarded by any court of justice. The outstanding weakness of all such testimony is that, unless there be some sort of corroboration, usually lacking, there is no way to tell whether the person who claims to have had the experience may not be lying or mistaken.

Another reason for the latent distrust of apparently supernormal "phenomena" is the universal atmosphere of fraud surrounding them and the repeated exposure of the methods through which they have been produced by the most eminent practitioners. Psychic "investigation" has been woefully discredited and generally messed up by the performances of charlatans, who are able to deceive their audiences with mind-reading stunts far more easily than Ching Ling Foo could—apparently—swallow a bowl of goldfish. Among the data of all psychic researchers will be found voluminous notes as to the seeming wonders performed by mesmerists, mediums, "Yogis," conjurers, and self-styled "levitators" ("who by suitable respiration can reduce their weight to nothing or increase it to such an extent as to become immovable")—all of whom are earning their living by public exhibitions of their powers. Yet it is obviously harder to juggle a ten-gallon bowl of water or even to manipulate a ghostly tambourine in a sepulchral light so as to convince the incredulous, than it is to give a plausible demonstration of telepathy.

The most striking feature of this aspect of "experimental phenomena" is the absence of belief in it on the part of the participants themselves. "Mind reading" has always been part of the stock-in-trade of the professional magician and parlor entertainer—hopelessly tainted by hokum just as "fraud, conscious or unconscious," according to Professor James, "seems ubiquitous throughout the range of physical phenomena of spiritism, and false pretense, prevarication, and fishing for clues are ubiquitous in the mental manifestations of mediums."

It is not only "fun to be fooled," but there is a surprising willingness upon the part of most of us to attribute at least a part of what we do not understand to supernormal powers. Now we do not conclude merely because we see a conjurer lift a rabbit out of a silk hat that the animal was spontaneously generated there: yet when one of the same fraternity, with the aid of a confederate and a code of signals, pretends to be able to read the number on your watch you are usually more or less inclined to assume that he can do so.

One has to associate only casually with professional magicians, and other persons who make their living by entertainment, to discover that, while the most popular and profitable "acts" are those involving the supposed ability to read the mind, there is no pretense behind the scenes that any such power actually exists. A new mind-reading stunt, no matter how convincing, is just one more trick. Houdini, for years the acknowledged head of the fraternity and long president of the Society of American Magicians, made part of his living by exposing persons professing serious claims to such powers and guaranteed to reproduce by mechanical means any illusion based upon alleged telepathic powers.

This led to a rather amusing incident in connection with the Arthur Balfour-Gilbert Murray mind-reading experiments a few years ago, which aroused so much discussion and seemed to indicate that they possessed some sort of telepathy power at least as between themselves. Houdini, reading the signed statements copied from the London papers asserting their ability to communicate with one another at a distance, immediately denounced their claims as fraudulent and offered to duplicate the experiment under similar conditions. Accordingly a committee was appointed consisting among others of Bernard M. Baruch, Herbert Bayard Swope, Ralph Pulitzer, and myself, who at the appointed hour, attended at Houdini's house in Harlem to see him do it.

"All nonsense!" declared Houdini oblivious to, or ignorant of, the high standing of the gentlemen involved. "They're putting something over."

The magician thereupon stripped himself to the buff (in order to show that he had no concealed wires on his person) and climbed into a cage suspended from the wall of a room on the top story, where Mr. Baruch was left to watch him in order to see whether he could detect any skulduggery. The rest of us stayed three flights below on the ground floor, our task being to decide upon some subject which Houdini was to discover by pretending to read our minds.

Mrs. Houdini and her brother re-

* The small number who are willing to admit that veridical evidence of telepathy exists usually confine themselves to the statement that they believe certain hypersensitive individuals are able to exercise such power in limited form, at rare and sporadic intervals, under exceptional conditions.

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mained with us for the alleged reason that Mrs. Murray and others had formed part of the group in the London experiment and hence, from the point of view of Houdini, were open to suspicion as accomplices. After profound reflection we selected "John Barrymore playing Hamlet." In about five minutes Houdini appeared in a bathrobe, descending the stairs like a man walking in his sleep, followed bashfully by Mr. Baruch. Pausing upon the landing he ran his hand through his hair as if dazed.

"I seem to see a stately tower!" he whispered hoarsely. "Ah, yes! It is the Memorial to the Immortal Bard at Stratford-on-Avon!—And who is this? A young man—I recognize him! It is John Barrymore. 'To be or not to be!' He is playing Hamlet!"

Houdini collapsed into an armchair.

"How did you do it, professor?" I inquired.

"Do it? I read your minds!" he answered.

Consummate showman that he always was, Houdini had for the moment completely forgotten that he was engaged in an exposure and not in an "act." Later he showed us the electrical device by means of which his brother-in-law had tapped out the words "Barrymore playing Hamlet" in Morse code on a concealed instrument in the attic wall.

"Balfour and Murray are a team of hams!" he said. "I can match anything they claim to do."

Houdini of course failed to perceive that the success of his own performance was inconclusive upon the genuineness of theirs.

Most mind-reading stunts, like the celebrated act in which a woman plays a piece of music selected mentally by some member of the audience, are performed by the aid of an assistant or accomplice who passes among the spectators and transmits the desired information by means of a highly developed code. Any one of a couple of hundred subjects—musical compositions, for instance—can easily be identified by a subtle change of accent or inflection in the apparently innocuous question "Are you ready?"

This is done by dividing the subjects into groups and sub-groups, after the fashion in which Cicero memorized his orations by imagining himself going through different rooms in a house. "Ready?" may indicate Group A. "Ready, dear?" Group B. "Are you ready?" Group C. "All ready?" Group D. We are now down from two hundred to fifty subjects or tunes. But the same method remains just as efficacious to reduce the group of fifty thus indicated to subdivisions of ten or less each, and eventually to one. Raise or sink the voice, make it interrogational or matter of fact, cough or hesitate, and at the end of the first word the blindfolded lady at the piano knows that she is going to be asked to play one of ten popular waltzes—the precise one being indicated, so to speak, in the next breath. Try it. By adopting Cicero's expedient you can easily memorize thirty different objects in ten minutes. I offer this to explain the simplicity of the most effective trick I have ever seen—one which convinces most people that mind reading is as easy as chewing gum.

So-called mind readers, mediums, and clairvoyants, who work without an assistant-accomplice, avail themselves of an infinitude of means and clues to produce the effect and gain the knowledge they are after. They are adept at face reading. The lift of the subject's eyebrow, the tightening of his lips, or the tone of the voice is to their trained experience as eloquent as a confession. One does not notice their mistakes, one's attention being held by their successes. They shift like a flash from method to method—suggestion, pencil reading, shrewd deduction, substitution of papers, and when opportunity offers, avail themselves of well-known human tendencies such as that most people, if asked to choose a card, will select the Ace of Spades, or if requested to pick out a card in a row of five will select one of those next the ends. There are a thousand such empiric aids.

But the fact that I do not always know exactly how these gentry perform their seeming miracles of so-called mind reading does not induce in me a belief that they have psychic powers, any more than my ignorance as to Ching Ling Foo's technic convinces me that he has swallowed his bowl of goldfish. And when at the end of the entertainment, conducted perhaps in the house of a friend as "a scientific demonstration," I find that the slip of paper on which, at the "mind reader's" request, I have written out my question and which I have placed securely, as I supposed, under my foot, has suddenly become blank, I have a certain feeling of resentment at being asked to take any of the other tests seriously. I do not believe in any of it. I am mystified and puzzled—yes. But I know many of the tricks myself and for five dollars or less I can go to any one of half a dozen shops on Eighth Avenue and buy enough paraphernalia to make a dinner party sit goggle-eyed for an entire evening.

Even the skill of the Indian and North African fakirs is absurdly exaggerated. When the French failed to reduce Algeria by force of arms in the middle of the last century, because of the faith of the Berbers in the miracle-working powers of their marabouts, they sent Robert Houdin a trickster from Paris to outdo the marabouts—after which they had no difficulty in conquering the country. Yet nine out of ten tourists who take the trip to Morocco will return to tell you that they have seen "marabouts" perform miracles beyond the realm of human possibility. Well, the marabouts do not do anything that Houdin couldn't and not half as well; and our own Houdini, who assumed his predecessor's name for professional reasons, could do the same things.

It is extraordinary how distance lends enchantment to enchantment as much as to anything else. The Indian "rope-climbing trick," for instance, in which a boy is supposed to shin up a rope and vanish into the air, familiar by repute to every one, is a pure myth.* Presum-

* John Mulholland, a justly celebrated practitioner of the magic arts, went to India to study Oriental magic and so ingratiated himself with the native sorcerers as to be adopted by one of the best-known families of hereditary magicians, of which he is today regarded as a member. When he asked them about the rope-climbing performance none of them had ever heard of it. Incredulous that it could be only a myth, he inquired about it persistently on his travels, but with no result. It simply did not exist, either in fact or legend. At length he stumbled upon an ancient Hindu who said he thought he had once heard of it as being performed at the Court of Jahangir, the father of Shah Jehan who built the Taj Mahal in 1632. It was the only clue. Armed with a letter from Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, Mulholland went to the Imperial Library of Calcutta where he was given two learned assistants. For several weeks they searched the magic lore of India for any reference to the famous phenomenon, but found none. Incidentally, they unearthed the manuscript containing the account of the historic banquet at the Court of Jahangir, where it was supposed to have been

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ably, to hear it spoken of, it is ordinary after-dinner entertainment among the Hindus. Yet magicians of all nations have combed India without finding a trace of it. From which it is easy to behold how great a matter may be kindled by a little fire—or even by none at all.

Mankind is naturally credulous. Stories of the occult, like the rope-climbing trick, attain an astonishing credence, especially if the phenomenon is supposed to have occurred in India, Central Africa, or Haiti. While we know that in America our astral bodies are habitual stay-at-homes, we are quite ready to believe that they run wild in Tibet.

Such accounts have no more probative weight than any other gossip, but they none the less create an impression which, even if only subconscious, tends to make us receptive to supposed evidences of the supernormal.

To this should be added our natural and often tormenting desire to penetrate the veil which separates us from "the beyond" or at least from the unknown. Most of us would like to believe in another life and would eagerly welcome any satisfactory evidence of the continuance of the human personality. Conventional religion being based upon "a belief in the existence of supernatural entities," one would expect its followers to be more predisposed than others to an acceptance of supposed evidentiary phenomena. This plays its part. The mystic, not the mechanist, sees the visions. Before weighing the evidence, we should test the scales.

Assuming, however, that the approach of the investigator is one of purely scientific detachment, even of scepticism, that he has no dealing with materialized spirits, commercialized mediums, magicians, or mesmerists, and that he has no personal tendencies towards mysticism, he must still reckon with the infinite capacity of the human mind to play tricks. As an illustration of this, and also I might say as an evidence of Doctor Carrel's scientific broadmindedness, I may be permitted to set forth an experience of my own.

In the year 1922 Mr. Maxwell Perkins, of Charles Scribner's Sons, suggested to me the theme of a story *—the discovery by archeologists of the manuscript of a Fifth Gospel, contemporary with Christ, the existence of which had never been suspected, and which might be assumed for fictional purposes to contain teachings so revolutionary, or at least antagonistic to our present economic and social theories, that its finders chose to destroy it rather than to plunge civilization into chaos. The idea fascinated me and bit by bit I constructed my narrative, as follows:

For its allegorical value I decided to have my "lost gospel" excavated from a tomb in the desert by an archeological expedition jointly led by a German and an American shortly before the World War. The newly discovered manuscript proves to be the "Gospel of Peace," war being prohibited by the Saviour in such explicit terms that no nation resorting to it could claim to be Christian. The American hails the discovery as the greatest boon to mankind in history. The German perceives in it the death of "Kultur," and declares that it must be destroyed, but the American who believes that it may prevent the European conflict then menacing civilization insists that it at once be given to the world. They fight for possession of the papyrus, the German kills the American, and the natives, who fear that they will be suspected of complicity in the homicide, murder the German and bury both dead men in a common grave.

The most important question from the viewpoint of literary construction was whom to select as the narrator—the transcriber of the Saviour's words. The Four Gospels had been indited by men unlearned in political philosophy or economics, but my apocryphal Fifth Gospel must be written by some one qualified by education and world experience to inquire specifically and searchingly into the literal application of Christ's social and economic theories.

Who of such sort would have been likely to be in Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion? There were few travellers in those days. Even Pilate, the procurator, was forced to make a hot and tedious journey upcountry from Cæsarea to attend the Jewish festival of the Feast of the Tabernacles. I therefore selected as my scribe a young Roman doing the "grand tour" of those days and taking in the big show afforded by the Feast of the Tabernacles on his way from Cappadocia and Armenia to Egypt, where he planned both to hunt hippopotami and crocodiles and to search for archeological remains—the latter a favorite pastime of the gilded youth of Rome.

Since my young Roman must have convenient access to Christ, and since according to tradition Pilate's wife, Procula, was a secret convert, I decided to make him her cousin and to have her accompany him to the Saviour's place of confinement, where the conversation recorded in the "Lost Gospel" should occur. Now Procula was a Claudian, and so, as I had to give my hero a name, I selected for want of a better, Marcus Claudius—hesitating whether I should add that of Proculus—and finally settling upon Gaius Marcus Claudius Silenus.

Having at length, after a space of some two years, absorbed enough of history, and local color to start writing my story, I went one morning in the early spring of 1924 to the library of the University Club of New York and sat down as usual at the table in the alcove at the southeasterly end of the room, where I was accustomed to work.

Lying in the middle of the writing pad—and otherwise the table was bare—was a book. I picked it up in order to make room for my papers and, as I was about to lay it aside, glanced at the title. It was *Under Pontius Pilate,* by William Schuyler, published by Funk & Wagnalls in 1906, and the title page stated that it was "a part of the correspondence between *Caius Claudius* Proculus in Judea and Lucius Domitius Ahenobarbus at Athens in the years 28 and 29 A.D."

Opening the book I discovered to my further surprise that it was the narrative of a young Roman, the nephew of

performed, but there was no mention of it. The Magic Circle of London, the inner ring of esoteric students of necromancy, has had a representative in India for thirty years, who has as yet to encounter any Hindu who ever heard of the "rope-climbing trick." They have a standing offer of £500 for its performance in the open air, but with no takers. A similar stunt, performed by means of elaborate physical paraphernalia, is, of course, part of the repertoire of many professional American magicians. I have, however, met one scientist and writer who, in the presence of Doctor Carrel and others, claimed not only to have seen the "rope-climbing trick" performed in India but to have timed the disappearance of the boy into the air with a stop watch. Should he read the foregoing and be willing to repeat his statement in print, I shall look forward with interest to what Col. R. H. Elliot, Chairman of the Occult Committee of the "Magic Circle," has to say about it.

* Afterwards published as *The Lost Gospel.*

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Pontius Pilate, or of Procula his wife, who had been making an extensive trip through the further confines of the Roman Empire, including Cappadocia and Armenia, and who like my own imaginary character Gaius Marcus Claudius had visited Herod Antipas at Tiberias, seen Salome in the "Dance of the Seven Veils," been present at some of the miracles, and had, in a word, duplicated in almost exact detail the experiences of my hero. It is true that otherwise the two stories bore no resemblance to each other either in substance or purpose, save that in both the supposed writer was lodged in the Prætorium, visited Christ, talked with him, and, if I remember correctly, committed at least part of his narrative to paper while the Crucifixion was taking place, yet the skeleton construction of the two was identical, with the trifling exception that, while my "Gaius" wrote his account on a papyrus addressed to the Emperor Tiberius at Capri, Schuyler's "Caius" indited his in the form of several short epistles to a friend in Athens.

Now I had never heard of the author, William Schuyler, or of his book, *Under Pontius Pilate*. Had I done so, it would have saved me a world of time and trouble. Nobody had even suggested it to me as a book of reference. The most diligent inquiry revealed no friend of mine who knew of it; nor with the exception of Mr. Perkins, did any of them know that I was writing such a story. Yet, working independently of Mr. Schuyler, who had written his story sixteen years before and had been dead for a decade, I had evolved an almost exact replica of his narrative vehicle—even approximating the name of his hero and the latter's relationship to the Procurator.

I asked the librarian if he knew who had put the book on that table, but he replied that he not only had no idea who placed it there, but that he had never so much as heard of the book itself, although reference to the catalog showed that it was the property of the University Club. The library is put in order every evening and all books returned to their proper places. This had been done as usual the night before. I had arrived at the library about ten o'clock. It was empty except for the librarian who was in an adjoining room. He had seen no one come in before me. Yet some unknown person had, within the hour, taken that book from the shelves and placed it in that exact spot.

Quite apart from the fact that William Schuyler and I, independently of each other, had both invented for our respective purposes a Gaius (or Caius) Claudius, who was also a cousin (or nephew) of Procula, the wife of Pontius Pilate and who knew and talked with Christ, and wrote down his impressions, I should like to know whose hand placed that particular book in that particular place at that particular time. Granted that coincidence or even telepathy might account for the similarity of plot, it does not account for the physical presence of the book itself.

Now if Doctor Carrel had been looking for fairly convincing evidence of telepathy, or even something more, he would have had it here. But quite to the contrary, when I brought the incident to his attention he, rather to my disappointment, merely said:

"There is nothing really remarkable about the similarity of construction in the two stories. Normal types of mind facing the same problem will pursue the same methods of thought and reach results so alike as often to be startling. This does not mean that there is any communication between them, any more than it does if two different men walk down a muddy road and sidestep the same puddles, eventually reaching the same doorstep by precisely the same route. Of course your finding of the book where you did at that precise time is merely a striking coincidence."

At this stage of the game we are fairly well educated to the possibilities of coincidence—such as the simultaneous filing of patent claims for almost identical inventions and the duplication of the same ideas or plots in books and plays, where there has been no possibility of plagiarism. We realize that when thoughts can race through the brain as fast as light waves it would be surprising indeed if sometimes they did not click; that it will not do, as Bacon said, only to "mark the hits, but not the misses." We know that when two normal minds approach a problem they are apt to do so in the same way and to follow similar paths.

There are few of us who have not had, at some time or another, certain experiences trivial or startling, which at the time seemed difficult of explanation. During my lifetime I have had a few such which made a considerable impression upon me at the time they occurred.

In my childhood I had known slightly a boy named Tyler Morse who lived not far from my home in Boston. I saw him infrequently and he was of interest to me only because his father owned the largest clothing store in the city. I never saw or consciously thought of him again until I happened to read, after the lapse of some forty years, that he had moved to New York and was judging a dog show somewhere on Long Island. Once more Tyler Morse vanished utterly, so far as I am aware, from my conscious mind. About five years later when walking up Fifth Avenue I suddenly began to think of Tyler Morse. The feeling that he was somewhere nearby increased in intensity for several blocks. As I neared Fifty-ninth Street Tyler Morse came round the corner leading two dogs on a leash.

Some fifteen years ago I became friends with the late Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and visited him at Beaulieu Abbey in Hants; after which we kept up a desultory correspondence until his second marriage. At that time he sent me a photograph of the new Lady Montagu, but after that I heard nothing from him up to the time of his death in 1929. In the spring of 1932 my wife and I, while walking in Central Park, discussed a trip to England. I had not thought of Montagu for four years and, although I had never met the new Lady Montagu, my association with her husband had been so agreeable that I said:

"Most of the people I knew in England are no longer alive, but, if we do make the trip, we certainly must go down to Beaulieu and look up Lady Montagu."

On reaching the house a few minutes later I found a letter from Lady Montagu recalling my friendship with her husband, and stating that she was in this country, a fact of which I was entirely ignorant.

In retrospect I am not inclined to attribute these occurrences to either telepathy or clairvoyance. A couple of "hits" during a lifetime of over sixty years is not such a high batting average.

I have, however, had other experiences decidedly more colorful which have led some of my friends to regard me as "psychic," and which may have

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found their way into the files of the researchers, there to form a part of the "impressive" evidence of which Mr. Salter speaks.

About six years ago I had a very vivid dream. I seemed to be at some sort of a crowded evening party and was sitting with my right hand resting upon the arm of my chair. Suddenly a bird about the size of a parrot appeared flying about over the heads of the guests. It had a woman's face, dead white, with very red lips. It hovered over me, circling nearer and nearer, and finally settled on my wrist. Cocking its head on one side and looking up at me, it said:

"My name is Wilhelmina."

At breakfast next morning I told my wife about my dream.

"Do you know any Wilhelmina?" she asked.

"Only the Queen of Holland, and I haven't seen her since she was a child," I replied.

Late in the afternoon of the same day my wife asked me if I would take her to see Houdini, who was playing in the Bronx. I had never seen one of his performances and was glad to do so. As the curtain rose at the beginning of the performance Houdini came out on an empty stage, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and went into his patter. He snapped his fingers and out from the wings wheeled a flock of pigeons. They circled over the heads of the audience and, after a few turns, returned to the flies to get their corn—all but one, an especially large bird with a whitish face, which continued to circle lower and lower. The magician extended his right arm, the pigeon settled, and bird on wrist, Houdini stepped towards the footlights. Cocking the pigeon around so that it appeared to be looking directly at me, he said:

"Her name is *Wilhelmina!*"

Prickles ran up and down my spine.

"Have you ever seen Houdini in this act before?" asked my wife.

"I have never seen him work. I have never seen a similar act or heard of it," I answered truthfully.

My father, a well-known Massachusetts lawyer, seven years attorney general of the State, died over fifty years ago at the town of North Conway, New Hampshire, when I was about eight years old. We were spending our vacation at the old Kearsarge House, a rambling wooden hotel, in which my father, my mother, and I occupied two connecting rooms. In one of these my father had been confined to his bed for several weeks. I had no idea that he was seriously ill. It was a still, windless night, and I had been sound asleep for several hours, when I was awakened by three loud raps upon my father's door.

Startled I called out through the door between the rooms which was open: "Someone is knocking on your door, mamma!"

My mother, who had heard the raps, as had also the nurse, immediately opened the door into the hall. There was no one to be seen outside. I had hardly composed myself to sleep again when the three raps were repeated, this time upon my own door. Once more my mother looked out but, as before, the hall proved to be empty. Shutting the door again she came and stood beside me. Almost immediately and for the third time there were three more raps upon the door of my father's room but a few feet away. Hysterically I sprang out of bed, and trembling peered into the lighted corridor. Indubitably there was no one in the hall. As I tiptoed back the nurse who was bending over my father whispered:

"Mr. Train is dead."

I have many times heard my mother describe this incident exactly as I remember and have here recounted it.

The above occurrences are set forth in all sincerity and, subject to my human limitations as a witness, are accurate in every respect.

I suppose that, after experiencing them, I might be pardoned for assuming that I was "psychic" or, at least, that my subconscious mind on these occasions had been in communication with some other mind, either living or dead. Yet I do not, and never have, believed that—were everything known—they were not susceptible of scientific explanation without resort to the hypothesis of telepathy or clairvoyance.

That such experiences are curiously unconvincing—even to one's self—seems to me highly significant. The enormous volume of apparently authenticated cases of everything from such trivialities as letters crossing each other in the mail to the materialization of ectoplasmic spirits does not seem to get us anywhere. James in his *Final Impressions of a Psychical Researcher* says of Professor Henry Sidgwich, establisher of the Society for Psychical Research: "Like all founders, Sidgwich hoped for a certain promptitude of result; and I heard him say, the year before his death, that if any one had told him at the outset that after twenty years he would be in the same identical state of doubt and balance that he started with, he would have deemed the prophecy incredible. It appeared impossible that that amount of handling evidence should bring so little finality of decision. My own experience," he adds, "has been similar to Sidgwich's." James, however, did express the rather guarded conclusion that "the balance of testimony seems slowly to be inclining towards admitting the supernaturalist view." Whether he was equally cautious regarding "telepathy" I do not know.

It seems to me equally worth noting that Mr. Salter, at a so much later date, should also admit that little actual progress has been made. "But for the most part," says he, "the debatable phenomena of 1882 remain almost as debatable in 1929. This would be a surprising fact, in view of the number of scientists and philosophers of the highest eminence, who have interested themselves in psychical research, if the study were not one of exceptional difficulty."

My own interest in this matter lies in the astounding lack of probative influence in what would ordinarily convince. I am neither a mystic on the one hand, nor a mechanist upon the other. This is not an *argumentum ad hominem* but an *argumentum ad judicium*. I am merely a rather hard-boiled lawyer, for whom type holds no sanctity, who believes little of what he reads and less of what he hears, and who has found from a somewhat long experience in the courts that the best of witnesses may prove to be in error.

In my opinion the chance that there is something supernormal going on in any given instance is more than balanced by the possibility of mistake or misunderstanding of what has actually taken place. I am even ready to question my own accuracy rather than to accept an explanation contrary to the weight and trend of human experience as a whole.

Hence I am ready to attribute the supposed knocking upon the door at the time of my father's death to hysteria

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or temporary hypersensitiveness to normal and accidental physical sounds; my premonitions regarding Tyler Morse and Lady Montagu, and the finding of Mr. Schuyler's book so opportunely upon the library table, to coincidence; the curious similarity of structure between my story of *The Lost Gospel* and Schuyler's *Under Pontius Pilate* to literary logic and necessity. The only item in the lot that really stumps me is "Wilhelmina," but this does not lead me to jump to the conclusion that I am "psychic" or that I have personal access to a fourth dimension. I prefer to let it go unexplained rather than to accept it as possible evidence of clairvoyance—as I have reason to believe that others have done.

The "evidence" supplied by my own personal experiences is not unlike the run-of-mine stuff in the files of the psychical-research societies. Indeed it is rather better than much of it. But while it might convince some, it does not convince me. It all depends on the personal equation.

By and large the trend of human belief seems to be the other way. Soothsayers, augurs, seers, and wise women—the ancient equivalents of the modern crystal-gazers and clairvoyants—were as matter of course consulted in olden times, even in such civilized societies as produced Hippocrates, Aristotle, Herophilus of Chalcedon, and Erasistratus of Chios. To quote Lecky, "Cicero could say with truth that there was not a single nation of antiquity, from the polished Greek to the rudest savage, who did not admit the existence of a real art enabling men to foretell the future, and that the splendid temples of the oracles, which for so many centuries commanded the reverence of mankind, sufficiently attested the intensity of the belief."

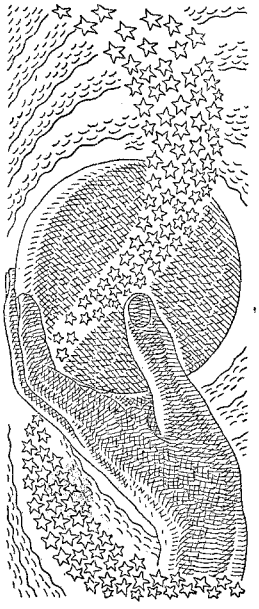
During the middle ages and throughout the reign of Queen Elizabeth ghosts, necromancy, love philters, the efficacy of the "bezoar stone" (a concretion found in the stomachs of goats) and of various jewels dissolved in wine, were generally believed in; while, according to Haggard, "even the wealthy were treated by physicians who made diagnoses by inspection of urine, by astrological observations, or by palmistry, and who prescribed according to ritual and placed great hopes in amulets and charms."

Less than three hundred years ago supposed manifestations of the supernatural were of everyday occurrence. The ordinary phenomena of nature were accepted as portents. Epidemics were attributed to comets, while deaths, physical injury, or family misfortunes were regularly preceded by "omens." Any one who professed a disbelief in these things would have been regarded either as an ignoramus, a dangerous radical, or an agnostic. The reality of witchcraft was established by the highest tribunals. Jane Wenham was sentenced as a witch in Hertfordshire assizes as late as 1712. The miracles of medieval times are authenticated by unimpeachable evidence.

Yet miracles in the technical sense are, to say the least, infrequently recorded and witches seem to have entirely disappeared. Although there are still ghosts in England and fairies in Ireland, they are not half as numerous as formerly. Comets no longer bother us; eclipses are turned to profit. In general the supernormal seems on the decline.

Like most people I have premonitions frequently—every time I board a train or a boat, in fact—but so far none of them have been verified. Had I had several dozen which had come true I might feel differently—were I still alive. Fifty years ago, when I was a boy, there was a great deal of talk about "warnings," "omens," "forerunners," and "visions." I hear very little of them now. It seems to me a fair guess that, like the miracles which no longer happen, any general belief in crystal-gazers, apparitions, portents, and premonitions will likewise eventually fade out—even if the supposed phenomena are termed "supernormal" rather than "supernatural."

As to the more elusive manifestations of telepathy and clairvoyance I am quite ready to be convinced—if my type of mind can be convinced. It is probably a field in which satisfactory proof—certainly in the mathematical or legal sense—is unobtainable. Since Doctor Carrel does not blame those who refuse to accept the evidences of telepathic phenomena he must include his friend, the writer, in his general absolution.



SINGLE SONNET

By Louise Bogan

Now, you great stanza, you heroic mould,
Bend to my will, for I must give you love:
The weight in the heart that breathes but cannot move,
Which to endure flesh only makes so bold.
Take up, take up, as it were lead or gold
The burden; test the dreadful weight thereof.
No rock, slate, metal under or above
Earth is so ponderous, so dull, so cold.

Too long as ocean bed bears up the ocean,
As earth's core bears the earth, have I borne this;
Too long have lovers bending for their kiss
Felt bitter force cohering without motion.

Staunch meter, great song, it is yours, at length,
To prove how stronger you are than my strength.

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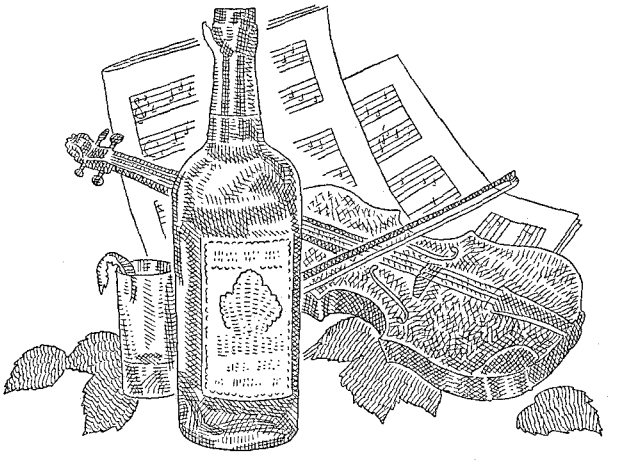

Meager Legend

A STORY

By Mary M. Colum

He was one of those whom things took hold of and ate into like acid on a plate: he knew that. If he had ever told Alice or even hinted at how he felt, it might have given his mind some outlet. He wondered if he ever had given her a hint. She had a habit, whenever he went to see them, of sitting beside him on the sofa and taking him by the arm, talking to him in her slightly foreign accent with her warm voice, looking at him all over as if she were trying to trace every line of him, hands, feet, face. Because she did that, he always refused the chair her husband offered, sitting instead on the sofa and waiting nervously for the moment when Alice, wriggling first in her chair, would finally come over and sit by him. Once when he came in, he had to accept a chair, as her husband was stretched out on the sofa reading a paper. Alice waited patiently for the moment when her husband dropped his paper and went out of the room to get something. Then, hastily, she took possession of the sofa, and after a while Mark got sitting beside her. That was all there ever had been between them—a few half-hours seated side by side under the eyes of her husband.

In his wanderings outside New York, playing with restaurant and club orchestras, it seemed to him, looking back, that he must have forgotten her for stretches at a time. No doubt if he married he would forget her altogether. He might have married that girl in Pittsburgh if he had had a steady job—if he had had some other kind of job—but music kept a man's emotions taut—even his sort of music—you had that sort of talent because you felt in that sort of way deep down, romantically, bitingly. It was when he was playing in Cleveland, in a real orchestra, that Ted had written to tell him that Alice had a baby. They were so pleased that Ted felt he had to write to him. Mark remembered how he had written letter after letter in reply, tearing each one up as he finished it. Then the solution came: to send a telegram—he copied the wording of numbered sample messages that were on the counter.

Playing, that night, the refrain of something he had read somewhere in a newspaper ran through his head—a sentence from somebody who had written it all in a book, a sentence he had forgotten—but as he played, it rose up in his mind—"The children of Alice call Bartram father." If he could find that book it might tell him something, or help him, but he was no reader and he could not remember who wrote the book or what it was. Once, when he was playing in a little travelling orchestra in a strange city, he had asked the man who roomed beside him how long he thought love lasted, as over a drink he told him about Alice. The man did not seem to know what he was talking about. "Say, I never heard anybody talk like that before. Say, now, I think you ought to get psycho-analyzed."

Then when the orchestra broke up, as was the way of little orchestras in those years, he had driven in his old Ford to New York, something, as was usual when he had nothing to do, drawing him towards Alice and Ted. It was over two years since he had seen them; things had gone badly with them and he had some difficulty finding the apartment they had moved to. At first, coming in, he noticed nothing but Alice—he did not notice the change in her or her surroundings, but sat down beside her in illimitable content, feeling that a half of him which had been gone all the time he was away was restored to him, and that he was whole and entire again. Away from her, he functioned separately it was true, but when he saw her again he knew that in their separation he had been only half a man, and that to be completely himself he had to be near her. A small child was stumbling around on the floor dragging a toy—Ted's and Alice's child—a pale-faced little person with pale blue eyes. Then Mark noticed that the room was long and narrow and coldish, and that there was a smelly oil-stove burning. Alice followed his eyes.

"We've no heat," she said. "It's one of those old unheated apartments. We had to get something cheap."

"Ted out of work?" Mark asked.

"Yes," she said. "Not exactly, and then—we—we—get something." Her voice stumbled over the words. "We get help. We get some help from the—from——"

"Yes," he said hastily. "Nearly everybody does. I'll have to get some myself. How do you set about it? I hear they come round and see where you're living . . . find out how much rent you pay, and all that."

"Yes, that's it. I rented one of the rooms—the front room—to a fellow who is an unemployed writer or dramatist or something. He gives me what they allow him for his room-rent, but he's going when the weather gets colder . . . no heat, you see."

Mark saw the long, dingy, narrow room, the table, the couch-bed, the few

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chairs, the long window looking out on the dingy yard. Off this there was a windowless room with a large bed in the middle and beyond that was the room he supposed was rented. Maybe he could get that room when the other fellow left—be near her all the time. She was tall and slender and very pale, and the child was pale, but it seemed to be able to run very quickly and to talk so that she understood. It was long since Mark had seen a small child and he was surprised.

"It never stops, does it? Never keeps at rest?"

She laughed. "He keeps going all the time. All children are like that—they go, go, all the time."

"What is its name?" Mark asked.

"Mark, you must not call him *it*! It's *he*." Her eyes sparkled. "You are such a bachelor." She lifted the child and brought him near—a small, pale face that seemed a mixture of hers and Ted's was unwillingly pressed against his cheek. Mark had seen small children chiefly in parks, and this one did not seem an attractive member of the tribe, and he was relieved when Alice removed the sticky, sweety-smelling face from his.

"What is his name?" Mark repeated the question.

"Jonah," she answered.

"Why, what a name!" he exclaimed. Then suddenly he remembered that it was his own second name, an unused one he had dropped long ago. At first it used to be printed on programs—Violinists, Mark J. Steicher. Then the printers had dropped it, and he never used it again. His eyes met Alice's. She flushed. "That's strange," he said. "Did I ever tell you? Why, I must have told you."

"Yes, you told me once . . . you remember? Don't you remember when the names of the musicians were printed on the Lotos Night Club program? You said the initial J stood for Jonah—a name you used to have."

She came over to him and in her eagerness to explain she caught his wrist in an old gesture of hers. He had seen her do that to many people, even to other men, and suddenly, mechanically, he released his wrist, putting her arm down by her side. A quick flush passed over her face and bright drops stood behind her eyes which searched his. There was a noise of a key and a minute later Ted walked in, carrying his instrument in a case. They were all glad to see each other. All three stood together happy. Ted was making just a few dollars, he explained, playing twice a week in a cocktail lounge. He was not the same good-natured Ted at all, but a thin-faced, harassed man. Before they sat down to the meal Alice provided, of some salty meat, Mark went out and brought back a bottle of liquor which Ted eagerly mixed and drank with cheerfulness; he was glad to wipe out the cold room, the oil-stove, and he held the child happily on his knee. Though he must have known that Mark knew better, he began to reminisce about the grand symphony orchestras he had played in and the celebrated conductors he had played under, and the fine money he had made. Leaving, Mark hilariously arranged with them to take the rented room, but awaking in the night-time he suddenly knew that it would be all wrong—it could not be done—they could not all live together. "A mirage," he said, "an illusion." He remembered an old theater violinist who used to tell him that a man was drawn from one mirage to another in life until he became oldish, and then he saw no more mirages, but settled down to the idea that there had been some existence before he was born and that another would come after, and that the life he lived in between meant nothing—was just an error, a mistake of the Almighty's.

Mark had parked the old Ford in a garage and had a bed and a locker in a cubicle he had taken in a men's lodging-house on the East Side, not so far from Ted and Alice. Thinking everything over as he drank his five-cent cup of coffee the next morning, it seemed to him that it would be foolish for him to stay—madness. Ted and Alice had their own life—he ought to go away—get any sort of work, do as other men did—get married, find a companion before the loneliness of middle-age overtook him. On the subway journey uptown, however, he brought his bag; at the last moment he had climbed back up the three flights of iron stairs and taken it. What should he do—sell the Ford and stay—drive away and never see them again—not see them until he had a good job and was married? Coming out of the subway he saw a luncheon and beer shop sign down the street, and he walked towards it and then into it arguing to himself. The arguments on both sides seemed equally good—that had always been the way with him. He always found it hard to decide between things, but in the end whichever road he took seemed to be the right one. As he went up to the counter to pay, the bar-man addressed him cheerfully:

"Going travelling?" he said, looking at the bag. "Going to Europe?"

"No," said Mark. "Changing rooms."

There was a conversation about the price of rooms in the neighborhood, and Mark suddenly asked the bar-man to keep his bag for an hour or so till he looked around. The man placed the bag under the counter.

Walking up the worn brownstone steps and ringing the bell on the broken letter-box, he struggled with himself, but as the rapid click came in answer, his mind suddenly soared into clarity. Alice and Ted were at breakfast, eating fried bread and coffee. One half of the table was spread with an old cloth, the oil-burner was standing between their two chairs, the radio going, the child in pyjamas and a little woolly wrapper walking, moving perpetually, dragging the anonymous toy. Ted took the remains of the bottle of gin of the night before and began mixing it.

"Here," said he, offering a glass to Mark. "Let's start the day right."

Mark felt his spirits rise and resolution take hold of him as he gulped down the liquor.

"Here's to me," he said gaily. "I've got a job down South, playing in one of those Florida cafés."

The remark made no impression on Ted, whose eyes began to get the glazed dimness of drink.

"Won't you drink to me?" Mark said to Alice. Her eyes in her white face flamed with anger.

"I don't understand men who drink in the morning," she said.

"Ah, look here," said Ted thickly, "you don't understand men at all."

"No, I don't," she said, looking fixedly at Mark. "I do not," she repeated.

Mark poured himself another drink. "You seem to be proud of that," he said truculently. "That's nothing to be proud of. Is it, eh, Ted?"

"A man's better off like you, Mark,

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without any women around. Look at this place! Look at that kid! If I was only by myself . . ." A dozen swift emotions passed through Alice's eyes —fear, anger, humiliation, hunger, cold, cruelty—there were so many all together that Mark was startled.

"When are you going?" she asked him.

"Do you mean when am I going out of here, or when am I going down South?"

"I mean down South," she said gently.

"Oh, tomorrow," he answered, "tomorrow morning, in the Ford."

"Is it a good job?" she asked with an eagerness in her voice.

"Well, no. But there's sun down there and I won't have to think of the cold. Then, I'll get my dinner in the restaurant and maybe a drink thrown in." He stood up suddenly. "Well, good-bye, Ted; good-bye, Alice. Good-bye," he said to the child. "Good-bye, Jonah. You'll be bigger when I see you again." And he kissed the sticky, sweetish face.

As he closed the door behind him he called good-bye loudly once more, and ran swiftly, unsteadily down the worn steps. He walked towards the avenue, towards the beer-shop, his mind half doped with the early-morning drink. Suddenly he heard steps behind him, some one coming swiftly, breathlessly. "Mark, Mark!" called the voice. It was Alice. "Take me with you, Mark. Take me along." Turning round he saw her, and something inside him sank, a weight seemed to drag at him. Mechanically he took her by the arm. They stood staring at each other. "I want to go with you."

"I would take you," he said slowly and thickly, "but—but——"

Mingled emotions again swept her face—fear, longing, hunger, cold. "But not Jonah," she said. "Not Jonah—that's what you mean. I'd have to leave Jonah behind."

"That's it," he said, with difficulty finding his tongue. "I don't want another man's kid."

"I can't leave him—poor little Jonah," she sobbed slightly, without tears. "Ted is drinking. He wouldn't take care of him. He'd leave him in the cold. He'd leave him to starve. He'd go out to the Club to play and Jonah would be there by himself in the cold."

She went on sobbing slightly, dryly, as she murmured each sentence in a far-off way. Mark turned away. She flung her arms around him, and gropingly her lips passed from his cheek to his mouth. A sudden flame ran through him and he turned and gripped her. "Ah, come along," he said. "Come on! Come with me! Leave the kid there. Come on!"

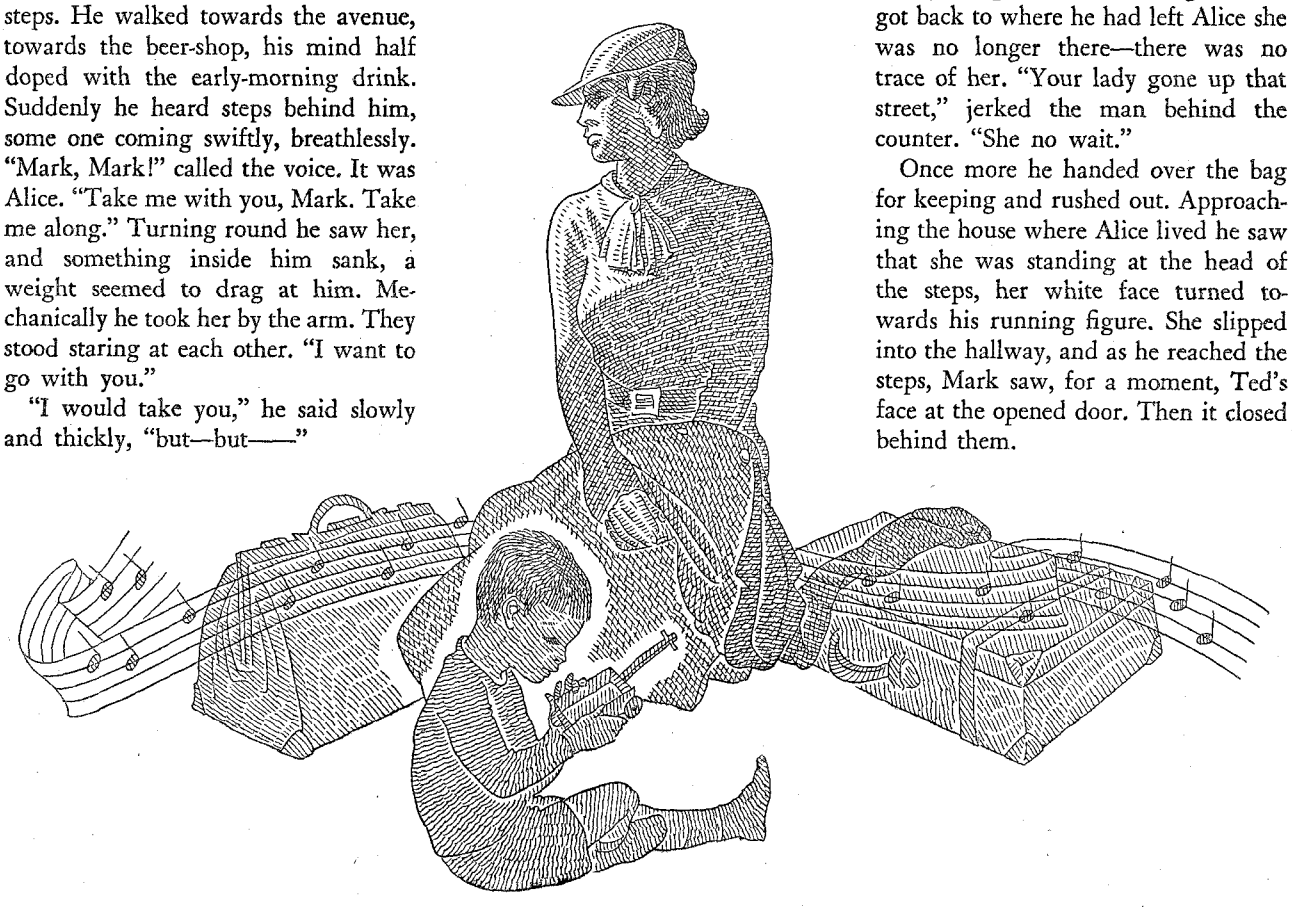
Her sobbing stopped, she drew back and took her arms away, glancing up and down the street as if she suddenly realized where they were. There seemed to be no one around. "No," she said, "no, no."

"Come on," he said, gripping her again by the arm. "My bag is all packed, all ready, there in the Lunch Room." He took her arm and pulled her forward. "Come on," he said, "till I get my bag." They moved slowly. Where the street met the avenue he could not remember whether the Lunch Room was to the right or to the left. Two Lunch Rooms exactly alike seemed to be staring at him, one on each block, undistinguishable. He walked towards one of them still half-dragging her by the arm. As they entered, he seemed to remember that the counter stood differently. "Ah, it's the other one," he said. "Just sit down and I'll be back in a minute." He ran back towards the other; he rushed in. The bar-man was serving some men with beer, cutting the froth off the glasses in a leisurely manner. "Did you get the room?" he asked Mark.

"Yes, give me the bag, please."

The bar-man started looking for the bag, which had been moved, and kept on talking about rooms, the drinking men joining in. When at length Mark got back to where he had left Alice she was no longer there—there was no trace of her. "Your lady gone up that street," jerked the man behind the counter. "She no wait."

Once more he handed over the bag for keeping and rushed out. Approaching the house where Alice lived he saw that she was standing at the head of the steps, her white face turned towards his running figure. She slipped into the hallway, and as he reached the steps, Mark saw, for a moment, Ted's face at the opened door. Then it closed behind them.



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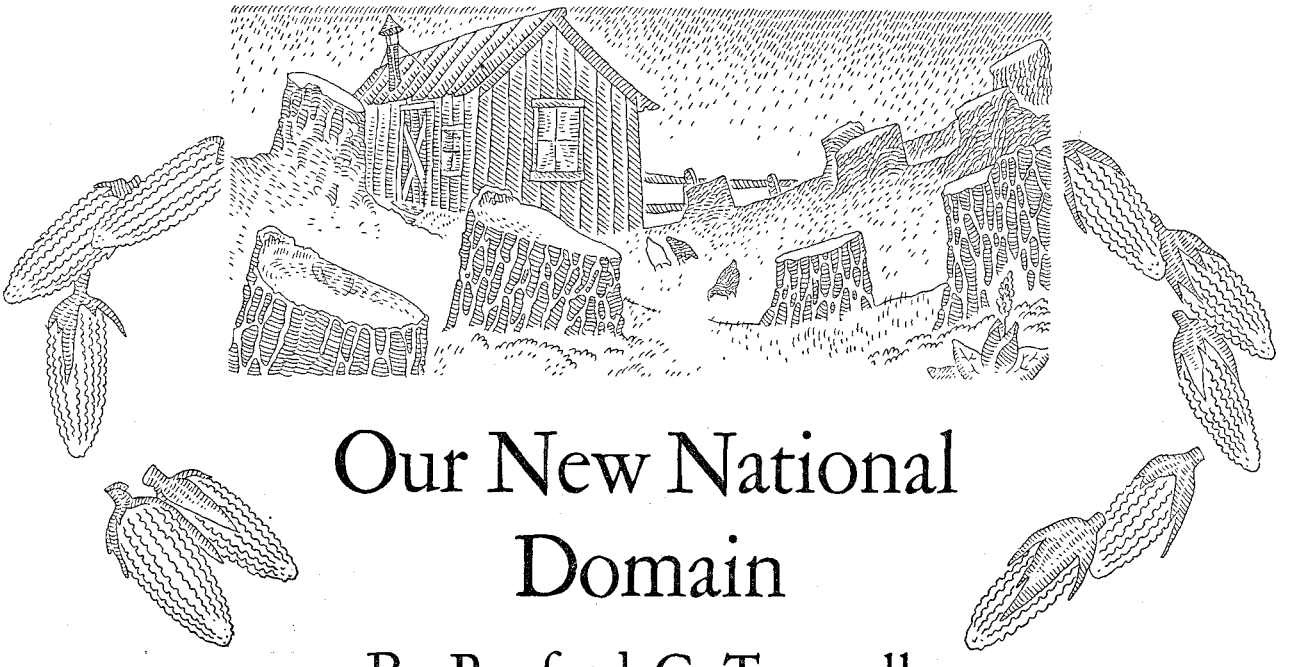

Our New National Domain

By Rexford G. Tugwell

The states and the nation are now unleashing the greatest broadside attack on land-use problems of our history. The head of the Rural Resettlement Administration outlines the methods of attack and the history of the American attitude on it

On June 28, 1934, there was celebrated the final demise of one of the basic policies of American economic history. The day on which the President signed the Taylor Act, which virtually closed the Public Domain to further settlement, laid in its grave a land policy which had long since been dead and which walked abroad only as a troublesome ghost within the living world.

For more than two centuries America had moved towards a policy of free land for the individual settler. The progress of this thought reached its height in 1862 when the rough, frontier hand of Abraham Lincoln signed Presidential approval to the Homestead Act. By this law, it became possible for any head of a family, 21 years or older, to obtain 160 acres of virgin land free of charge by living on it for five years. For about thirty years the flood of migration poured westward, filling the prairies, the plains, the Northwest and Pacific coast. Then the quiet and almost unnoticed announcement was made by the Bureau of the Census in 1890 that the frontier had virtually ceased to exist. America had been settled; the major function of the Homestead Act had been fulfilled. Yet not until 1934 did we recognize the fact that time and the restless movement of the human race had necessitated a new attitude towards our land.

So deeply has the idea of individual land ownership been ingrained into the consciousness of the American people that the break which this principle involved with past tradition has been overlooked. We have been schooled in the story of how our ancestors fought from Lexington to Yorktown for the vindication of human rights as opposed to the prerogatives of the British Crown. One of those human rights was an equal share of the earth—a plot of ground which the *paterfamilias* could call his kingdom and on which he could raise his log castle of independence. The economic revolution of 1776 was not completed until the Free Soilers from the Northwest in 1862 threw open the door to the richest lands of the continent.

Previous to 1776 the rights of the landowner were subject to the wishes of the Crown. The mercantile policy—a lesson in economics which Britain had to unlearn at such cost—implied that the colonies existed only for the benefit of the mother country. The endless forests, the brown wealth of tobacco, the hoped-for gold, were subject to the exploitation of the Crown. First large companies—the Virginia Company, the East India Company—were brought into existence to carry out the task of converting raw materials into British profits; then individuals were given greater freedom in the task as it became evident that the more human energy there was unloosed in the wilderness, the greater were the rewards of British capital.

One of Britain's prime concerns was her navy, and for her navy she needed large and accessible supplies of timber. As far back as the Norman Conquest the English kings had recognized the need for maintaining a timber supply; it was not only to provide hunting grounds that William II established the New Forest in southern England from which strong ships of oak would sail forth to protect Britannia's majesty.

The opening up of huge forests in America added a new and valuable supply to the raw material from which British men-of-war were built. The Crown recognized the need for protecting this supply, and sent forth "gaugers" to mark for the Crown's pre-emption all trees which might be utilized for the building of ships. The "broad arrow" cut into the side of a tree meant that no one, whether solitary woodsman or sturdy landowner, could claim further

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title to its wood. By right of sovereignty it was reserved for the royal navy—a new link for the mighty chain which held the empire together.

As the American colonists pressed into the back country, their self-reliance grew. They became less and less interested in lining the pockets of British merchants and more and more concerned with realizing the opportunities for economic and political independence which lay before them. When Governor Berkeley of Virginia in 1676 refused to protect the frontier settlers from the Indians, lest he thereby injure the fur trade, the frontiersmen banded together under Nathaniel Bacon; after handling the Indians themselves, they turned upon the Governor, chased him out to a British man-of-war, and burned the capital at Jamestown. Colonists refused to pay their "quit rents" and otherwise displayed a readiness to appropriate land without due regard for the financial rights of proprietors and the Crown.

In 1763 George II closed the western frontier to individual settlement, drawing a line along the Appalachian divide beyond which no colonists could migrate without express permission. The real reason for this action was a desire to avoid further trouble with the Indians. But the pressure of population was too strong for a royal proclamation: it was met with open defiance, and merely added to the grievances of the Americans. The need for new land to replace their exhausted tobacco fields was one reason why wealthy Virginia planters were willing to throw in their lot with the revolutionists.

At Yorktown not only Cornwallis, but the Mercantile System itself was forced to surrender. No longer was government to support the right of British capital to exploit the riches and labor of America. The political skill of Thomas Jefferson was soon at work pulling out the last props of privileged land ownership which stood in the way of the individual in his march toward free land and an expected independence.

II

Time would have eventually put a stop to the process of individual land settlement on the Public Domain even if the Taylor Act had not been passed. The process was slowly tapering off, and the areas of land left for homesteading were for the most part so obviously incapable of successful agricultural use that even the laymen (of whom endless numbers attempted to share in the bonanza of speculative farming) could hardly be fooled into homesteading a section. Why then did it become necessary to put an artificial stop to the development that was about to die of its own accord?

The first answer is to be found in the disastrous failure of thousands of homesteaders who staked their life savings on the chance of farming dry land, which actually produced little but dust.

Belated recognition was given by Congress to the fact that 160 acres did not constitute an economic unit on the drier lands of the Great Plains. In 1909 legislation was passed permitting homesteaders to take up 320 acres. Another change, made in 1916, allowed 640 acres to each homesteader who filed on land that was suited only for stock ranching. Neither of these amendments bettered the situation materially, for dry land farming in areas that remained open to settlement could rarely be carried on profitably on units of less than 640 acres, while successful stock ranches usually require from 5,000 to 10,000 acres of land. Families continued to become stranded on holdings of insufficient size, while the farm settlement of arid lands continued more widely than ever under the stimulus of war prices and the development of mechanized farming.

The exhaustion of good land meant that every time a new entry was made in the records of the General Land Office, another human tragedy was launched. So long as the government encouraged the homesteading of dry land, the government was in effect leading families to inevitable ruin. The duty of the government, on the contrary, was to prevent unknowing families from attempting what was obviously impossible, and to forestall the economic and moral losses which continued failures and bankruptcies implied. The true condition of the land was recognized when the Public Domain was closed to further settlement—with the proviso that any lands, which as a result of a careful survey of their physical characteristics were found to be suited to agricultural settlement, could be re-opened to public entry.

The fate of the individual settler, however, was not alone the cause of this Act. The nation as a whole was equally concerned over the fact that settlers who homesteaded poor land were in most cases due to become public charges in some way or other. Those who failed completely to make a living enlarged rural relief loads; those who met with some insufficient success were subsidized at public expense by the extension of emergency loans which could never be repaid. An estimate has been made that about $7,000,000 has been spent in three counties of one of the states on the Great Plains, merely to support farm families who for the most part are faced with insuperable handicaps in the way of continued drought, high operating costs, and others of the numerous threatened devastations which nature suspends by a hair above the head of the dry land farmer. Are we to continue to support families under such conditions, when a smaller amount of money wisely spent could help them to acquire better lands where they can become self-supporting? The Taylor Act at least insured us against an aggravation of the situation.

In the meantime what had become of the land which still remained in the public domain? There were about 165,000,000 acres of it—mostly sparsely covered range, intermixed with barren mountain lands. Ever since the beginning of the cattle industry in the plains, the public land had been open to all. The first kings of the range, the early cattlemen, drove their tremendous herds from Texas to Montana, following the spring grass on the public range. Then came the sheepmen, and the cruel battle for supremacy on the range. Further infringement upon the cattlemen's activities resulted from the influx of homesteader's whose barbed wire fences cut across the path of the great herds. Steady pre-emption of homesteads broke up the public domain into small sections, and the formerly ambitious cattlemen were replaced by smaller outfits. An increasingly severe competition for the narrowing areas of public land was begun. Those who came first got the best of the grass; those who followed took the rest of it. In the mad race, the grass itself was the sufferer. Last year, as a result of the land-use survey undertaken for the National Resources Committee, it was estimated that the productivity of the public domain had been cut by 40 to 50 per cent as a result of the uncontrolled

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tearing up of the grass by wave after wave of hungry cattle.

When the value of 165,000,000 acres of land is cut in half, it is time that something be done, particularly when that area is a commonwealth belonging not to individuals but to the nation at large. The Taylor Act took this position, and provided for the establishment of grazing districts in which the use of grass would be regulated in the public interest much as the exploitation of timber is regulated in the national forests. When the grazing districts have been established, the land will be leased to private and cooperative ranchers who will pay so much per head, and will be limited as to the number of cattle they may run on the range. In this way the destructive use of the range may be checked, and the value of the grass insured for future years.

We have already developed a new public domain: a domain which will not be turned over to private owners, but will be retained in governmental control because only the government can insure its best utilization as a supplement to those lands which private ownership can profitably operate.

There comes to my mind the thought of a family named Scott living on a dry-land farm in Montana. Back in 1909 Tom Scott was a young man rich in energy but poor in dollars. In the true American tradition he decided to leave his father's farm in southern Illinois and seek his own fortune on a Montana homestead. He was planning to marry a girl from home as soon as he had made enough to build a house and start raising a family right. In August he left home, expecting to come back for her within a year.

Five years later she joined him after he had made his first good crop. She found him living in a small one-room frame shack with a tar paper roof, not much bigger than was necessary to hold his stove and bed. Together they took up the struggle with drought. Their hopes soared when one good rainfall brought them out of debt—only to have a succession of dry summers thereafter make it all but impossible to provide their children with the necessary food. The wife's flock of turkeys, and her pitiful attempts at gardening, often stood between them and complete failure.

Today the Scott family is on relief, having lost everything they possessed during the cruel drought years. But it happens that the Scotts instead of passing out of history as the unsung victims of a relentless climate, are going to be among the first to participate in the value of the new public domain. Their land is being bought along with about 1,000,000 acres of other homesteads, on which similar stories have been enacted, and will be thrown together with adjoining public domain to form a grazing district. The Scotts are going to move to another tract where a small irrigation system will provide the means of raising winter feed; the whole range will be open to the number of cattle allotted Tom Scott on the basis of his winter feed production.

What had before been impossible now becomes possible, not through any magic, but merely because the government is able to carry out on the new public domain a sound system of management which for the Scotts on their section of land was physically impossible. The public domain is becoming the basis of a new economy because the theory of non-cooperative individual control has broken down before the hard facts of dry land, sparse grass, and limited water.

III

The new public domain is growing steadily, for it includes far more than the 165,000,000 acres of land which was from the beginning too poor for private owners to bother with. It is being called into existence in state after state where private ownership has failed to provide needed conservation of land. In no place is this more evident than in the cut-over forest regions of the East, where unrestrained private ownership has left its scars upon the face of the earth.

The devastating effects of short-sighted private exploitation of land resources is something which we can well regret, but which we can hardly condemn with any justification. If you place a juicy steak before a hungry man, you cannot blame him for eating it. We have seen how the resurgent forces of American social development broke the bonds of governmental restriction on the free occupancy and use of land. With the death of this old system, the American pioneer and settler was free to exploit to his full advantage the riches which the continent provided.

The plenitude of natural resources drove all thoughts of conservation from our minds. One voice was raised to halt the process of destruction. President John Quincy Adams, seeing the threatened exhaustion of live-oak timber, which was of particular value for shipbuilding purposes, in 1828 set aside a 30,000-acre live-oak forest on the island of Santa Rosa off the coast of Florida as a timber reserve to be protected by the United States Navy Department. Adams was ahead of his time; his views were not shared by his successors. Under President Jackson, the Santa Rosa forest reservation was abandoned. The process of devastation went on.

Devastation is a word used with a purpose. The United States Forest Service means by that word something very definite: devastated land is land on which the productive value of the forest has been so nearly destroyed that artificial means must be employed to reestablish forest growth. More than 850,000 acres of forest land are devastated every year, and more than 95 per cent of this land is privately owned. A total of more than 60,000,000 acres of forest land have been devastated in the United States. In one region alone, that of the northern part of Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, destruction of the forest has resulted in the abandonment of one-third of the forest land.

An increase in the national forest domain is essential if we wish to preserve this form of wealth which private ownership has so adeptly exploited, but been unable to conserve. Just as each cattleman raced to get his animals on the public land before any one else, the lumbermen raced to get their timber to market. They had neither the time nor the need to conserve. Conservation is not the function of the private landowner whose interest is that of profit. It is the function of government when prompted by citizens whose interest in a future supply of timber, protection against flood, the stabilization of industry, and provision for outdoor recreation, demand that lands which provide these values be taken into the public domain or their use be controlled by considerations of public policy.

The objective of scientific forestry is to set up a system of sustained yield management, whereby the timber harvested each year is equalled or exceeded by the annual growth. Unconservative

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cutting means the destruction of capital wealth or principal; sustained yield cutting means living on our income. Practically all the land in public ownership is now subjected to sustained yield management. Of the 400 million acres of commercial forest in private ownership, only about 6 per cent is under sustained yield management.

The failure of commercial lumber companies to develop sustained yield management on private holdings is not as a rule due to any individual disregard for such a system. Private owners who are able to see beyond the immediate situation understand well enough the advantages which will accrue to those who can develop a permanent timber crop; as a nation we now are decreasing our saw timber supply at about five times the rate of replenishment. But lumber companies are capitalized and equipped for steady cutting; to stop or slow down operations long enough to get onto a sustained yield basis would for most owners mean ruin. Fixed costs would pile up while competitors took all the business. The speculative increases in timber land during the 1920's alone created a tax burden which drove the lumber companies to increased cutting in order to escape the mounting burden of taxes on their unharvested crops. With few exceptions, our taxation system has never recognized the peculiar features of forest economics as differentiated from agriculture, and on our taxation system can be laid much of the blame for the pressure which has destroyed our forest holdings.

While the unrestrained competition of cattlemen was depleting the pasture, encouraging erosion and lessening the productivity of the range, the race for lumber was devastating large areas of land in its path. The economic effect of the erosion which sets in on bared hillsides, flooding the valleys below and ripping off the fertile topsoil built up through centuries of a patient natural process, cannot be measured in dollars and cents. But a glimpse at one of the communities left stranded among barren hillsides from which the natural forest wealth has been stripped, provides an adequate explanation of the efforts being made to stabilize the forest industry through the increase of the new public domain.

One such community is found not far from Lake Superior in the midst of what was once one of the finest forests of the American continent. Jackson County (which is not its real name) was logged off during the early years of the twentieth century. Its population consisted largely of timber workers; wages paid out in logging camps, saw mills, planing mills, and railroad yards provided the cash upon which the rural communities depended. A small number of farmers located on tracts of good land as the forest began to fall. For a few years Jackson County enjoyed a pleasant taste of what we call prosperity.

Timber operators were in a hurry to get the lumber out. When they left, there remained nothing but scrub growth which was too poor to be noticed, and mile after mile of stump land. The piles of brush dried into tinder, through which fires raged and blackened the landscape. Patient men worked hard to create a new commonwealth from the devastated areas. Encouraged by land companies, who were glad to help them buy their new farms, these ex-timber workers and their friends pulled stumps, ploughed up the matted roots, and built themselves log huts or shacks of slash cut in the silent, devastated wilderness.

It was a time when agriculture was on the boom. We thought we would eventually have a population of some 300,000,000 people to feed, and that all the land in the United States would hardly be enough. When the flat cleared lands proved to be too wet, ambitious drainage projects were carried out, which helped saddle each person with an average debt of $103 to start with. Some of the land proved to be good, at least sufficiently good to enable the farmers to make a fair living. Much of the land proved to be too sandy or otherwise unsuited to agricultural use. The population dependent upon such land was soon "stranded." Debts proved too much; foreclosure drove them out. Within a season, they were replaced by other hopeful settlers who had been induced by the land companies to invest their life savings in a happy farm home. Each year a new crop of failures was turned out of their homes.

Soon, however, the county began to feel the effects of this method of settling land. Taxes were not paid on the poorer lands, and the burdens of supporting local government fell more and more heavily on the landowners who had chosen wisely or luckily. The State helped out somewhat by assuming some of the costs of the drainage operations, and even extended greater aid to the county for its roads and schools. But tax delinquency grew. In an effort to gain some revenue at all costs, a policy of bargaining with landowners was adopted which put a premium on delinquency. Taxes were raised, until on some properties they became almost confiscatory.

None of this affected the poor people living in their log cabins, unable to feed and clothe their children in spite of back-breaking work on unyielding land. They merely added to the county's burden by virtue of their scattered locations and the need for roads and schools. More than a score of families cost the county an average of $185 each for the education of their children, while their average tax actually paid to the county amounted to a little more than $10 for the same year. Almost $100 was spent per family on the roads leading to their isolated cabins. When they began to go on relief, it was but the last step to complete dependency upon the government.

Had these families not settled on the poor land, these financial maladjustments which now threaten the whole system of local government might never have occurred. Had the forest not been denuded, after attracting these people to the region, it would not have been necessary for them to settle on the poor lands. But private ownership was financially incapable of meeting competition with a sustained yield cutting. It belongs to the sphere of governmental action through its new public domain to establish a stable forest economy.

Federal forest holdings are now being increased in the area where Jackson County lies, and another federal program consists of buying out the isolated holdings of the families who wish to move to the more fertile lands nearby. Again the public domain promises to supplement the activities of private individuals and provide the basis of a more secure economy. The Forest Service estimates that our forests when put into a properly productive state should provide permanent employment for two million people.

IV

When the men of 1776 broke with governmental control over their land

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they broke with the economic system called mercantilism which existed only to take from them and carry across the sea the wealth produced by the sweat of their brows. The government regulation which they fought existed primarily to protect a privileged system of exploitation, rather than to conserve natural resources in the public interest. The succeeding century and a half of private land settlement has strongly influenced the shaping of American character, and the establishment of individual enterprise as the dominating feature of American economic life.

165,000,000 acres of seriously depleted grassland, 83,000,000 acres of devastated or poorly stocked forest land, a tremendous bill of tax delinquency on rural lands, and 35,200,000 acres of land virtually destroyed by erosion today testify that there are some aspects of land use which cannot be satisfactorily handled in private ownership. Economic necessity has forced us to a commonsense realization of the need for a regulated public domain. Over a million rural families on relief portray the need for the rehabilitation of lands which private ownership has been unable to conserve.

The states and the nation are now unleashing the greatest broadside attack on land-use problems of our history. Protection is being extended to the devastated areas of plain and forest. Lands which cannot support successful farms are being used in more productive ways as forests, grazing districts, and recreation areas. Through an extensive program of education and demonstration, the subtle forces of erosion are being checked on both public and privately owned lands. Plans are ready for a new attack on the evils of tenancy which have contributed so much to the process of land waste. It is a battle to establish conservation and sound use in fields where speculation and waste have prevailed.

The creation and improvement of our new national domain, as a supplement to the efforts of private individuals, and a storehouse for the natural heritage of our land resources, remains one of the major tasks of the coming years. If this task is completed, our national heritage will be secure. If not, we shall go the way of Mesopotamia, Egypt, and China, and part with our collective birthright for a mess of individualistic pottage.

Laughter

A STORY

By Vardis Fisher

THERE was a sudden hush. All heads turned to the door and fixed their gaze upon the large and regal frame of Bishop Alonzo Jensen, the most famous orator fifty miles east or west of Antelope. He came in proudly, briskly, and went up the aisle, and Brother Perry followed, almost trotting, but solemnly dignified, too, in his small and timid way. When Jensen came to the rostrum he looked around him. He saw the casket with a few flowers laid upon it; and just beyond it a grieving woman with three small children at her side. Then he went up the three wooden steps and Perry followed and they stood together and talked. The bishop's gaze roved over the audience and he looked like one who had preached many a sermon and knew the ways of grief and death. He was a little like Daniel Webster, with his great brow and his fierce mane of hair and the impatient hedges above his eyes. He looked the part all right: every one in the audience admitted that and every one gazed at him with grave wonder, remembering that Alonzo Jensen, with his booming voice and his knowledge of the poets, could preach a sermon that made you feel as if you had been to heaven. He was a profane man, strangely, and when angered he had been known to roar with sudden and terrifying blasphemy; but he was a good man for all that. He now gazed at the woman behind the casket and seemed to be paying no attention to what Brother Perry was saying.

"If," Perry was saying, "you could say some nice things. Brother Hilton —well, we all have our faults. If—" He paused and looked up at Jensen, his eyes imploring him. "We all have our faults," he went on, gently insistent. "But at heart he was a good man——"

"Of course," Jensen murmured, looking at the woman behind the casket. "Yes, yes, indeed."

"If," Perry said, his face brightening a little, "you could—that is, I mean he liked a certain poem. About a sunset," he said, "and a star." He looked up again, urging Jensen to remember. "About a star?"

"Oh, yes," said the bishop, coming to himself. "Sunset and evening star." He looked at his watch. He looked again at the grieving woman behind the casket. "And now——"

"If," said Perry, his face comically solemn, "you could——"

"Yes, yes," said the bishop impa-

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tiently. "Yes, indeed, I'll put in some good poetry. And—" he glanced again at the woman "—the name? Her name you said?"

"*Her* name?" said Perry, whispering. "Oh. She is Sister Burke."

"Oh, Burke, yes. Well now, let's begin."

During the prayer, and during the singing of a Mormon hymn of hope and faith, Bishop Jensen sat back with arms folded, head raised, thinking. It was, he reflected, no exaggeration to say that he had preached a thousand sermons from end to end of Idaho—and a few in Utah as well. Death was a terrible thing, of course—and he glanced at the casket: yes, to be sure, but a good sermon could take the sting out of it. A really fine sermon could almost make the living wish they were dead. He looked beyond the casket at —well, he thought impatiently, at Sister Burke who was staring at him with wet hopeful eyes: a handsome woman, he decided, noting her soft cheeks: not more than thirty surely, and still girlish in her figure. Ah, well, he would heap oratory upon her grief and she would feel better then. She would remember that death was a part of God's inscrutable plan and she would return to her—to her widowhood with new strength. And to do this for persons when grief had overtaken them was the noblest work a man could do. Death brought despair and he came after, bringing courage: he was death's great and invincible enemy, dismissing the dust to its small dark refuge—yes, she was a lovely woman and hardly more than twenty-five. He would preach a splendid sermon. He folded his arms and waited.

And when he rose to speak and looked down into the hushed faces of these, his brothers and sisters in the latter-day ministry of Jesus, he knew that this sermon was to be one of his greatest. He had had larger and more distinguished audiences than this one but there was a simple earnestness here that demanded the best of what a man could give. He cleared his voice.

"Brothers and sisters," he said, and his voice, he reflected, had that fine resonant timbre, that vibrancy of hope and faith, which it did not always have, "we are met again in this vale of suffering at the bier of a loved one whom God in His infinite wisdom has taken away. He has taken from us this time not an innocent child, playing through the happy hours at its mother's knee; not an old man who has fulfilled his mission of labor and love; nor yet one who suffered through years of sickness. . . . But no: the one whom wisdom has taken from his home and fireside, from the bosom of his family and work and dreams, is a young man in the flush of youth. . . ."

He paused a moment, and reflection affirmed his belief that he was doing very well: never had the inevitable word come with more nimble dignity to his tongue. He leaned forward a little, and his voice when he spoke again was softly tragic but full-toned like a minor chord from a great organ.

"This man, still young; this man with wife and children, dreams and courage and hope, is gone. We can see him, his tender glance at his wife, his sportive good-byes to his children who ran across the yard, clinging to his hands——"

From far back in the hall there was a sudden stifled snicker. The bishop raised his great head as if listening but the tearful face of Sister Burke and the solemn wonder of the three children reassured him.

"There was," he resumed, "no intimation of tragedy then. But with the dramatic intensity of an earthquake there was another man against the sky; there was sunset and evening star——"

A clenched right hand came down on the altar, and his voice, in rolling vibrant overtones, seemed to walk from word to word. "It is not courage to give way to grief when this deathless soul, freed of its craven vessel, is restored to that magnificent hierarchy where it resumes its slow but invincible pilgrimage to godhood! My brothers and sisters—" his voice came down from its impassioned altitudes "—we do not keep His commandments when, in the small desolation of our grief, we forget that higher and holier purpose for which each of us was created. This life here is only a purgatory that leads to the shining altars. We must understand," he said, and his voice now was a dramatic whisper that carried clearly to the farthest ear, "we must understand that the death of our loved ones was ordained ages and ages ago." He paused; and then, with that sudden change in tone and intensity which electrified those who heard him, he spread two palms before him. "If—" and his voice was awful now in its quiet humility—"if in the pathetic smallness of our minds we fail to understand; if we give way to the heresy of doubt and despair, there is one truth we can grasp and remember. You in this Antelope country will remember Brother Burke as generous of heart, loyal to his country, and his God, inspiring——"

There was another snicker, insolent and lewd. The bishop hesitated and frowned; and he reflected swiftly, almost angrily, that this would never do. For the moment he had lost the impassioned rhetoric of certainties and had fallen into the lean underfed prose of so many speakers. He shook himself and brought a great hand to the altar.

"When," he said, and the sudden power of his voice was again overwhelming, "when a person departs this brief and fevered life, he still lives in the purged and shining splendor of memory! His nobility, his faith are added to ours! We take increased strength from those who have gone! What we remember of them becomes a part of what we think of ourselves." That, he reflected, was better. That last statement was so good that he would have to remember it and use it again. "And so this man, our brother and friend; so this Brother Burke is now called——"

There was a sudden anguished snort. There was a chortle of vulgar glee that rose to a wild whinny and burst into a spasm and died. The bishop stared far back, seeking that anonymous throat. Then he looked at the woman behind the casket and in her eyes he thought he saw something like amazement and he wondered darkly and angrily about her. Brother Perry rose behind him and came to his side.

"For there is no death and Brother Burke is not dead. He—he—" He broke off again, almost dismayed. There had been a giggle and then another, both of them shrill and insistent. Then he was aware that a man in the second row was looking at him with fascinated astonishment. He was aware of Brother Perry at his side, importuning with a ridiculous hand. The bishop turned impatiently.

"What is the matter?" he said.

Brother Perry had a world of conster-

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nation in his face. "It's—it's—" he croaked.

"What?" The bishop felt angry now and he looked angry.

"Brother Burke, he's down there looking at you. It's not," said Perry in a tortured whisper, *"him!"*

"Huh!" said Bishop Jensen, astounded.

"I told you," whispered Perry sadly, shaking his head and almost weeping. "I told you it was Brother Hilton!"

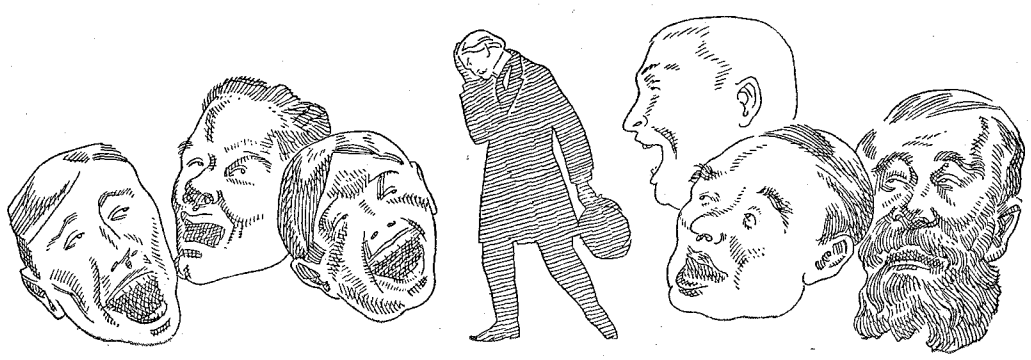
"Ah!" said the bishop as if he had been stabbed. He looked down at the casket and at the amazed woman sitting behind it; at the children; at the flabbergasted man in the second row; at Perry. He was very angry now. He looked at the silent waiting audience and saw some queer twisted smiles. And then in a voice that was terrifying in its rage he thundered:

"Who in hell is dead around here anyhow!"

For a long moment nobody moved or made a sound. Then there was a lone giggle, followed, after an instant, by a stifled snicker that was suddenly choked off. These came from far back in the hall and were followed by silence until a young man turned convulsively in his seat and clutched his belly and doubled over, his face red and agonized with suppressed joy. Many heads turned to look at him. And then, while every one waited, as if for a cloudburst or an earthquake, the laughter broke and poured out of the man in loud anguished bawling and he fell forward to his lap. He sat up, struggling convulsively, and drew his breath in a furious gasp; and fell forward again with a wild whooping sound. He rose again, with his eyes looking strangled, looking tortured with apology and mirth; sat for a moment with his breath hissing; and fell double again with a sudden terrifying blast. Others, looking at him, were touched off. There was a giggle here, an explosive cough there, a spasmodic snort. Then the young man rose to his feet and clasped his stomach and strove to bury his laughter; suddenly roared as if he were being branded; fetched up in a drowning gasp of breath and a giggling moan; and made for the open door. He went staggering, doubled over, and hurled himself outside and a moment later there came the sound of him as if he had blown into pieces.

And the eyes and faces of those who remained recorded the storm that was gathering within them. From a woman came a hysterical hiccough, and from a huge man with a sober sunbaked face a sudden snort that sounded angry, as if he had been prodded. This man, with an utterly tortured face, stared with wide wondering eyes at the door; spoke again with one tremendous snort and then looked around him with a strange smile. And when, without any warning at all, his laughter came, it was like a deluge of grief and anger and terror. He rose, too, and left the hall, and the audience looked at his broad back as he went or turned to look at the bishop who was standing on the rostrum like a man of stone. There was a growing contagion that moved hands in aimless gestures, twitched in lips and cheeks, sucked at the indrawn breath; and then the storm broke. Another rose, with his ears and neck like fire; another and a third; two together, and four. Then the whole audience rose and poured in violent haste through the doorway.

And outside, a few moments later, there was the wildest orgy Antelope had ever known. It was catharsis that moved into laughter that roared and surged in an ancient and ageless tide of uncontrollable joy and good will. Men staggered about and threshed at the air and sought their enemies and shook them with great wild slaps on their shoulders, or embraced, friend and foe, their faces flushed red and drunk, their eyes blind. Men flung themselves to the earth and hugged it and spread open palms and howled, or rolled over and over as if bedding themselves in the eternal, or got to their feet and reeled helplessly. And women who had not spoken to one another in years now stood side by side, hands touching, and smiled with weeping eyes at their men. Allie Burke, sister of the wizened old bachelor who was dead, shook with soundless wonder, her hands gripped white around her knees. "Hey!" a man cried, and then doubled over and sank slowly to earth and lay there, snorting in the dust. He rolled over on his back and spread arms and legs as if he were spiked to the ground. For a long moment he breathed fully and deeply like a toad on a window sill and then yelped and struggled to his feet. Another man, long his enemy, staggered up and pushed him and the two fell exhausted, embracing, and lay each on the other's arm. They bellowed with joy and one reached over and patted the other's cheek, and men watched them stumbling about, whooping their lungs out, and with their eyes streaming. One of the men sat up and roared, "Who in hell—" and was unable to go on; fought for breath and peace and gasped, "—is dead around here—"; staggered to his feet and went round and round, choked and undone, and finished in a triumphant spasm: "—anyhow!" Laughter came again, loud and deep, and men fell to one another for support and stood propped and shaking, their eyes looking through tears back into the ageless eternities, their souls triumphant over the irrelevance of death.



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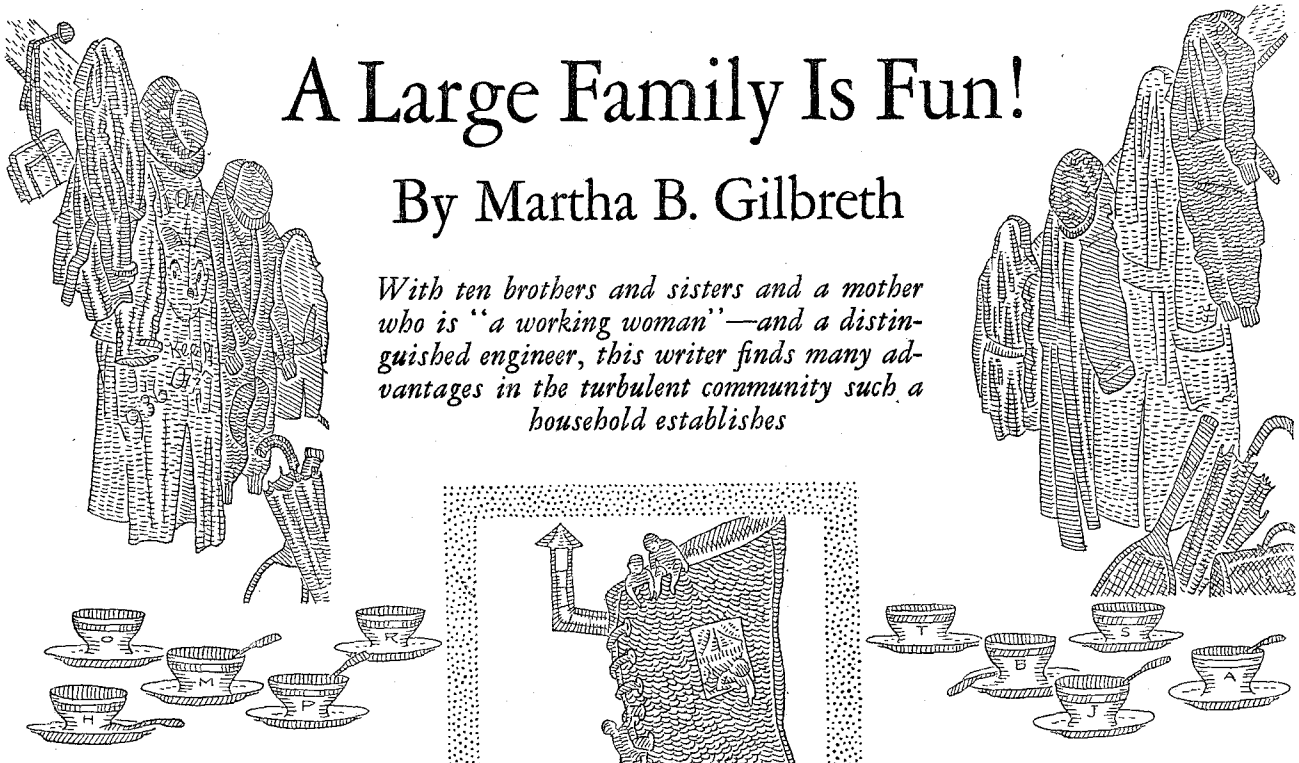
A Large Family Is Fun!

By Martha B. Gilbreth

With ten brothers and sisters and a mother who is "a working woman"—and a distinguished engineer, this writer finds many advantages in the turbulent community such a household establishes



WE were talking at dinner the other night about the advantages or possible disadvantages of being a member of a large family. The subject came to our attention from several sources: one small sister, waiting in a dentist's office, had noticed a magazine article refuting the possible social stigma involved; a brother had seen a newspaper column suggesting that large families encouraged individuality for its members. We all started to put forth our opinions, until another brother settled the matter for every one present by saying, "No one seems to be writing about the disadvantages—but then, how could you?"

We *are* a large family. I am one of eleven children, and Mother is a "working woman." I was sorry later when I realized that Mother hadn't been present during the discussion. I know that she would have enjoyed hearing her children all agree on being glad that she had had such a large family.

What have I really derived from being one of so many? People so often ask me, "How do you manage to run your house when your mother is away, while at the same time you have a full-time job of your own?" The answer is simple: Our house runs itself. And I think that it does because every member of the family has been trained to help. This has been true as far back as I can remember.

Our household has always been set up as a community in which every member is a very important part—each child not only the subject of an experiment but a very vital contributor to an organization based primarily on co-operation. Each member who contributed was also on the receiving end. The boys did the outside work and took great pride in having their work appreciated, knowing that the yard looked well because they had done it themselves. The girls helped with the inside work, making beds, washing dishes, sweeping, perhaps. They took equal pride if not pleasure in their work, and if a job were left undone, every one knew who had "shirked."

Jobs were allocated in most cases, but there were always conditions arising which altered the situation. An extra heavy snowfall meant that it was necessary for the girls to go out and help with the shovelling. This was with the understanding, of course, that the boys would help with the Sunday dishes. Both parties realized that it wasn't "their job," but the arrangement was fair, and therefore satisfactory. This occasional exchange of jobs led to a closer bond between the boys and girls. If a sister came out and helped shovel snow, there was no good reason why she shouldn't be allowed to join in a game of baseball if she liked. And in the same way, if a brother helped with the dishes, when company had greatly multiplied their number, he was eligible for any favor in return.

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We did not, however, see only each other. The more gregarious members of the family saw to that. Home became the meeting ground for the neighborhood. There seemed to be many advantages in having a baseball diamond on the side lawn, even though it meant giving up a nice piece of landscaping, and taking chances on broken windows. When a family can, on a moment's notice, find six or seven people to start a game of "two-in-a-cat," neighbors and friends have a way of converging, and almost as suddenly there are two full sides for a regular game of baseball.

The younger children grew up with the older ones, and were at ease with them. A boy of ten was not half as apt to refuse to play with one of seven, when he stopped to realize that the boys equally older would let him play with them, or that they might in turn practise superiority on him. And having learned how to throw a ball properly, that same lad was more than ready to teach a younger brother the same thing, proudly displaying his newly acquired prowess.

As for meals, breakfast and lunch were very much the same in our house as in others, except, perhaps, for the natural difference which many children would make over few. They were marked with the typical confusion of most any family. Dad went to work, and innumerable children had to be started off to school. Invariably there was a question as to whether the weather was such that a sweater was necessary, or I would carefully misplace my glasses, which I hated, and yet had been told I must wear. And rainy days —the worst of all—when there was a mad scramble for raincoats and rubbers, which had a habit of not being where we each knew we had put them. I have always been thankful that we were taught not to borrow each other's clothing. It eliminated the necessity of running down the street and bringing some one back so that you might go to school fully clothed.

But dinner was different. The family was all together at night, and with the agreed ruling that no one could go out the night before a school day, there was nothing more exciting to look forward to than doing the dishes, or studying. In consequence the meal took on a very leisurely aspect. Anything could be discussed, with one limitation, it *must* be of general interest. And believe me, there is nothing in the world more crushing, when you start out on a story that is all-important to you, than being told that it is "not of general interest." But one soon adjusts to this system and we eventually learned to think before speaking. Dinner conversations were more stimulating as a result.

Dad was literally the "King of the Castle." He led the conversation, but he never monopolized it. He had a habit of bringing home gadgets that he had picked up in one plant or another. At dinner he encouraged us to figure out what they were, and what their uses were. Or the subject might be current events, and often was. Lessons were brought to the dinner table. Geography was discussed, as was history. A bookcase was moved into the dining-room and filled with volume on volume of dictionaries, encyclopedias, a good atlas and the *Who's Who*. In this way, a difference of opinion which invariably popped up could be settled, and settled beyond question. Often these sessions went on into the evening, finally breaking up into a game we might all play. We learned to play poker, of various sorts, with five dollars' worth of new pennies for chips. It was here that we found that gambling might lack fascination, for Dad always played the banker, and we learned that the "bank" invariably won.

At dinner and during the evening, our lives were usually guided for us, but beyond that we were left more or less to our own resources. This is probably true in most families, and yet, with Mother and Father away at the same time, our set-up had to be such that life would go on smoothly in their absence. The oldest daughter assumed the responsibility and the younger ones were expected to make things as easy as possible for her.

Responsibility for the whole household, from necessity, centered on one person. It was not feasible to have more than one "boss" on the job at one time. Being boss might alternate from one child to another, but it always involved the same items. Invariably it included discipline and reward, at first by suggestion and later by actually having the authority to put either into effect. Money management was brought in, first by giving out the allowances, and later by taking over the marketing, etc.

Allowances had always been a part of our lives and, though small, were forthcoming each week. The allowance was our own to do with as we saw fit. Some started penny banks; others of us preferred to invest it in the corner drug store, to repent later when certain things were suggested for purchase "from our own money." The gift of a bicycle was a fine thing, but its upkeep fell to the proud possessor. Any article desired, beyond what was considered essential, had to come out of the allowances. Additional money could always be earned, though. Sometimes it came as a reward, sometimes as the result of finishing a "contracted job." A job was suggested, a date set by which it was to be finished, and a time set for submitting a closed bid which was to include all of the requisites of a business bid. I can remember one job contracted on this basis, much to the dismay of the lowest bidder. It involved the removal of an old and large tree-stump in the back yard. We were all interested because it was a big enough job to pay well. Some went so far as to find out what an outsider would charge to do it. We knew, therefore, how much the job was worth, and that by barely beating the price of outside competition, the job and the pay would be ours. One small brother, however, decided that he wanted to do it, and would beat us out at any price. He made a ridiculously low offer and was accepted. It wasn't until later that he found out that his bid had been for less than half of that of the next lowest bidder. But he had to go through with it.

This may seem a bit strenuous as a lesson to teach a small boy. As a matter of fact, at the time, it caused a bit of dissension. The little brother hadn't known what he was doing; it was too big a job for him. There was considerable discussion as to what should be done about it. It was finally decided that perhaps he had known what he was doing, but hadn't done it very wisely, and that if the job were too big for him, it was his privilege to "hire" help if he chose. He did the work alone, and did it successfully.

The "family council" that had settled this problem settled many others. At these meetings each member of the

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family had a chance to air his opinions. Any problem that affected the family as a whole, or any member who wanted advice from the whole family, went to the council. Meetings took place at the dinner table, or in the dining-room immediately following dinner. Invariably the final decision was agreed by all to be wise, since all arguments received the same consideration and it was possible to get the reactions from not only Mother and Father, but from sisters and brothers of all ages.

This training in Family Council was invaluable to us when the biggest problem of all finally came up to be settled. We children had just suffered the greatest loss any of us had ever known. Three days before Mother and Dad were to sail for Europe to attend technical conferences, where Dad was to present several papers, we found that his day of departure had been irrevocably set ahead, that he would not return.

It was only after a great deal of very careful thought by every member of the family that the decision was finally reached that Mother should go on with the trip, giving Dad's papers for him, and going on with the work which he had not been able to finish. That would not be an easy trip for any one to make, but she "carried on" and it was up to the children who were left at home to do their part and also carry on, as the father who had gone on would have wanted them to do.

Since family life had been set up for us so that we were used to taking care of ourselves, we had an invaluable advantage. We didn't stop to wonder whether life would go smoothly, perhaps we were too young. We expected it would, and somehow it did. I still sympathize with my oldest sister for what she must have gone through ten years ago when she took charge of things and ran our household, consisting of ten younger brothers and sisters, none of whom were what some people refer to as "model children."

The younger children found that they had to assume more family responsibilities. They helped plan the meals, which in time tended to lessen the food problem, because if the family would eat what one child ordered, he in turn felt duty-bound to do the same by the ordering of others. Definite personal jobs were assigned; each child had to make his own bed, take care of his own clothes, and keep his own room clean. Then there were other jobs, such as keeping the living-room or dining-room clean. It was necessary to take turns taking care of the baby, instead of going, perhaps, to the movies. Naturally we didn't love doing some of the things that were involved, but knowing that what you did do was definitely a contribution and a necessity, made things a lot less distasteful.

As we grew older, we found that there were many short cuts to getting things done quickly but adequately. Throwing dirty clothes into the hamper as you get out of them saves that much time in the morning, and hanging up a coat when you take it off leaves that much less to do later. Of course it took some of us a long, long time to see the sense in such things.

In a large family the small difference in age between the children acts as a stimulant to the younger ones, to keep up with the older ones. Each succeeding youngest child acquires more of an advantage, especially if she is not babied. In our family she was treated with the same amount of respect as the others, and soon she not only expected it, but deserved it. This doesn't take the "beautiful childhood days" away from a child; instead she really enjoys the part she must take. It is rare in a large family that the youngest is such a center of things that he or she must become the usual spoiled baby. No one gets all of the attention, unless sick, and he doesn't have it long even then, for when measles or chicken-pox visits a large household, it seldom misses any one.

Individuality has always been as highly developed as possible in our family. There was always the element of the survival of the fittest, and it was natural to develop either a good right arm or a sharp tongue, or both, for use when necessary. In time, of course, we learned control—a lesson to be acquired at as early an age as possible. The girls were encouraged to make their own clothes. And the boys produced boats or radios, which might be placed on public exhibition in any community part of the house.

But no group of children is entirely self-sufficient. There must be some one to turn to for advice, for comfort, for any- and everything that a child demands and feels his birthright. A mother's place *is* in the home, without question, but if she can be successfully in two places at the same time, she is not only bringing up her children, but she is leading them an example which will mean more and more to them as they grow older. For the child in any family, whether large or small, when the mother works, there is, I believe, a natural reaction. At first the child is prone to resent it, or feel slighted. He feels that when he goes to some small friend's house and the mother comes out and greets him and later brings in the proverbial ginger-ale and cake, things should be the same in his house. But when he stops to think about it, he knows why his mother isn't always home, and he also knows that if ginger-ale were kept in his ice-box, invariably some other member of the family would get to it first.

And as he grows still older he realizes that his mother is the most important person in the world, that she has given him everything that was in her power, and that on top of that she understands him and is always ready to help him, no matter how trivial the problem. After having worked for five years myself, I still marvel at the way my mother can come home after a long day and listen to a younger daughter pondering aloud as to whether her new summer shoes should have high or low heels, or to one of the boys trying to decide whether to get a "crew-cut" or a regular haircut.

For years I really believed that my mother worked only because she had to. I know now that I was wrong. She did have to work, but she loved her work; she was "carrying on" and she must know that she is leaving us a heritage, greater than any other we could ever have, by the example she has led us. To see your own mother able to work all day, and then come home at night and suddenly snap from a "business man" into a most understanding and sympathetic mother, makes one wish that it were possible for more people to do the same.

There are some things that can never be taken away from me, and most of them are somehow very closely connected with what I really consider the advantages I have derived from belonging to a large family.

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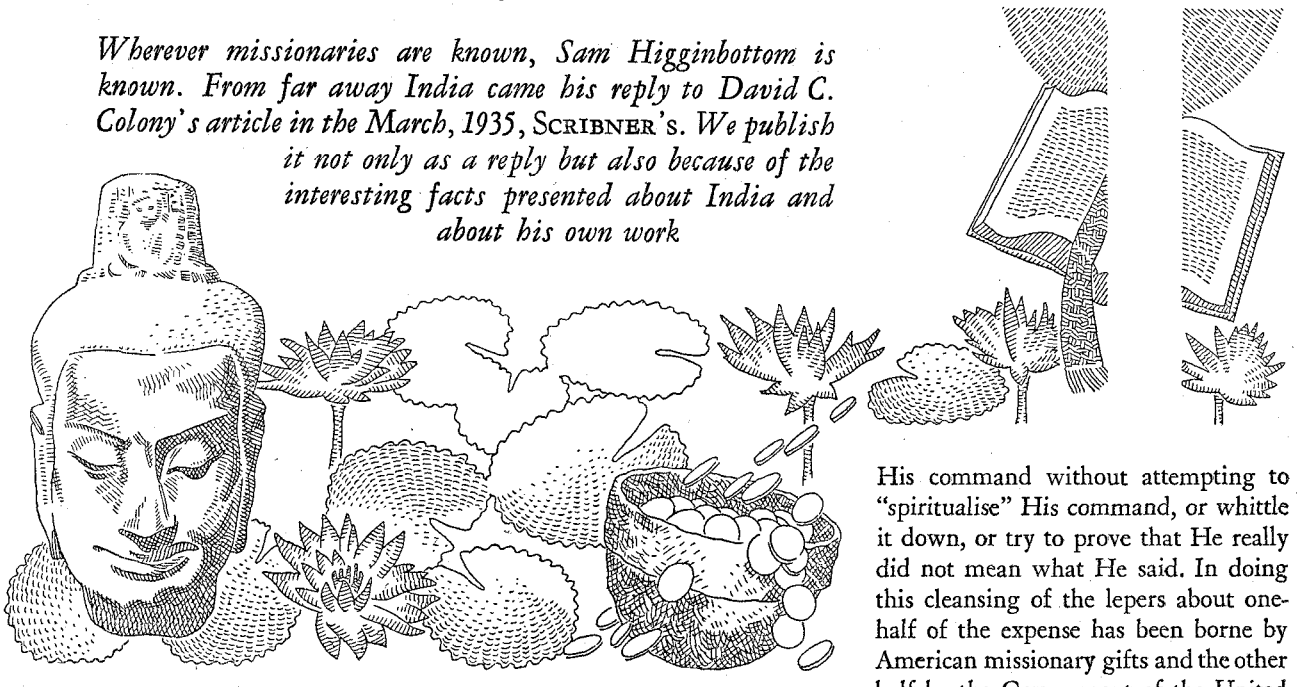
Missionaries and Battleships

By Sam Higginbottom

Wherever missionaries are known, Sam Higginbottom is known. From far away India came his reply to David C. Colony's article in the March, 1935, SCRIBNER'S. *We publish it not only as a reply but also because of the interesting facts presented about India and about his own work*



A YEAR ago an article called "The Church Builds Battleships," by David C. Colony, appeared in SCRIBNER'S, protesting against missionary activities in China, Japan, and India, supported by American funds. Doctor Colony's thesis was: (1) that medical and educational work go beyond the explicit command of Jesus which, according to the author, "was to preach the gospel to all nations and the preaching had for its primary aim the rite of Holy Baptism"; (2) that such medical and educational work is carrying on social services which should be handled by the governments of the countries in which they are practised and that, therefore, the money given by Americans toward these enterprises really serves to permit the British and Japanese governments to divert funds from these social services to the construction of armaments.

Because I am connected with an institution which plainly comes within the group attacked, I should like to state the position of one in the field. We will not go into a theological discussion. I shall merely say that I took the command of Jesus to his disciples literally. As recorded in Matthew 10:7, 8, it is, "And as ye go, preach, saying the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse the lepers, cast out demons, freely ye have received, freely give." We repudiate the plain meaning of this command if we agree with Mr. Colony that healing is not an integral part of the gospel, but only a bait added to win the favor of non-Christians. No Christian medical missionary known to me would accept Mr. Colony's view here, for one moment.

For over thirty years my wife and I have given a great deal of our thought and time and effort to caring for a colony of lepers which has grown from 50 to over 500 adults and about 200 children. We have lived to see leprosy taken out of the category of unconquered diseases. We have seen nearly 100 folk, who were definitely suffering from leprosy, leave, declared to be symptom-free. Hundreds more have been treated and without being fully cured have had the disease checked. All through the years I have endured sights of human misery, bodies wrecked through the ravages of this loathsome disease. I have tried to cleanse them, because I thought Jesus had given a specific command to his disciples to do this, and that he had given me the opportunity to carry out very definitely His command without attempting to "spiritualise" His command, or whittle it down, or try to prove that He really did not mean what He said. In doing this cleansing of the lepers about one-half of the expense has been borne by American missionary gifts and the other half by the Government of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, with money that might have helped to build battleships. Until Mr. Colony suggested it, who would have thought that we who seek to cleanse the lepers were helping to build battleships for either the United States or Great Britain! The baptized congregation worshipping each Lord's Day morning in the Leper Asylum church is the largest Protestant congregation worshipping in Allahabad. In the leper colony there have been both preaching and cleansing at the command of our Lord. Is cleansing then inferior to preaching to lepers?

When I arrived in India in 1903 fresh from Princeton, I was full of respect for sound scholarship, and had a great love for philosophy which has so greatly expanded and enriched the human mind. I had hoped to continue somewhat of a scholar's life with its detachment from the hurly-burly of ordinary human affairs. My respect for sound scholarship and my love for philosophy have grown and deepened with the years. But in villages right under my eyes were men and women and little children permanently dwarfed and stunted and frustrated and beaten in body, in mind, and in spirit because they literally did not have enough food to maintain the body

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in a state of physical efficiency. From the cradle to the grave, chronic hunger and want seemed to be the lot of many village folk. So I applied Jesus' statement (in Matthew 16: 31 to 46) to my own time and place. I saw the hungry and the thirsty and I tried intelligently and rationally to feed them and give them drink, not by doling out driblets of charity received from America, but by teaching them out of their own soil, by their own efforts, to get enough to eat, and sufficient above that to provide the ordinary amenities, usually considered necessities, by civilized people. Mr. Colony would say that this is all the duty of the government. But this is Christ's command. Furthermore, many governments have adopted the policy of impartiality or neutrality as far as religion is concerned. St. James has a pertinent question: "If a sister or brother be naked or destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit?" St. Paul is authority for the statement that the natural comes first, then the spiritual.

It is one of the tragedies of history that India is poor. She is potentially the richest agricultural country in the world. Today on the college farm, by pursuing methods within the reach of the village farmer, we are producing tenfold what we produced when we first took possession of the land twenty-four years ago. I greatly rejoice at this, for I feel that to demonstrate how to produce ten bushels of wheat or potatoes or corn or pulse in place of one is literally obeying Jesus' command to feed the hungry. Not until the Reverend Mr. Colony put it into my mind did I dream that I was helping to provide bullets or battleships; and after reading and pondering his article I do not now believe that the British navy has one ton of displacement or one gun more because of all the American and other non-British missionaries in the empire's far-flung borders. If anything, a case might be made out that the presence of these missionaries has helped to keep armaments down. "It was necessary," Mr. Colony continues, "first to win the confidence of people who knew nothing of Jesus, and who were well content with the faith of their fathers." The first part of this statement is correct; in fact, gaining the confidence of people is the method our Lord himself used. It is the second part of the statement that gives one pause. Whatever may have been true in the past, the people are not now "well content." As one who has many friends among the followers of the two greatest Indian non-Christian religions, Hinduism and Islam, I would say that the most outstanding fact of the present situation is that the intelligent followers of these religions are less content with their ancestral faiths today than ever before in their history. What is the meaning of the many reform movements within the folds of these two great religions? Is it not profound dissatisfaction with things as they are? Reform is not born of content, but of discontent. So hopeless and sceptical with regard to their ancestral faiths are some of the great political and social leaders of India today that they question whether their ancestral religion is any help to them; so that many have repudiated publicly all religion as being an opiate to the people, as being a bar to progress. They quote with approval the repudiation of religion in Turkey and in Russia. Yet in private conversation some of them have said that there is something about the undiluted teaching and example of Jesus that helps men to a better, fuller, richer life. Twenty-five years ago in public meetings in India, the mention of Jesus was often followed by hissing and booing. Today non-Christians do not hesitate to quote Jesus with approval or appeal to His teaching. In the various Legislative Assemblies of India, the Bible is more frequently quoted than any of the religious books of the non-Christian faiths. An apt Biblical quotation is regarded as the final word to clinch the argument.

The question arises in one's mind as to what Mr. Colony wished to imply by this latter statement. Does he imply that being "well content with the faith of their fathers" they should be left undisturbed in that faith?

The non-Christian religions have served noble ends. They have accomplished much. In their origins they were great improvements on what they superseded. They advanced the people who took them up. They have held great peoples together for long ages. They have been cohesive factors, where nearly everything else was divisive and negative. They have given a measure of discipline and order. "But when the fullness of the time came, God sent forth his Son, born of a woman, born under the law, that he might redeem them that were under the law." Many of the followers of these ancestral faiths, while recognizing the good they have accomplished, question whether they fit into this modern scientific age. Many of the principles upon which these faiths are founded have proved to be outworn. The working out of their ideas has failed to allow their followers to progress. Many ideas which at first were great advances on what went before, today keep back those who hold them. Caste is such a one: in origin, "trades-unionism in excelsis," formerly a great protection for the lower orders of society, caste is now a millstone about their necks, an impossible handicap. Transmigration at first was a noble answer to that great question that will not down, "If a man die, shall he live again?" But derived from transmigration is the belief that all life is sacred, that no life must be taken by man. Hence in modern India the wild animals that destroy the crops and kill men, women, and children are not kept in control, as they could easily be. The veneration of the cow, the monkey, the rat, and many other forms of animal and bird life leads to enormous economic loss. The greatest single cause of India's poverty arises out of the attitude begotten of this great, in many ways attractive, doctrine of transmigration. It costs India more to maintain her army of surplus, aged, decrepit, and indigent cows, than it costs India to support the military forces within her borders. The rats of India destroy on the average ten million long tons of grain a year, worth three hundred and fifty million dollars. Mr. Gandhi says the rats have as much right to live as he has.

India's religious beliefs and practices cause her to maintain an army of over six million religious mendicants, the largest life-service army in the world, that again takes from the poor folk of India much more than the Government raises in taxes. There may be little or no money for anything else, but the priest and the religious mendicant must be fed and cared for. The Indian beggar's bowl is the greatest symbol of materialism known to man.

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Consider what a tremendous obstacle to improvement in cattle breeding is imposed by the belief in the veneration of the cow. Because of this belief in the sacredness of the cow, among the orthodox Hindus no improvement by cattle breeding can take place. Over 90 per cent of the cows of India fail to pay, in milk and offspring and manure, for the food and care bestowed upon them. But in our Institute where we follow scientific principles of breeding, feeding, and caring for Indian cattle as well as imported cattle, we already have seen sufficient improvement in one Indian breed, to believe that if this policy can be pursued for a reasonable length of time, say fifty to seventy-five years, Indian breeds can be developed like the great dairy breeds of the occident. But no strictly orthodox Hindu can copy our methods without violating his faith. Not only must the orthodox Hindu cow-owner not kill, he may not even sell any cow he owns, no matter how unprofitable it may be. He must keep it till it dies. When, into a village having hundreds of cattle—far more than the village needs for draft purposes, more than the village fodder supplies can support, cattle that are literally eating the villagers out of house and home, where not a cow can be found that gives enough milk adequately to feed her calf—the Institute can send cows capable of giving, when fresh, from twenty to thirty quarts of milk a day, we are giving drink to the thirsty. In many parts of India the greatest child mortality is at the stage of weaning from the mother, because there is either not milk enough, or it is so expensive that it is beyond the capacity of the poor villager to buy. The ill-fed, low-producing cows of India produce very expensive milk, while the well-fed, well-bred high-producing cows produce the cheapest milk in India. The Government in India maintains cattle-breeding farms, but because of its policy of religious neutrality is not in a position to meet the problem where it is affected by a religious principle.

Were the Hindus today solely responsible for the Government of India, they would have to change many of their religious beliefs and the social practices that grow out of those beliefs, before they would become economically independent or maintain themselves on a fair standard of living.

Mr. Colony charges that the other nations are not carrying a fair share of the burden of foreign missions, that they are taking advantage of the United States, that while the United States is giving so generously to foreign missions, the other nations are furtively adding to their armies and navies in proportion as the United States gives to foreign missions. Were the United States not also engaged in the armament race, there might be force in the argument. Are all the private gifts for public betterment in the United States in the same way building American battleships? Again, Mr. Colony assumes that the various governments in their respective countries are *solely* responsible for all educational and medical efforts. If this is so, it must apply to the United States as well as to other countries. Why, with such a splendid public school and State university system and with such government medical service as is one of America's crowning glories, are there so many denominational schools, colleges, and hospitals within the continental United States? Is is not a recognition of the fact that even with such a comprehensive public educational and medical service as the United States provides, there is yet room and necessity for private religious enterprise in these fields? If this is true in rich, literate America, how much so in poor illiterate India!

The educational policy of the Government of India is that the government welcomes any public, charitable, or private bodies that will undertake to provide educational facilities for India, and will give grants-in-aid from public funds to such institutions. The Indian Government gives grants-in-aid not only to Christian mission agencies, but also to non-Christian schools and colleges and universities all over India. The Commission on Higher Christian Education composed of Indian, American, and British experts, each one of whom was distinguished in some phase of education, presided over by Doctor Lindsay, Master of Balliol College, Oxford, discovered that fees from students, government grants-in-aid, and grants from public bodies and gifts from Indians made up over 73 per cent of the total maintenance cost of all the Christian missionary colleges of India. The government frequently has given half the cost of site and buildings to American high schools and colleges and 50 per cent of the maintenance cost.

Perhaps Mr. Colony's real object was to call attention not so much to "the fact" that American gifts to foreign missions are ultimately responsible for British, Chinese, and Japanese submarines, but that America could better use the money herself that she now gives to foreign missions. Certainly one ought to care for one's own. To fail to do so is not according to the New Testament teaching. Nor is it according to the teaching of Jesus that the Christians of America should fail to go into all the world "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." "This ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone."

If the Joneses think that their neighbors, the Smiths, are too much interested in pugilism and marksmanship, and spend too much on their private arsenal, what should the poor Joneses do? Ostracize the Smiths? Cut off all friendly dealings? Leave the Smiths severely alone in any special forms of illiteracy or disease that may be theirs? If the short-sighted Joneses behave thus, they will be doing all they can to harden and embitter the Smiths. If the Joneses would only forget their superior righteousness for a little, and treat the Smiths as neighbors, visit back and forth, and even volunteer a little help when the Smith children are down with chicken pox or something worse, who knows but the Smiths would become less and less bellicose with the passing of the years?

The attitudes of peoples and nations are no more fixed and immutable than those of their constituent Smiths and Joneses. Mr. Colony persistently ignores the fact that Japan, China, and India, as well as Britain, France, and Germany, have not a character from all eternity of which we are only helpless spectators. If we try to spend every American cent on American soil, and to impose an embargo on the export of missionaries, we shall be doing all in our power to demonstrate to Asia that the human drama is simply a glorified cat-and-dog fight. If, on the contrary, we try to share the best we have simply because we believe it is the best, we shall be doing what we can do toward making attitudes of cooperativeness and collective good-will prevail in Asia as elsewhere. The issue is not yet de-

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cided, and we cannot get rid of our responsibility by semi-transparent defense mechanisms like those of Mr. Colony.

I wish the author had analyzed and digested his statistics a little more. Had he done so, we should all have had a fairer basis for our judgment in the question he raises.

TABLE SHOWING MISSIONARIES FROM UNITED STATES, GREAT BRITAIN, BRITISH DOMINIONS, AND INDIAN WORKERS

Missionaries in 1933 from 53 United States societies	2211
Missionaries in 1933 from 81 British and British Dominion societies	3434
Highly qualified Christian Indians who occupy responsible positions	1554

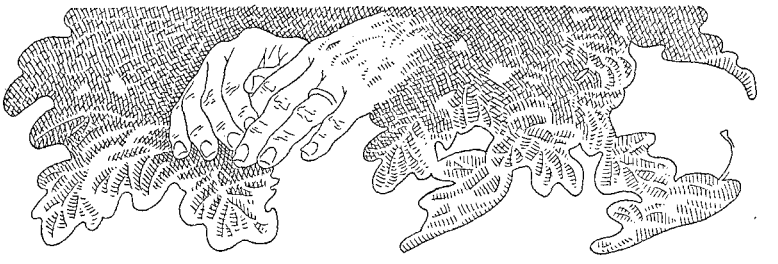
There are thousands of less highly educated Christian Indian workers not included in the 1554 mentioned above. The American missionary has occupied a place of peculiar privilege in India. The Indian people are favorably disposed to him for, they say, the American is here only for the purpose of witnessing to Jesus by life and work; that the American has no ulterior motive, no personal ends to gain, no empire to maintain or defend.

Our author gave the figures of gifts to (Protestant) foreign missions as follows:

North America (very largely the United States)	$28,171,146
Great Britain (including Australia and New Zealand)	12,871,150

If we subtract Canada's share (about 3,000,000) from the North American total and add it to Great Britain's, we get approximately 25,000,000 for the United States and 15,000,000 for the British Empire. Figuring the population of the United States at 126,000,000 people and British group at 62,000,000, we find the per capita gift for the United States 20 cents and for the British 25 cents. The United States would have to increase her gifts some $7,000,000 to make an equal per capita contribution.

We can thank God for the very large gifts of life and money which the Christian United States gives to the great cause of foreign missions. We can rejoice that her great Christian sister empire is also not unmindful of her obligation to this great enterprise. As we follow these missionary gifts to their destinations we find that the United States has literally obeyed the command of our Lord and gone to all the nations. We also rejoice that her sister nation has done likewise. The American revised version of the Bible does not say to United States Christians, "Go ye into all the world except the British Empire," nor does the King James version, that I read and love for its associations, say to British Christians, "Go ye into the British Empire first, and when that is completely covered, then go to the rest of the world." No, the Foreign Mission enterprise, faulty though its best friends see it to be, is yet the most unselfish, the most cosmopolitan, the most altruistic, the most unconcerned about material reward, the fullest of international good will, of any enterprise in the world. Foreign Missions give even when there is no hope of return in any material way. They give when they know their gifts may not be welcomed or understood. They give even when they know their gifts will lead to a cross.



MEMORY RECURRENT

By Gilbert Maxwell

THE air is sweet with a smell of burning leaves . . .
It is a smell of fall, and something further;
Something so far the mind but half believes
The old event at all,
Yet I recall (and the day was long ago)
A day when you swept the yards, and the slow
Smoke from the leaves you swept and piled for burning,
Stinging my nostrils, smarting in my eyes.
How strange your delicate hands on the rustic brush
Of the yard-broom, lightly turning
Now and again to catch a stronger hold!
You were a lady, but my grandsire said
Ladies were women too and so you swept
The leaves and piled them, and the blue flames leapt
Into the wind, and the smoke was half of autumn.

It is a vague confusion in my head—this memory.
It is as if I saw
That early afternoon, the first beginning
Of age in you.
Only today I watched you at your sewing,
The lines about your mouth . . . the thick hair thinning
With streaks of gray; the small hands, large and roughened,
Catching upon the silken stuff you held. . . .
Only today I knew
The reason for my sadness when I smelled
The burning leaves; the reason why I turn
Sometimes (who love you dearly)
And leave the room, when through the opened blind
Drifts in the smell of smoke.
I am not wise enough to tell you clearly.

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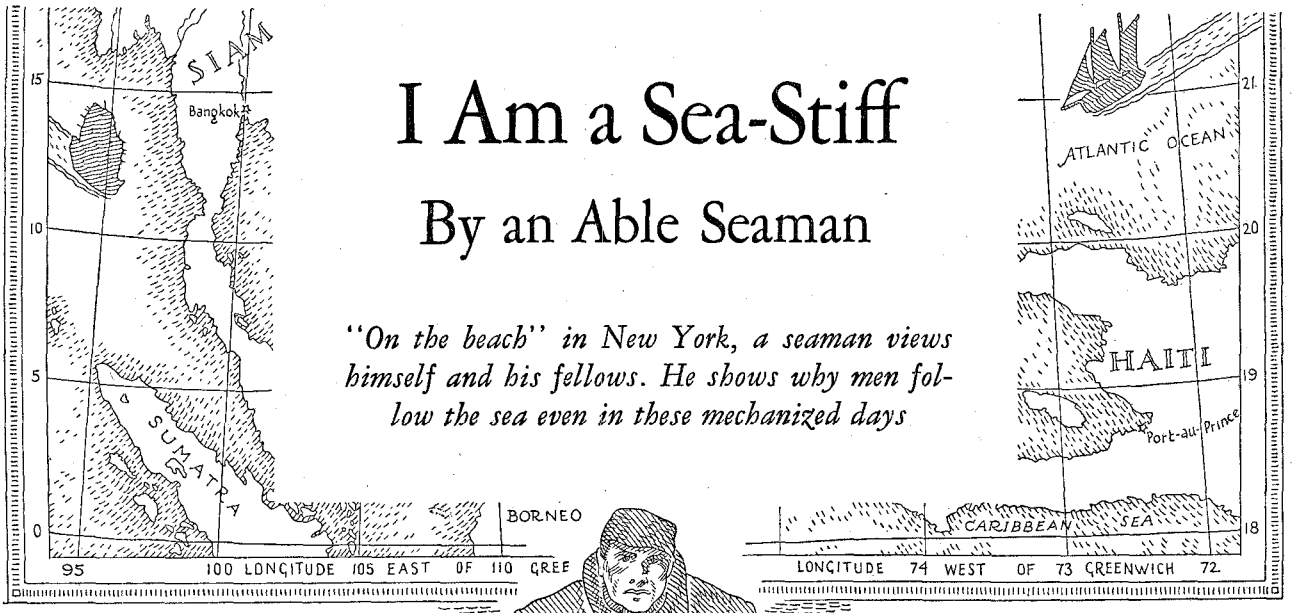
I Am a Sea-Stiff

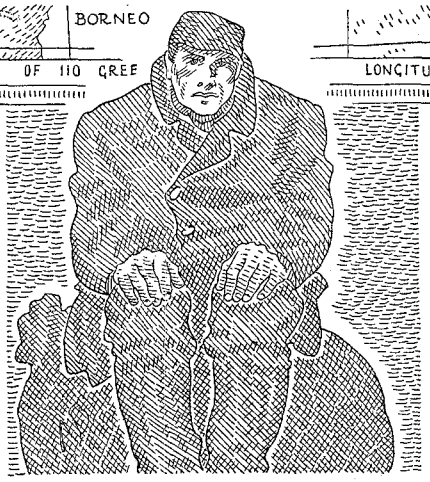
By an Able Seaman

"On the beach" in New York, a seaman views himself and his fellows. He shows why men follow the sea even in these mechanized days



HERE around us is an American thing: here is color as significant as any. We shall cut, if you like, a chunk from the raw life of this gray South Street, this waterfront that has seen so many kinds of men come and go, a submerged class drifting out obscure lives. Not the importance of it, mind, but the human bitter taste of it. . . .

I myself am a young man—an American man of the working class. Since my seventeenth year I have been at sea. The taste for a way of life, for better or for worse, is part of the fiber of my mind. I will pass examinations, probably. Then by grace of the United States Department of Commerce I will possess a Third or a Second Officer's Certificate. It will be a pretty document, sealed with a seal. But there are no jobs. There are hundreds of certified mates, certified engineers for every berth, and that condition will almost certainly exist for many years. Still it is my life, and I must live it. Perhaps by force of a peculiar temperament my kind of man is really unfit for any other life. There are those who have known the breed for many years and believe that it is so. And what else is there? I chafe and pull at the mooring-lines of long-shore respectability.



There are sounds, smells, flashes of brooding thought in my mind now. There are scenes like dark lithographs come alive. And there are ships—always. There is the downright clean bone of their beauty. There is the sweating after them, and the cursing them, and the bitter search for them, day after day in an endless monotony.

Other things, too: the instructive and gigantic gnawing of an empty belly; the look of faces passing down cold empty canyons of city streets—dull, or curious, or indifferent. There are the dark smells of wharves and riverfronts; the animal smells of crowded damp waiting-rooms in shipping offices. There are brutal snatches of talk and brutal half-hours of dog-sleep caught "all standing" on a hard bench. A sea-stiff, sometimes, finds a suite of rooms on your city's most convenient subways. There is a library, bedroom, and bath for a nickel! For reading, a discarded newspaper that one picks up; sleep between South Ferry and Van Cortlandt Park and back again, crumpled in a corner seat; bath in a station washroom when it is time to come up to the docks, like a human mole crawling out into the hard light. I can give you something of the flavor of these things, I would like to do it if I can squeeze the juice of clarity from words.

But certainly there is a barrier-crust between the ways of your thinking and mine—the invisible bulkhead stronger than steel that divides the promenade deck from the fo'c'sle. Yet still we may break through. There is a crack still in the wall, not hardened quite in the impregnable mould of caste. There are the flesh and blood and dark affinity of a common manhood. It is there alone that we may enter for a time into an alien world—for a look, for a nod, perhaps for a rare instant flash of understanding.

II

This balcony on which I am writing is an interesting place. It is in the Seamen's Church Institute of New York at 25 South Street. The mission-work-

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ers here are kindly people, full of information and statistics about the beach, and with neat minds wrapped in cocoons of sentiment.

Around me are about thirty little tables. They are almost always being used—all day long from nine in the morning until ten at night when a private Institute dick comes around and closes down. Time hangs heavy—like the wet heaviness of fog. There is a little game that I have invented, sitting here night after night. I look for scraps of paper that were the beginnings of letters. When I find a good one I like to try and picture in my mind the kind of man who wrote it.

"Dear Sister: Just a line to let you know I'm still here and haven't found no work yet. I want you to keep mom from worrying, kid I only . . ." (and then a blot that spoiled that start).

"Hello, Bud: I got your letter all right yesterday. Listen fella! don't come here from the West Coast. I know things are bad as you say. But things are not so hot . . ." (then a scrawl and a lot of heavy lines across the page).

A good many of the scraps begin like those two.

Down below me in the main lobby is a crowd of men—maybe three hundred or three hundred and fifty of them—packed close and standing around in groups talking. These are the lucky ones that have at least enough for a flop-ticket. Looking down on their heads is like looking at a pattern that's continually changing and shifting. There are so many that I can hardly see the floor. Movement ripples like a catspaw on still water. The voices come up and fill the whole place with murmuring sound, rising and falling.

The men are of all kinds. If you reached out a hand blindfolded it would be a toss-up whether you would grab a Yank, a Limejuicer, a Squarehead, a Dutchman or any one of half a dozen other nationalities. They are sooji-slingers and bilge-rats and the stewards of passenger ships. There are decent Hoosier kids and toughened blue-water tramps.

Perhaps you glimpse a face vaguely familiar; a shadowy form, a gesture half remembered. If the man is a sailor you may have seen him hosing down the promenade deck that time you got up to watch the sun rise over the Atlantic. If he is a fireman perhaps he wiped the sweat out of his grimed eyes and stared at you the afternoon the chief took your party below to look at his turbines, purring like a million metal wildcats in the belly of the liner. Remember how the heat sucked up through the steel gratings? But perhaps the man was simply a steward, a fellow in a white coat who drew your bath and picked up your soiled towels.

They will not learn caution. Nor will they admit, even to themselves, that their sea trade has become a matter of mechanical labor like any other. They are Conrad's "successors." Still they cling to a pride in the rags and tatters of their own peculiar temper. Without homes or women, savagely poor, unpossessed by the land-sickness and the land-armor of property, their dreams remain enormous and unnamed.

The "Iron Mike" (that ghostly and efficient steering device!) took the helm from out of their calloused hands and left their seamanship rudderless. There are many who have returned from a dozen voyages who would look bewildered and beaten if asked to swing and call a hand lead, or to put a simple short splice in a cable. There are those who have crossed "the line" a dozen times and have never watched the last setting of the Great Bear and the new birth of the Southern Cross. And there are those (a handful: a hundred—God knows!) who would still feel secure on a skys'l yard in a running breeze.

The oldest of the graybeards, the "Packet Rats," can remember nothing like today. In their time there were crimps and there was sin along the waterfront. There were few missions. At sea they broke their teeth on hard pantiles and lined their guts with dandy-funk and cracker-hash. They were given the boots by hardcase mates. "Belaying-pin soup" was their ironic name for a sea-blessing. The "Philadelphia Catechism" was their lullaby: *"On six days shalt thou labor, and do all that thou art able—on the seventh holystone the decks, and then scrub the cable!"* . . .

But always there were ships.

III

In my pocket is a thirty-five-cent dormitory ticket. Down in the main lobby I jam into an elevator to go to the thirteenth floor. It is ten o'clock now and the crowds are going up. A curly red-head behind me grins: "All the way up to the roof-garden, Jack," he says to the man who runs the car. But nobody laughs and the car shoots up.

The place is like a huge gallery or like a floor in a large loft building. There are concrete pillars at intervals and long, rigid lines of steel lockers painted brown. The sleeping dormitories lead off from here and each holds from one hundred and fifty to two hundred double-tiered bunks. A man behind a desk takes the ticket and gives me a towel and a key with the number 1348. At the far end of the room is the locker, half way down a long row.

I strip as quickly as possible and get into the showers. Already the place is packed and groups of naked men stand waiting their turn. Observe human animals in the flesh and you learn much about them. Always between yourself and such fellows as these there has been the distortion-mirror of dress. You have looked at them but you saw their clothes—the faded blue of scrubbed dungaree, shoddy suits, cheap caps instead of hats by Stetson and Dobbs. Just there is the measure of the gap between their life and yours. Yet this place might be the shower-room of a ball park or athletic field. These bodies are clean-limbed and muscular: flanks lean and hard, chests deep. Many are burned brown by the sun and show tattoo marks on forearms and shoulders.

There is a quiet kind of order. Men under the showers hurry to make a quick job of it and when one steps out another immediately takes his place. The men are strangers to one another and—much more important!—they are competitors in a harsh and never-ending business: the search for ships. But they have learned to live in fo'c'sles with no privacy. Cleanliness is in their habit. They take undershirts into the showers with them and scrub them as they wash their bodies. They carry razors in their pockets and shave with the cheap liquid soap the Institute provides.

A freckle-faced kid is talking to a circle of three or four men. His eyes are blue and his turned-up nose wrinkles when he laughs. He belongs to the West Coast but came to New York

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thinking that there might be better chances for a ship here. With seventy cents in his dungaree pocket he started across the country on the rattlers and made the trip in sixteen days.

My slats! It's three thousand five hundred miles from the Embarcadero in Frisco to South Street: it's a trek that to our great-grandfathers was like a voyage to Tibet or Timbuctoo! And whole legions, hordes, armies, mobs of these road-arab kids make the trip time after time, some of them going back and forth four, five, six times a year in their restless shuttle-cock wanderings. They scribble patterns across the map of these States like the crazy meanderings of the children they are. They leap, like the *tumans* of the Khan, not miles but degrees of longitude! They are the nomads of our time, eh?—a drifting *fellaheen* class driven by hunger-restlessness and stewing in the strong juices of economic disaster. The anomaly of their adventure is certainly an American Thing: it would be inconceivable and impossible in the older and harder social mould of the Old World.

Now this youngster is telling a yarn about something he saw this afternoon on lower Broadway:

". . . so this Coast Guard guy (he says) had a racket he was working on the stem. He'd walk up to a well-dressed duke right on Broadway and ask him for a light. Then he'd get talking to him and ask the way to get out to the Navy Yard in Brooklyn. All the time he'd be looking at his watch and frowning as though he was worried about something. Then the bum would put the bee on the duke. He'd say he was due back on watch on a battle-wagon and had spent all his dough and didn't have carfare. Of course he'd shoot a lot of hooey about how they'd throw him in the brig if he was late. In two hours, at that racket, he made two bucks eighty!

"I was watching him this afternoon when he stopped a guy at Pine and Broadway. After he'd gone through the act the sucker starts to hand him a dime and it fell on the sidewalk. The fella bent over sudden to pick it up and zowie! all the change he'd been collecting slides out of his top jumper pocket and goes rolling around into the gutter. Jees' was his face red! He scrambled around after the dough and a lot of people stopped and stared at him. The sucker just stood there with his eyes popping out, cussing under his breath. I thought for a minute he was going to call a cop but he didn't."

The men laugh and the boy goes in to take his turn under a shower. "There's some lousy bums on this beach, all right," he says walking away. "But Christ! what's a guy going to do?"

IV

Go into the sleeping dormitory on bare feet, padding down long dim-light rows of tiered bunks looking for a number. 1348. What will it be? Upper or lower? Near a door where noise and light will keep me awake, or snug in a dark corner near a window? It's a sea-stiff's lottery, night after night.

Stop here for a minute, by this window. It's a thirty-five-cent flop but a hundred-million-dollar view! It would make a swell picture postcard to peddle to the sightseers in Battery Park. If I had one I'd send it to a gal in the Crown and Anchor Bar in San Pauli: "Sweetheart—Here's wishing you were here. X marks my room. I'll be seeing you soon. . . ."

Hundreds of feet up we are, on a granite spearhead thrust between the mouths of two rivers. There is the bay, with the yellow eyes of ships crawling across it. Look steadily there, a little off to port, you can just make out the bulk of Governors Island, the Old Castle squatting down like a grim Buddha at one end. And there is a moon—a great brass gong that a man could reach out and smash with his fist.

To the north and west is a different view. There are the granite mountains. There is a jungle of gold and we could toss a pebble down into it from our height! For three dimes and a nickel we have bought giant stilts. The tourist pilgrims come from all over the world to gawk at this. . . . Why can't we?

A sailor walks down there, late on still nights. I get a kick out of it. Sometimes it's like a deserted city in a queer kind of dream. There are the buildings, looming high in hunched grim masses, cutting a man down by sheer bulk and weight to runt size. There is the Stock Exchange Building, Morgan's, the Equitable Building, Trinity Church sandwiched in the heart of it like the pod of an old woman kneeling.

Standing at the window I remember that once in Broad Street I sat down to rest on the government's front porch. I sat in the lap of more gold than King Solomon could think of in a cock-eyed dream. It was a moonlit night and I squatted down on my ham-hocks right on the stone steps leading up to the Sub-treasury Building! There was a wild harp singing in my blood. I was half round the bend, all right. Well, I was hungry enough and I wasn't sleeping that night in any bed.

Suddenly, like a pup yowling at the moon, I began to sing. It was a queer thing to do at that hour, in that place: it was a way of showing derision for the beach and all its works. I sang an old song that I learned as a kid on a limey tramp. . . .

"I'm 'Enery the eighth, I yam, I yam
I'm married to the widow next door.
She's been married seven times before.
All of 'em was 'Enerys—
She wouldn't 'ave no Willy nor no Sam.
I'm 'er eighth old man named 'Enery,
I'm 'Enery the eighth, I yam!"

I was half way through it the second time when a cop chased me. "Scram!" he said. "I oughta run ya in. Don't you know that's the *United States Treasury?*"

It is a wonder he didn't arrest me for an anarchist, a lunatic, a republican, or a Dissatisfied Person.

Ten-thirty now, yet many of these downtown windows are still alight and men are working behind them. At one of those yellow eyes gouged out of the stone I imagine a kid clerk is standing, staring down at me through the dark. He sees the lighted cross and the red and green side lights on top of this building and knows that here is the Seamen's Institute. He is tired; his eyes smart from staring at rigid immaculate rows of figures on page after page of great ledgers. His fingers are sore from punching comptometers, adding machines, typewriters, all the monkey-machines they use in offices. Probably he'd like to punch his boss's head. His white-collar treadmill seems strange to us here, men wondering about berths and tomorrow morning's breakfast.

But the clerk has dreams: he has read McFee and even Conrad, he knows Gilpatrick's Mr. Glencannon and O'Neill's *Hairy Ape*. He has been to the sea-going talkies and seen Mr.

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Wallace Beery as the villainous bucko mate; Mr. Milton Sills as the heroic skipper. In his secret thoughts he is convinced that sea engineers drink whiskey before breakfast and that firemen have prehensile tails. . . . And he wants to chuck his job and go to sea.

It is queer tonight: old ghosts are walking in my memory. On a day this spring I talked with a boy who was so full of dreams that if I had pricked him with a needle he would have burst. But at that what he believed in may be more real than any reality.

He was out during the lunch hour and we drifted onto the same bench in Battery Park and got to talking over a borrowed cigarette. I think his name was Sparrow, John Sparrow. He said that he worked in an importer and exporter office in Beaver Street and lived with an old aunt somewhere on Staten Island. He couldn't have been more than seventeen because I remember the way the down grew on his upper lip and chin, as soft and golden as a girl's. But there was nothing girlish about that kid's talk! He was a chock-a-block and running over with deep-water lingo he had picked up out of sea-adventure stories.

The concern he worked for imported teas and rubber and spices, all stuff out of the East. He told me that in his office there was a great colored map of the China Coast and the Indies, all of Oceania, that nearly covered one whole wall behind the desk where he worked on ledgers and accounts. Sometimes little pins with colored heads of enamel, like the kind they used to use on war maps, were moved from place to place to show the location of consignments being shipped. And to him it was more exciting than any war map. I know from what he told me that it was the map, with its bright colors and its queer-sounding names, that first sucked up his mind and breathed dreams into it. He knew them all and spoke them with a far-off look in his eyes, as an old boozer might speak the names of vintage liquors. Samarang, Penang, Sarabouya, Kalabahai, Apia, Fiji, Suva, Rarotonga—he knew them better than I do who have been in at least a few of them. He saw them a thousand times more vividly, more keenly alive, than if he had been there himself, to have the illusion and poetry of their names sweated out by the dirt and heat and stinks of the tropics.

He read, he *must* have read, the shipping pages of *The Journal of Commerce* as a Wall Street broker reads "the market." He knew the movements of shipping in and out of New York Harbor as well as I know the number of nickels in my dungaree pocket. Far out on the bay he could distinguish and name the painted markings on ships' stacks that tell the line to which they belong.

What can one do with a youngster like that? A scrap of paper on an office wall had come magically alive and whirled a kind of dance of color and flashing life inside his head. A girl? A home? Mother? A job? "What the hell are they compared to these?" he asks with appealing bright eyes. I tell you that if I had taken this Sparrow then, on that April day, to a leaky ferryboat and asked him to sign articles for a voyage around Cape Stiff—well, by God he would have done it!

And what is a man to tell him? The dirt and misery of it; the rootlessness of wandering?

V

The bunk is not at all bad. A lower in a corner that is fairly dark and quiet. But rest does not come easily or quickly.

Have you ever tried to sleep in the same room with two hundred of your fellow creatures? Try it. If you have ever doubted the animal that sleeps in the blood of man you will be instructed. Lie still in the darkness, listening. A labored rhythm of breathing that dies—torn by a cough. Jungle noises: an incult tangle of sounds that were born before the first word. To untangle the skein of it, to trace the threads back through the dark would be a game for an idiot, or would make an idiot of a wise man. Bodies move, turn over gently, and sink back with a wrenched sigh. Down the narrow alleyway beside your bunk padding wraithlike shapes pass up and down, looking for a place in this hive of sleep. And sometimes a man cries out—a sharp splinter wounding the darkness.

Lying still I am like a man wrestling with shadows. These men around me, each walking with his own chimera hunched and grinning on his shoulders, each walking as I walk—alone. What will become of them? How in the long uncertain future will they live? They are too many. The sea cannot again take them all—not for years to come. It is a question for the "national planners," the economists, and the grim future to answer.

I do know that "the road" will get and keep its share—the long steel trails and the hobo jungles that stretch from Canada to Mexico, from Atlantic to Pacific. Here is ripe fruit ready to drop into the hard lap of the underworld—men not at all weak or docile or scrupulous! men as hungry for plunder as starving desert nomads, and as reckless of danger. They lack the opportunity now. But in time . . .

I have heard men who have been in stir talk about something called "prison-stupor"; a thing worse than a physical beating, worse than syphilis—a kind of disease that battens on a man and sucks until there is no juice left in him. I say that there is a "depression-stupor" at its silent work here, pushing roots far down. It will never show on the charts of the experts when they sit down to add up the cost of the last four years. But I can go into any room where out-of-work stiffs are herded—a soup kitchen, a flop house, or right here in the Institute—and pick out the men marked with it. Look in the reading room on the third floor and watch the men sitting there all day long. Sometimes you can see it in the eyes that stare dully at you and then pass on. It is the hopeless, slack-in-the-pants look—men gone soft inside like rotten pantiles; slack and loose where they ought to be hard and alert. You know that these will sink finally into the slums that lie under the crust of cities. They are the walking-wounded.

But there is a number, small certainly in comparison to the whole, who will not give up the sea. Somehow they will find ships. They will live. They will go hungry and they will endure—and in the end they will form the flesh and blood, the bone and sinew and heart of a new sea power in America. Their reward will be hard knocks and few of this world's goods. They will know poverty ashore and an endless monotony of labor at sea; they will be homeless and rootless and alone, and from a society of landlubbers they will receive the rebuff of ignorance, and the smirk of patronage.

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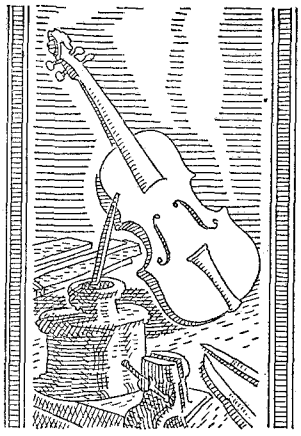
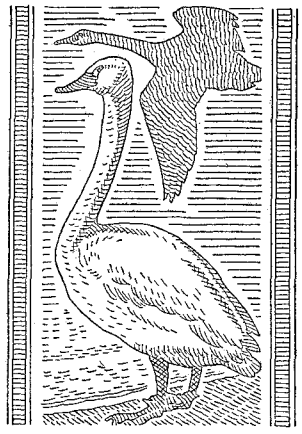


AFTER HOURS



A department in which readers tell what they do to get fun out of life. Contributions selected for publication will be paid for. In view of the enthusiasm which this department has aroused and in order that readers may exchange observations and experiences, we shall be glad to forward letters from Scribnerians to "After Hours" authors

HOMER STRADIVARIUS

By Homer A. Harvey

Doctor Harvey's letter, in response to our request for biographical material and suggestions for interested readers, appears entire on page 191 of "Behind the Scenes." It will be noted that in publishing it we have betrayed him.

My infatuation for the violin dates back to my schoolboy days and the incomparable artistry of "Dude" Barnes. His rendition of "Hearts and Flowers" carried for me a deadly voltage of sentiment. I had to be practically carried home on a shutter after every performance. Dude and I have long since parted ways, but never has the lustrous memory of that gorgeous tune been dimmed, "tho' years have stretched their weary length between."

A violently red fiddle, dear at $2.50, and labelled "Antonius Stradivarius fecit Cremonensis 1723. Made in Germany" was the earliest vehicle of my musical yearnings. I accepted its authenticity with that peculiar form of mental myopia common to all violin fanciers. Some five ambitious years with Winner's *Self Instructor* (fingerboard chart included) set me firmly upon the road to virtuosity. I even achieved a certain local fame by playing my way through college in a campus dance orchestra. *Sic transit.* I am still wondering myself how it happened. I showed better discretion than many wooers of the fickle goddess, and retired from active musical life with my laurels still green upon my brow.

It appears quite natural to me now, in view of my abortive vocation as a performer, that I transferred my very genuine affection for the fiddle into another sphere and began making instruments. That was twenty years ago. Plenty of grist has gone through the mill since, what with a war, marriage, and a family, and the frustration of many well-laid plans, but still the wheel grinds out two or three fiddles a year with no apparent abatement of fervor. Some good and some not so good—but all alike bearing a touch of that idealism which strains upward to the stars. It has been a sort of sanctuary against blatant realism. I am coming to think of it definitely as my contribution to the confused pattern of the present design for living.

My first creation lies today in our attic—a mute reproach upon the fair name of lutherie, I will admit, but weighted down with honors none the less as an historic battlefield of family tradition. I could never forget the gluey fingers and the discreet damning—I worked on the kitchen table within earshot of my wife—which accompanied my efforts to compel that writhing wisp of purfling into its tiny groove to form the clean unbroken sweep and the delicately mitered corners which are the insignia of the finished craftsman. Years of patient practice have even now scarcely sufficed to span the gap between that perspiring ordeal and the facile execution of the masterly corner, with its exquisite "bee-sting." Let no man smile, furthermore, at the connoisseur's rhapsodies over a pair of Stradivarian f-holes. I invite the skeptic to take his knife in hand and try his valiant best to execute the graceful pattern in the soft, grain-ribbed texture of fine old spruce. Or let him probe his skill in setting free from a block of hard, wavy-grained maple a scroll which will not suffer by comparison with the superb curves of a *del Gesu* masterpiece!

I have made in all about fifty violins. Of this number ten might rate awful, ten terrible, twenty good, seven fine, and three solo instruments. I have learned a good deal from reading and experience, I hope, so that today I feel reasonably certain of producing at least a good instrument. But there is always present that little residue of uncertainty, that variability in the quality of the wood so difficult of appraisal, that shade of doubt as to the precise distribution of thicknesses in belly and back which will best conduce to free vibration without sacrificing quality of tone—these constitute the priceless ingredient whose very elusiveness quickens the amateur's pulse. In violin-making, as in almost no other art, the race is not always to the fleet. It ever dangles before the amateur's imagination the enchanting possibility that he may, by some happy combination of accidents, achieve a ranking masterpiece. In this he senses delectably his kinship with Stradivarius and Guarnerius, reminding himself modestly now and then, lest he forget, that these geniuses knew none of the limitations to which his feeble clay is subject. Their hands were guided by the same instinct that sends the wild duck winging to the North, and is as unexplainable.

I sell an occasional instrument, reluctantly, as unbecoming in a true avocationist, and only to cover the cost of materials, which is considerable, as much as $25.00 or more for a choice fiddle. The majority I send joyously on their way out into the world of music, into the hands of artists whose playing has given me pleasure. I have rarely failed of response from a concert player to whom I have written suggesting that I make for him an instrument to conform to his personal ideas as to model,

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wood, and varnish. If he happens to be a real connoisseur, which is by no means always the case, and especially if he has a dash of adventure in his makeup, we usually get together. Many of my most pleasant personal experiences have grown out of these approaches, in some instances involving lasting family relationships. In some instances the matter has gone no further than a cordial correspondence, which was true of Einstein and Yehudi Menuhin. In the case of Toscha Seidel it has brought me and my wife countless delightful experiences and contacts. I am at present making an instrument for Jascha Heifetz. Other artists possessing my violins are Alexander Leventon, Louis Persinger, and Esther Rabiroff. Numerous other examples are in the hands of worthy students whom it has been my pleasure to help in this substantial way. My brain-children bring me constant and increasing returns upon the time and wholly pleasurable effort invested.

If any proof is needed of how deadly in earnest I am about this fiddle business, let me say here and now that I would not only walk a mile—I would crawl a half dozen—to get a choice piece of curly maple. Try me!

RARE WATERFOWL

By Gaylord J. Bell

Mr. Bell's first passion is duck-hunting. He feels that his second, which he describes for us here, is in some measure an atonement.

The Federal Bureau of Biological Survey supplies information on successful domestication of wild fowl and also a list of breeders in this country and in Canada.

A few years ago I sought a hobby with enough outdoorsiness to counter the confining nature of my office work. My home is just outside the city limits and a small stream trickles through the rear yard into a waterlily pool. One day, looking through the classified ad. section of a sportsman's magazine, I noticed a small ad. offering ornamental waterfowl. I thought of my pool and sent a postcard for further information. A fascinating folder came in a few days, replete with detailed data concerning the various varieties which were offered. There were foreign and domestic ducks and other strange water birds—blue-wing, green-wing, cinnamon, European, and Formosan teals, coots, gallinules, kingly canvasbacks, streamlined pintails, gaudily painted wood ducks and mandarins, quaint shovellers, noisy mallards and gadwalls, plump widgeon and redheads, diminutive black-and-white buffleheads, and many kinds of geese and swans. And, because of my pool, I discovered that I could have any of these wonderful birds if I chose! I thought of the stupid-looking utility chickens in my friends' back yards and decided at once that I would have something other than white leghorns or Rhode Island reds! Messy, dull poultry they could care for if they chose—I would raise something else.

From the price list I ordered, as a start, a pair of mallards, two kinds of exquisite teals, a pair of ugly-attractive coots, a pair of gay ruddy ducks and a pair of the graceful pintails. They came early in February and by June all had raised families except the ruddy duck, the female being too undomesticated to make a nest or set. She laid her eggs all over the place and I gathered each one and hatched them under Mrs. Mallard, who raised them all with supreme indifference along with her own considerable family. Little ducks are easily raised. The mother takes very good care of her offspring and woe unto the cat or dog who would chase a duckling while Madame is about! Mrs. Pintail flew so savagely into the face of an inquisitive airedale, the other day, that the dog fled the premises in an ear-splitting series of terrified cries, not knowing what sort of creature had struck it. The drakes of nearly all species of waterfowl have negligible voices, and most female ducks have a variation of the usual "quaaak," for their speech.

At first I raised only a representative pair or two of as many specimens of duckdom as I could conveniently quarter. But, as families grew, I found a definite, extensive market for these beautiful birds. Homes with a pool, no matter how small, can usually accommodate from three to fifteen pairs of waterfowl and the birds tend greatly to ornament the grounds. Dogs and cats do not ordinarily molest them, although rats will take the little ducklings. Ducks will not wander from the place and seldom far from the security of their pool or pond or stream. They need not be fenced or penned in if their pool is sufficiently distant from a roadway or neighbor's yard. If pinioned, or clipped, a two-foot fence will contain them.

Perhaps you may care only to raise one pair of ducks at first. The ordinary lawn, however, is sufficiently large for at least five pairs and their flocks. Excess birds can be sold, or given to friends or public parks. My trouble is, I want to keep them all! Does the distant crying of wild geese thrill you, when, at night they pass overhead on their mysterious flight along the invisible roadways of the sky? Then undoubtedly you would enjoy having a pair or two of the stately Canadian "honkers," as tame as chickens, beautifying your home grounds. Or, if you're a duck-hunter, possibly you have marvelled at the iridescent beauty of a pintail's plumage, before plucking that unfortunate bird for the table? Pintails are quickly tamed to take grain from the hand and are the most swan-like of the ducks—the greyhounds of duckland. Or maybe you would prefer the exotic, multicolored Chinese mandarins, one of the most beautiful birds in the world. There is almost no end to it: from the tiny teals to the magnificent trumpeter swan, waterfowls present an array of colors, shapes and sizes. Too few realize that most of these water birds can be domesticated and made into unusual, fascinating pets, always a source of interest and always things of animated beauty.

There are not very many breeders of waterfowls today and some of the varieties of birds are pretty expensive. In this case, if I find I absolutely must have a pair of some particularly desirable specimen, I write to zoos the country over, and get in touch usually with some one who has the desired birds. Then I buy the eggs, when I can, and hatch them under my own birds. (It is less expensive this way, of course, but the breeders would rather sell the mature stock.) It is something of a job, trying to locate, say, a rare Lake Baikal teal, only to find that the possessor of a pair is reluctant to sell or trade. But what an achievement to eventually own a pair of rare birds which perhaps no one else in the country owns! I imag-

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ine stamp-collectors feel something similar when in possession of a rare philatelic item. But to me, stamps—lifeless, cancelled stamps—or old porcelain, or first editions seem incredibly dull as a hobby when compared with my lively birds.

There is another side to collecting waterfowl. Many species are becoming practically extinct. To propagate these varieties is to conserve and preserve the species. Then again, how interesting it is to know that your dainty, brightly colored teals, if they were not pets in your yard, might be wandering the continents and ocean wastes in their great migration flights from remote northland marshes to far-off South American feeding grounds.

If you have spacious grounds, it seems almost a crime not to give a home to some lovely Royal Mute swans, or some docile, stately herons or snow geese or cackling geese, or the beautiful and rare Ross geese.

Waterfowl are economical to keep. They need only a little grain once daily, as they live mostly on grass and roots and insects and weeds. A license must be had from the Biological Survey (there is an insignificant fee). A sack of grain, a bit of water, a bit of ground, a love of animals—and your investment will repay you a thousand times.

A GLASS GARDEN

By Sadie E. Wilcox

Vocation, librarian, which she thoroughly enjoys; avocation, gardening; but Miss Wilcox found her work in the library of her Illinois town a decided strain during the long winter months of living within four walls. She found her relaxation by building up gradually the little plant house about which she writes. Does your hobby die with your summer garden?

The lament of the poet who sang, "The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year," finds a sympathetic echo in the heart of the gardener who watches his beloved flowers disappear one by one before the onslaughts of early frost. Until a year ago I was one of that group who looked disconsolately ahead to a six months' shut-in period with only two bright spots in it—the arrival of flower catalogs in January and seed sowing in late March.

There was small comfort in house plants for, while I saw kitchen windows filled with bright ranks of blooming geraniums and living-room windows where immense ferns filled the whole space with their luxuriant growth, they were not for me. My most devoted attentions produced only anemic specimens, which, far from being a comfort, were an irritation. The more I read about it the more I was convinced that the ordinary living-room, with its uneven temperature, its lack of moisture, its lack of light, would not produce anything that would console me for the loss of my garden, so I gave up the attempt, arranged two bouquets of bittersweet, and tried to be resigned. Then my attention was attracted to the effort greenhouse men were making to put the very small house, of the lean-to type, on the market. Hitherto the "conservatory" had been considered the plaything of only rich folk, but now, the manufacturers insisted, the person of average means and leisure could own a "little bit of heaven" without too great a tax on his money or time. I read all I could find on the subject, saw the little house which a leading manufacturer exhibited at the Chicago flower show of 1934, and became more and more enthusiastic. After a couple more months' deliberation I took the step which I have never regretted and ordered a glass garden.

Readers will have at least three questions to ask: What does it cost? Is it a success? What can you grow? I shall answer as best I can from my year's experience.

The very small house—lean-to type, usually about five feet by eight and one-half—can be had for about a hundred dollars. It is put up in sections and is said to require only a small amount of labor and expense to attach to the house or other building where it is wanted. That does not include foundation, labor, or heat. I preferred to fill in a space left by the projection of a bay window, the measurements of which did not conform to the ready-made houses, so I had a different proposition. Indeed, the time from the arrival of the material, with its sheets of invoice and pages of blue prints, to the completion of the project was a hectic time. We persisted, however, the house was completed, and after heat, benches, and brackets had been installed I found that the total cost had been less than $300. The house measures four and three-quarters by fifteen feet, contains two benches, and is heated by hot water. It is very narrow, a matter of much regret but it could not be helped as we were too near the boundary line to risk a wider house and, too, the projection of the house beyond the bay window would cause extra work and difficulties in adjustment. I confess that the same house could have been put up with less expense had we more thoroughly acquainted ourselves with the project before starting work.

What can I grow? I do not know the full possibilities of the place yet, but a local greenhouse owner tells me I can grow anything there that he grows in his much larger house. However, it seems very unwise to try to grow in such a very small place plants that require varying temperatures, for this requires knowledge which I do not possess, and time which I cannot spare. It is such a joy to be able to grow ordinary things well that so far I have had no desire to experiment with orchids, roses, and other fussy plant personalities. Now (in October) the house is filled to overflowing with plants, which, taken separately, might seem to the critical observer "just common things" such as geraniums, begonias, ferns, and vines of several varieties, chrysanthemums, snapdragons, browallia, etc. But taken collectively they form a picture of a little garden in good health and spirits which proves attractive to visitors and is a continual source of joy to those who live with it. It is a source of speculation, too, for there is always something interesting to watch—the gradual subjugation of the sulky Saintpaulia into a healthy, beautiful plant; the uncertainty of the identity of the begonia plants raised last winter from seed; the rapid growth of cinerarias, also raised from seed; the good-natured way in which kalancho cuttings respond to a little care.

Then there is the fun in gathering odd little plants from the different greenhouses visited throughout the year. For years a trip to one of these places has made a red-letter day for me, but now there is a double pleasure in it, for the men in charge have been kind—often giving unexpected hints as to culture of plants and willingly

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directing my attention to plants easy of cultivation by the amateur and not too large for a small place. So there are any number of little pots bearing miniature specimens of cacti, succulents, and blooming plants.

In fact I have never had quite such a good time in my life. I am a wage-earner with little leisure and any pleasure I have must be taken in small doses, not far afield and without great expense. My little house seems to fill those specifications. Always close at hand, as it opens right off the dining-room, it is always ready to give me rich returns for a few minutes' visit. Compared with the price of other pleasures (a car, for instance) it was inexpensive to build and it costs very little to maintain. My biggest regret is that I did not have it years ago!

PICNIC REMEMBERED

By Robert Penn Warren

THAT day so innocent appeared
The leaf, the hill, the sky, to us,
Their structure so harmonious
And pure, that all we had endured
Seemed quaint disasters of a child,
Now cupboarded, and all the wild
Grief cancelled; so with what we feared.

We stood among the painted trees:
The amber light laved them, and us;
Or light then so untremulous,
So steady, that our substances,
Twin flies, were as in amber tamed
With our perfections stilled and framed
To mock Time's marvelling after-spies.

Joy, strongest medium, then buoyed
Us when we moved, as swimmers who,
Relaxed, resign them to the flow
And pause of their unstainèd flood.
Thus wrapped, maintained, we did not know
How darkness darker staired below;
Or knowing, half but understood.

Our conversation's privilege
Was but to read each other's eyes
For questions and for sure replies:
Leaning, as one who at the verge
Of cliff beneath which sea-birds call
Savors the sweet of space, the fall,
The plunge of sacrificial rage.

The bright deception of that day!
When we so readily could gloze
All pages opened to expose
The truth we never would betray:
But darkness on the landscape grew
As in our bosoms darkness, too;
And that was what we took away.

And it abides, and may abide:
Though ebbed from the region happier mapped,
Our hearts, like hollow stones, have trapped
A corner of that brackish tide.
The jaguar breath, the secret wrong,
The curse that curls the sudden tongue,
We know; for fears have fructified.

Or are we dead, that we, unmanned,
Are vacant, and our clearest souls
Are sped where each with each patrols,
In still society, hand in hand,
That scene where we, too, wandered once
Who now inherit new province,
Love's limbo, this lost under-land?

The then, the now: each cenotaph
Of other, and contains it, dead.
Or is the soul a hawk that, fled
On glimmering wings past vision's path,
Reflects the last gleam to us here
Though sun is sunk and darkness near
—Uncharted Truth's high heliograph?

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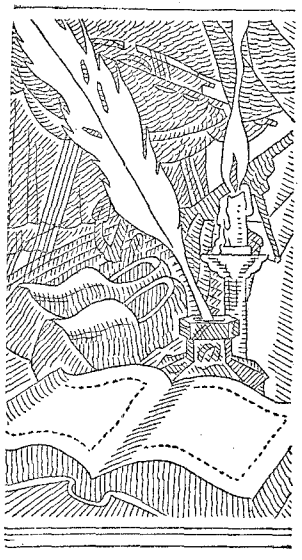
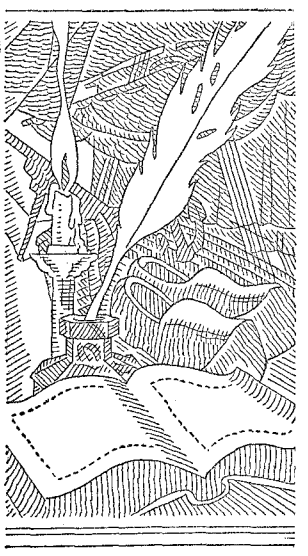


AS I LIKE IT

By William Lyon Phelps



Santayana's *Last Puritan* . . . Letters of William Vaughn Moody and Arnold Bennett . . . Byrd, Frohman, Napoleon, Dickens; Dictionaries, Poets, Purple Passages, Long Sentences

Some years ago, during a sojourn in Italy, it was my privilege and pleasure every afternoon to walk out in the Roman gardens with my friend George Santayana. I had first met him in 1891, when he was teaching philosophy and I was teaching English at Harvard; a few years later he paid us a visit in New Haven, and for several days he attended various classrooms at Yale, and saw a football game at the Yale Field. On his return to Harvard he wrote an article about Yale for *The Harvard Monthly,* which was so friendly in tone that he received a gentle reprimand from *The Harvard Crimson.* Although no one would suspect it from the references to Yale in his latest work, Mr. Santayana was, on that visit more than forty years ago, thrilled by the "Yale Spirit," the unashamed excitement of the crowd at the football game, "where every spectator felt as if he were a possible substitute," by the boyish enthusiasm of the students in dormitories who stuck their heads out of windows and yelled "Fire!" whenever the firebells rang, by the general exuberance of healthy Yale adolescence, which made him say in his *Harvard Monthly* article that Yale was the incarnation of the spirit of America—or something like that. Its very difference from his own mental attitude, instead of shocking him with its cheerful vulgarity and joyous abandon, affected him like a fresh breeze. He seemed to find in it what twenty years later he found in the novels of Charles Dickens, the only books he was able to read during the days of the war; and which drew from him what I regard as the finest essay on Dickens ever written.

In later years we met occasionally either at New Haven or Cambridge, but after he left Harvard and the United States in 1911 (he has never returned) I did not have the opportunity to see him again until the summer of 1928, when he was living in Paris near the Luxembourg gardens, just as he describes it in this latest book. Both then and in our Roman walks of 1932 he told me he was writing a novel, which would not be published until after his death. I fervently hoped he would change his mind and allow the novel to appear. Thus when I saw the announcement some months ago that the book would be published this winter, I regarded it as the most important news of the literary world.

Like every one else, I have immense intellectual respect for Mr. Santayana; also immense admiration for the integrity of his mind and character. It is an interesting fact that although a one-hundred-per-cent Spaniard without a drop of Anglo-Saxon blood, he should be perhaps the most consummate living master of English style. He has well described himself in the Epilogue, by words he places in the mouth of his volatile friend.

> The trouble with you philosophers is that you misunderstand your vocation. You ought to be poets, but you insist on laying down the law for the universe, physical and moral, and are vexed with one another because your inspirations are not identical.

This novel, *The Last Puritan,* has emerged from years of solitary reflection. For nothing could be greater than the change in manner of living between Santayana the professor of philosophy and Santayana the philosopher. In the days when I knew him at Harvard, he was constantly in society, dining out in Boston nearly every night;—regarded by the students not only as an intellectual ornament to Harvard, but as the glass of fashion and the mould of form —an ideal gentleman. A gentleman he always has been and always will be. But after he left academic activities, his entire program of living underwent a complete change. I do not know of any one now who more closely resembles in simplicity and in solitude the ideal philosopher. For fifteen years he has never gone out of an evening; in his own words, "like the Pope, I accepted no invitations and paid no visits."

Thus, those who look in this novel for accurate reproduction of the brittle talk of modern conversation will not find it; the long dialogues express in beautiful language the thoughts and inmost characteristics of the personages, even as Shakespeare reveals in poetry even more truly than by a dictaphone the way his characters think and feel.

The Last Puritan is a very long novel; even longer than it looks; for its six hundred pages are in unleaded small type. It took me many hours to read it through; but it must not be skipped. Every page must be read attentively or not at all. Thus it is possible that it may suffer a little at the hands of busy reviewers, who may not have the time and the patience and the concentration absolutely necessary. But to every in-

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telligent reader who will devote many hours of serious attention to its perusal, it will be abundantly rewarding. My expectations were high but they were more than satisfied.

For *The Last Puritan* is profoundly and truly intellectual—so different from the pseudo-intellectualism of a novel like *Europa*. It comes from a powerful, original, illuminating first-class mind. It is entirely beyond the range of most of our contemporary writers, both in its depth of cerebration and in its serene beauty of style.

After one has finished the book and the Epilogue, one must then immediately reread the Prologue. Even then, there is something baffling about this long novel; the whole is less than the sum of its parts. The creative power of the born novelist which enables him to make living men and women and to fashion their story into a plot—so that the whole book is a living organism like *Great Expectations* and *The Return of the Native*—is not evident here; these people have intellectual vitality, perhaps, but they are not quite flesh and blood. Furthermore, although Eton and Oxford and Harvard and to a less extent Williams are described with detail, there is something lacking. Eton seems to me by far the best and most vivid, possibly because it is the only one of which I am ignorant; the ill-mannered English master at Eton is perhaps the best portrait in the whole book.

There is not a single character whom I can unreservedly admire. I know many commonplace persons in real life who are morally superior to every man and woman in this work. The ones I have in mind put up a good fight against adversity; cheerful, honest, kindly, they get through the day's work. In this book the hero has every advantage; beauty of face and figure, a splendid mind, a magnificent college athlete, a really profound student, and a millionaire! Few novelists have ever dealt a hero such a good hand. But for all that he is *une âme damnée,* and there are times when we feel toward him as every woman does—a mixture of pity and contempt and impatience. His father, rather held up to our admiration, I am afraid, is really a quite worthless person; unfit to be a husband, unfit to be a father, unfit to live. His mother is a terrible fool. Even the gay Don Juan is at times almost a cad. The German governess (whose letters anyhow are great fun to read) is a sloppy, blowzy, tallowy lump of sentimental gush. I dare say it is impossible to create admirable characters unless the author loves life; and while Mr. Santayana loves intellect and the fine arts and integrity and independence of mind and courage, he does not love life.

He has himself succeeded where his hero failed; and it interests me immensely to see how Mr. Santayana has succeeded without making any compromises. He determined to live his own life in his own way. Is it possible that his hero, in endeavoring to do the same thing, was unfortunately cursed by continual *hope* so that the successive disillusions finally destroyed him? And is it possible that the reason Mr. Santayana has made a success out of life—for that he most certainly has done—is because he never had any hope? I cannot help thinking that the following description he gives of his hero would, with the circumstances different (for Mr. Santayana was neither New Englander nor athlete) apply to himself:

> Old-fashioned: no doubt I am old-fashioned. *Weh dir, dass du sein Enkel bist.* I was born old. It is a dreadful inheritance, this of mine, that I need to be honest, that I need to be true, that I need to be just. That's not the fashion of to-day. The world is full of conscript minds, only they are in different armies, and nobody is fighting to be free, but each to make his own conscription universal. I can't catch the contagion. I never could do anything in football except at full-back, never anything in rowing except alone or at stroke. I was born a moral aristocrat, able to obey only the voice of God, which means that of my own heart. My people first went to America as exiles into a stark wilderness to lead a life apart, purer and soberer than the carnival life of Christendom. We were not content to be well-dressed animals, rough or cunning or lustfully prowling and acquisitive, and perhaps inventing a religion to encourage us in our animality. We will not now sacrifice to Baal because we seem to have failed. We will bide our time. We will lie low and dip under, until the flood has passed and wasted itself over our heads. We are not wanted. In the world to-day we are a belated phenomenon, like April snow. Perhaps it is time for us to die. If we resist, and try to cling to the fringes, as I have done so far, we are shaken off rudely, or allowed to hang on neglected and disowned. If we attempt to live apart, as my father did, we wither early into amiable ghosts. There is my uncle Nathaniel. People jeer at him. Yet what just intuition he has shown all his life, what a brave loyalty to his breeding. Didn't Aunt Caroline say I was like Uncle Nathaniel? I am, and I'm proud of it. Of course, there is sixty years' difference in our ages, and he is an extreme survival, a mummy that somehow has kept itself alive. I shan't shut myself up in Beacon Street or mince my steps or wear black gloves. But I can keep my own thoughts inviolate, like Uncle Nathaniel, and not allow the world to override me. We will not accept anything cheaper or cruder than our own conscience. We have dedicated ourselves to the truth, to living in the presence of the noblest things we can conceive. If we can't live so, we won't live at all.

Although the book is very long, there are hardly any typographical errors (Alston for Allston) and hardly any slips—*Tom Brown at Rugby* is not the name of the famous book, and Robert Bridges was not Poet Laureate until 1913. Furthermore, that pedantic old Beacon Street prig, Nathaniel, would never have committed the error of saying casket for coffin; especially after he had just said coffin!

The American poet and dramatist, William Vaughn Moody, died in 1910; we should now all be grateful to Percy Mackaye for collecting and editing the letters Moody wrote to his fiancée. This book is called *Letters to Harriet* and has a lengthy but interesting Introduction by Mr. Mackaye. These letters, written from New York, the Far West, and from many places in Europe, are remarkable; they are the revelation of a brilliant mind and a beautiful soul. If there were any lingering doubt as to the essential nobility of Moody's character or of his capacity to do fine work, the reading of these letters would dispel it. I am glad they have been given to the world, for they belong to epistolary literature; yet they sharpen our sense of loss in the early death of the writer.

Nothing could better illustrate the difference between the mind of a poet and the mind of a novelist than the *Letters to Harriet* and the two new volumes about Arnold Bennett—*Arnold Bennett's Letters to his Nephew* and *Arnold Bennett* (*With 170 Letters*), by Dorothy Chesterton Bennett. Moody's letters are taken up with the things of the mind; Bennett's with the affairs of this world. The world was too much with him; getting and spending, he laid waste his powers. Yet even so, he might be alive now if it had not been for the curious fact that he, so luxurious, so fond of the best of everything, should in Paris, instead of drinking Evian, have taken the ordinary table-water from the carafe. Even the old French waiter shook his head and said *"Ah, ce n'est pas sage, Monsieur, ce n'est pas sage!"*

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There is no writer of the twentieth century about whose daily life and habits and temperament we know so much as about Arnold Bennett. We have the two intimate books written by his first wife, this volume by his second, accompanied by nearly two hundred letters, the volume of letters to his nephew, and the three solid volumes of his daily journal. It is impossible not to admire his candid, honest, forthright character and his efficiency; what a succession of pictures of a man's activities, social duties and pleasures, continual flood of engagements, voluminous correspondence, composition of novels, short stories, book-reviews, travel-sketches, pen-portraits, and general hurly-burly! That is the way a city man lives nowadays, writing for his life.

Perhaps the most astounding thing in this incessant whirl of affairs is that he managed somehow to write at least two first-class books—*The Old Wives Tale* and *Riceyman Steps*.

Annals of the Poets, by Chard Powers Smith, is one of the most interesting books about the lives of famous poets that I have ever read. He discusses their birth, parentage, breeding, education, social position, money, with innumerable anecdotes. This book is a store-house of interesting information. It can be opened anywhere and read backwards or forwards. Reading a book like this, considering one poet after another, is like living intimately with each man; we come into the closest possible contact. There have been individual personal histories before; but I do not remember any work like this, where all the poets are biographically considered in just this way. How delighted I was to find that one of the most accursed bores on earth has existed in every generation and got what was coming to him two hundred years ago; I wonder if it would not be a good idea to try the Prior-method on the man who at a symphony concert or opera begins to hum the melody at a familiar phrase. Why does he do it? To show off? Well, when the English poet Matthew Prior was at the opera in Paris, the man sitting next to him began to hum. Immediately Prior whispered "What a miserable voice that singer has!" and his seatmate said, "Why, he is a famous artist!" "Yes," said Prior, "but he makes such a noise I can't hear you so well!"

The *Autobiography* of John Cournos is interesting from first to last page. Born in Russia, having lived for many years in London and in New York and in various European capitals, novelist, essayist, philosopher, and student of society, the account of his personal struggles is dramatic in the extreme; and his views of humanity and the modern world mentally stimulating.

Daniel Frohman Presents is an irresistible book, like its author. He is the most buoyant octogenarian I have ever known. Here is the story of his external life from his birth in Sandusky to his upper berth in the Lyceum Theatre. The book is crowded with personal reminiscences and anecdotes of famous actors; and fairly glows with the author's love of his profession and love of humanity. He has overcome the world by loving it. He has learned the secret of self-preservation; he has always thought of himself last.

Discovery, by Admiral Richard E. Byrd, is a marvellous book of adventures in the Antarctic; a succession of thrills. He says nothing about his capacity for leadership, but perhaps the most astounding proof of it is in the unemphasized fact that *he brought back safely with him every one* of the numerous company he took into that lowest circle of ice.

With Napoleon in Russia, by General de Caulaincourt, is an astonishing narrative. It is the diary of the man who was closer than any one to Napoleon on that insane journey to Moscow. He was with him every moment. The only thing that seems the least fishy about it is that his advice to Napoleon was always right; if the Emperor had taken it, he might never have lost his throne. I cannot help being a little suspicious of advice published only after the disastrous results of not taking it! Still, we get very close to the Man of Destiny. Interesting it is that the thousands and thousands of soldiers whose lives he sacrificed for his own ambition felt fully rewarded if they saw him; as he left them dying in the snow, they blessed and never cursed him. His talent for popularity was even greater than his genius for war. If one reads this diary as Emerson would have read it, the colossal selfishness of Napoleon dwarfs every other impression.

DICKENS HIMSELF

I am sure all Scribnerians will share my gratitude to George A. King of Washington, D. C., for the following letter:

In a recent number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE you asked (following a line of Browning) "Ah, did you once see Dickens plain?" I answer, "Yes."

The occasion was a public meeting held here in Washington in February, 1868. I was then thirteen years of age and was already familiar with Pickwick Papers and David Copperfield. The hall was filled with an expectant throng. Hardly had Dickens appeared on the platform when a man arose in the audience and demanded that the lecturer be not heard on account of his unfriendly attitude toward this country as expressed in his American Notes and Martin Chuzzlewit.

The feeling at that time between this country and England was decidedly unfriendly. The ruling classes of that country had viewed with unconcealed satisfaction the break-up, as they supposed, of the world's greatest experiment in democracy. Diplomatic blunders on both sides had aggravated the situation. The Alabama Claims were still unsettled. Dickens himself was widely charged with breach of hospitality by going home from his visit twenty-five years earlier and then abusing us.

The distinguished lecturer met the situation with tact and urbanity. He explained that this country had changed very much in the quarter of a century since he was here when a young man, and more apologetically, he added he had himself changed very much since he came here as a young man of thirty years of age. The audience showed no sympathy with the heckler. They had paid their money to hear the British lion roar and were in no mood to have the show broken up before it had fairly begun. Dickens read from several of his works with a charming style and intonation. At this distance of time it is hard for me to say what all of his selections were, but one which I remember distinctly was his Christmas Carol. He made similar apologetic statements at a public dinner given him in New York just previously to his departure, at which Horace Greeley presided.

As Dickens died only two years later, in 1870, I presume that I am one of the few persons now living who could answer "yes" to your question.

WORCESTER'S DICTIONARY

From Elizabeth E. Smith, of Newington, Conn.:

You asked, What had become of Worcester's? It is on my writing table. Fortunately, I have never been able to afford another, for . . . where else can be found so many entertaining quotations?

Not only that: on opening a modern dictionary, I found no mention of *stand* as a nautical term. Worcester gives as his 28th definition of the word, "to hold a course, as at sea," and embellishes it with appropriate quotations from Pope and Dryden, and my cousin in Stratford assures me that he uses the term today when sailing his boat—"Stand for the outer mark. . . ."

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THE CLOSING SCENE

This poem, by Thomas Buchanan Read, of which I had no recollection whatever, was brought to my attention by a correspondent who quoted *The London Westminster Review* as saying it was the best American poem ever written. I am grateful to Beaumont Claxton, of Imboden, Ark., who took the trouble to copy it for me, and to Frank Weyant, of Ridgewood, N. J., and to Clara M. Main, librarian at Lewistown, Mont., for telling me it is to be found in Stedman's *American Anthology* and elsewhere. I have now read it for the first time and am not impressed, though I see why it was formerly praised. It is a dignified second-rate echo of the style and manner of Gray's *Elegy*. A formal rhetorical exercise.

THE POETRY SOCIETY OF GEORGIA

My salutations to this flourishing organization which has just published its *Yearbook* for 1935, containing among other verses the Barrow Prize Poem awarded to Frances Frost. The President is Mrs. John B. Seymour and the Society holds regular meetings in Savannah, at the beautiful Telfair Academy building.

PURPLE PASSAGES

A familiar expression describing ornateness or rhetorical eloquence is "purple passages"; but I could not find the origin of it either in Bartlett or in the new prodigious Stevenson's *Home Book of Quotations*. Professor Jack Crawford of Yale informs me it comes from Horace's *The Art of Poetry;* "it generally happens that one or two verses of purple (*purpureus*) patchwork, that may make a great show, are tagged on. . . ." (Trans. C. Smart.)

POETS AND PUBLISHERS

Professor Carlton Wells of the University of Michigan sends me H. W. Horwill's letter in *The New York Times* Book Review for Dec. 1, 1935; "it was announced on the same day that Sir William Watson, the poet, left £733 (net personalty *nil*) and that John Long, founder of a publishing firm, left £97,362 (net personalty £96,702)."

Mr. Wells received a letter from Jesse Stuart of Kentucky, author of *Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow,* "I do not write for cash. I'd be poor as a snake if I did or didn't. I teach school and farm to live."

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Stuart in Kentucky last October; he is an interesting personality. I predict that he will eventually make more money out of writing than out of either teaching or farming or both.

LONG SENTENCES

When, in the November issue, I printed the letter from Mr. H. L. McKnight, of Louisiana, calling attention to Ernest Hemingway's sentence of 423 words in *Green Hills of Africa,* I brought upon myself many long sentences. The question is an interesting one. In addition to those already printed, I have received from Mrs. L. G. Pedigo, of Salem, Va., a sentence from the inaugural address of President John Adams in 1797; the sentence contains 723 words!

T. McCaleb of San Francisco, writes me that his fellow-townsman, R. M. Tobin, has furnished him (he encloses it) with a sentence from Cardinal Newman's *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine,* which contains 516 words.

Meanwhile G. G. Frelinghuysen, of Morristown, N. J., writes:

> In the argument of a case, Counsel on the other side referred to a long sentence used by the late Wm. M. Evarts. To which Mr. Evarts replied, "Only the criminal classes object to long sentences."

Very good; I might add that the criminal classes sometimes have the courage of their convictions.

Mr. Evarts was famous for his long sentences; but I heard that he received $100,000 for speaking a sentence of one word. He was retained by some corporation; their representatives asked him a long question; he thought about twenty minutes, and then said "Yes." They paid him the sum above mentioned and he had earned it. Yet many a woman has received even more for the same word, when followed by wedding bells.

THE FAERIE QUEENE CLUB

gains a distinguished member in Mrs. Mary Hewitt Gehres of Waverly, Ohio, eighty-two years old and in good health. She has been a regular subscriber to SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE *for more than fifty years.*

DANIEL PRATT (BUFFO)

From Horace E. Henderson, Bowdoin, '79:

> When my December SCRIBNER'S came this morning I turned first, as I always do, to your column, and was exceedingly interested in what you had to say about Daniel Pratt. It brought to my mind an episode in my Freshman year at Bowdoin, when the "Great American Traveller" made his customary annual visit. You mention the bestowal of the degree of "C.O.D." at Dartmouth. On this occasion the degree of P.B. was given him at Bowdoin, and a diploma some six feet long was tendered him by one Arlo Bates, afterward head of the English Department at M. I. T. I remember that Bates prolonged the agony by offering the document to the honored (?) guest half a dozen times, only to pull back the scroll from his eager hand each time.
>
> On this occasion a junior, Serope Armenaig Guardjian, from Cesaria, took a picture of the "Grand Stand" on which Daniel stood, holding his precious tall hat, with a group of students around him. This I made use of in a booklet issued at our fiftieth reunion, and I am enclosing a copy of it for your enjoyment.

BIRTH CONTROL

Whatever may or may not be the scientific value of discussions on this subject, for clergymen in the pulpit my suggestion is that instead of discussing the question of birth prevention, they devote themselves more exclusively to the Second Birth; instead of preventing persons from being born at all, that they endeavor to increase the number of those who are born again.

BOOKS MENTIONED, WITH NAMES OF PUBLISHERS

The Last Puritan, by G. Santayana. Scribners. $3.50.

Letters to Harriet, by W. V. Moody. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

Arnold Bennett's Letters to His Nephew, Harpers. $3.50.

Arnold Bennett, by Dorothy C. Bennett. Kendall & Sharp. $3.

Annals of the Poets, by Chard P. Smith. Scribners. $3.

Autobiography, by John Cournos. Putnams. $3.75.

Daniel Frohman Presents, by D. Frohman. Kendall & Sharp. $3.50.

Discovery, by Richard E. Byrd. Putnams. $3.75.

With Napoleon in Russia, by de Caulaincourt. Ed. Hanoteau & Miles. Morrow. $3.75.

Parliamentary Law and Procedure, by J. Q. Tilson, was quoted at wrong price in our January issue. Correct price: $2.50.

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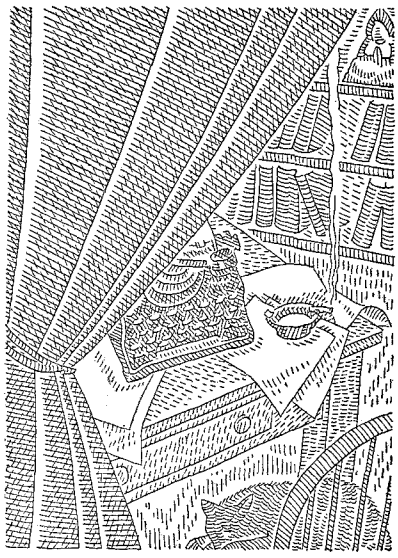

Behind the Scenes

About Scribner authors . . . What they say . . . A reader-author discussion of the farmer's fate . . . New society with basis in country life . . . Is New York a home town? . . . Patient and doctor . . . Negro music

Struthers Burt, ex-newspaper man, homesteader, dude-rancher, and author, is most familiar to most people either as rancher or author. He is not in Wyoming as much as he was, but his daughter has been studying out there this year and he will never be able to break away from the West entirely. At present he is in New York with his wife, Katherine Newlin Burt, and his son, Nathaniel Burt, poet and musician.

At a time when the hue and cry, both for and against the Constitution, is at its loudest, **James Truslow Adams** begs for reasoned consideration of its history, growth, uses, and potentialities before taking any hysterical steps to discard or change it. Mr. Adams was a member of the United Stock Exchange until 1912. He was with Colonel House's commission to prepare data for a peace conference early in the World War; was detailed to special study at the Peace Conference, after serving various important posts during the war, and his studies of many phases of American history are too well known to need mention.

Nancy Hale, who writes "The Blue Muslin Sepulcher," is the author of several novels and many short stories. She has a new book of short stories coming out next month, called *The Earliest Dreams.*

During his world-famous career as student, teacher, university president, speaker, and writer, **Nicholas Murray Butler** has found time to attend fourteen Republican conventions, many of them in an official capacity. In this, the third article covering these important political gatherings, he deals with the momentous war convention of 1916.

Arthur Train, lawyer-author, is probably best known to a large part of the reading public for his Mr. Tutt books, or for his novel *His Children's Children* which came out a few years ago. He has written many other books and stories and a new book *Manhattan Murder* will be out soon. The present article "Are You Psychic?" is a new departure, though not a new interest for Mr. Train.

The last book in **Vardis Fisher's** tetralogy will appear this spring under the title *No Villain Need Be. Passions Spin the Plot* is perhaps the best known of the other books. Mr. Fisher has, until recently, written no short stories, and "Laughter" is the first to appear in any general magazine. At the moment he is directing a Writer's Project under the WPA in Idaho.

Rexford G. Tugwell was not appointed Administrator of the Resettlement Administration on the basis of a merely theoretical knowledge of farming. He has been and is a farmer who has for many years operated his father's fruit, dairy, and poultry farm at Wilson, N. Y., from May to October. For several years, during the winter, he taught at Columbia University. When he took his degree at the University of Pennsylvania in 1922 he wrote part of his thesis on the milk problem, dealing with the familiar situation of low prices on the farm, despite high prices in the city. In 1928 Mr. Tugwell was invited by advisers of Alfred E. Smith to study the agricultural situation and make suggestions for his use, and in '32 he was associated with Henry Wallace and M. L. Wilson in helping prepare material for Roosevelt. "Our New National Domain" is a subject close to his heart.

Mary M. Colum was born in Ireland but has lived in this country for twenty-one years. She was educated in Europe and has written criticism, short

OUR AUTHORS SAY:

"The office of the President of the United States is surrounded by broad powers; so broad that they are often vague, but there is just one thing he is not supposed to be, although very often he is, and that is a figurehead."

Struthers Burt. P. 129

"When we [Americans] are riding 'high, wide, and handsome' we want no one to tell us of danger ahead, and most people consider any one applying brakes as an enemy to prosperity and hence of Society."

James Truslow Adams. P. 135

"Over a million rural families on relief portray the need for the rehabilitation of lands which private ownership has been unable to conserve."

Rexford G. Tugwell. P. 164

"The American revised version of the Bible does not say to United States Christians, 'Go ye into all the world except the British Empire.'"

Sam Higginbottom. P. 174

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stories, and poetry. She believes that all literary talent has the same ingredients, but as life is short, each writer has to specialize in some branch of literature. A novelist or a poet is of necessity a critic and a critic is of necessity a potential practitioner on all the other forms of literature; that is, a critic has to be potentially a poet, a fiction writer, a dramatist, but has to have a specialized training in criticism. Mrs. Colum is all of these, but in "Meager Legend" limits herself to story writing.

Fourth in a family of twelve children (third of eleven living), **Martha Gilbreth** is the daughter of Doctor Lillian Moller Gilbreth and the late Frank Bunker Gilbreth, both consulting engineers in management. The article shows how their principles of cooperation, important in business, were successfully introduced at home. The author of "A Large Family Is Fun" apparently believes it, for as secretary of the Glenfield School in Montclair she strenuously saves pennies through the year for travelling, as she "would rather travel than eat, but am always glad to come home again."

Higginbottom, Sam (uel), as he is listed in *Who's Who,* has been a Presbyterian missionary in India since 1903. He was decorated by the Indian Government in 1924 for his great and humanitarian services to the lepers and the blind, but his official position is principal of the Agricultural Institute, Alahabad, where for years he has been instructing the natives in advanced agricultural methods. "Missionaries and Battleships" is his answer to David C. Colony's article, "The Church Builds Battleships."

The anonymous author of "I Am a Sea-Stiff" has few dislikes but among them are first-class passengers who call a ship a boat, professional missionstiffs, and literary ships' officers with portable typewriters. "I am vain of almost nothing," he writes, "except an ability to weave a four-stranded Turks Head with eyes shut. . . . A great deal amuses me, including a sly trick of wheedling third mates into discarding *Snappy Stories* for Rabelais, a permanent shipmate who travels in my seabag alongside of Taine and Tuan Jim."

In response to our request for biographical material and for suggestions about violin-making for interested readers, **Doctor Homer A. Harvey,** whose article appears in "After Hours," sent such complete information that we felt impelled to print his letter here. Doctor Harvey requested that we use the data in his last paragraph sparingly. Its content made us betray him.

The source material on violin making is legion. I have access to the Sibley Library of the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, and it has most of the important literature on the subject. Oddly enough, the large majority of the books are French and German, and not Italian. As an example, *Die Kunst des Geigenbaues,* Möckel, is an exhaustive and authoritative work on the subject. The studies on the acoustics of the violin alone would make a sizable library. . . . I have quite a collection of German and French works as well as English. For color-plates I have one of Hill's limited edition copies of The Guarnerius Family, a gorgeous volume. I also have access to Hill's *Life of Stradivarius,* a companion volume published about twenty years ago, and also containing beautiful colored plates.

As in other avocations, there is a sort of fraternity among violin makers, and there are few within a radius of 400 miles of here whom I have not met. The quest for suitable wood took me to Gorham, N. H., last summer, where I enjoyed meeting some enthusiastic amateurs and professionals, and secured some spruce salvaged from logs which had laid under water for years in an old dam in the neighborhood, and from which I made one of my best instruments. . . . This extramural aspect of the hobby is one of its most fascinating features!

Naturally, one interested in violins would have taken advantage of every opportunity of examining great individual instruments and especially collections. I have had the pleasure of spending some time in the great Wurlitzer Collection in New York and enjoyed the acquaintance of its genial curator Mr. Freeman. I have also seen most of the fine examples in the hands of the great artists, who are never averse to talking shop with a violin lover.

I am in active practice, and find limited time to indulge my avocation. Faculties Romance Languages Univ. Illinois and Syracuse eight years. Graduated in medicine Syracuse 1916. Fraternities, Phi Beta Kappa and Alpha Kappa Kappa. Also actively interested in Astronomy; have my own observatory and write on astronomical subjects; articles soon to appear in *Scientific American* and *Popular Astronomy.* Small suburban estate. Adirondack camp, where we have entertained Toscha Seidel (great violinist), and wife Estelle two summers. Three children, Wife grad. Syracuse, 1912; Phi Beta Kappa and Delta Delta Delta.

H. A. Harvey.

AFTER THE AAA, WHAT?

The letters which come in in response to a controversial article, together with the answers which the author sends back, now and again form an illuminating cross-section of opinion on the subject, just as the informal discussion which follows a lecture is sometimes as informative as the lecture itself. Such has been the case with the letters which have gone back and forth about "King Cotton's Slaves" in our October issue. At a time when the whole problem of what is to become of those who depend on the land for a livelihood is before the country more dramatically than at almost any other time, the following letters and opinions seem of especial interest. Ralph Townsend of Fresno, Cal., writes to the author:

Dear Mr. Carpenter:

With other members of my family I inherited from my grandfather a tract of cotton land on the South Carolina border in North Carolina. When I was in my teens I stayed on this tract and helped try to manage it. That was during the World War. Occasional visits since, and visits to other cotton areas of the South, have provided the experience and observation helping me to form opinions upon current conditions. I gather that you are much more familiar than I with recent and present efforts to effect remedies. I acknowledge that I was a bit touchy on the subject about which you wrote, because living afterwards in New York I heard a good number of professorial "authorities" tell people what was what, generally with the inference that the land-owners of the South were living off the fat of the land while the tenants suffered in medieval hardship. Of course you know and I know that there isn't any fat in the land for anybody concerned. So much by way of biography, and its possible influence upon my views.

Much of this tract of land I mentioned will make a bale or thereabout per acre. But like much Eastern Seaboard soil, it needs nitrates, which are expensive. Through recent years, excluding perhaps the last year or so, the land has not made expenses, and has required remittances from more profitable endeavor elsewhere to hold it in the hope that values will rise to a point where disposal can be made without losing completely the money sunk there to hold it. You know the depreciation if houses and land are left idle, so this tract has been cultivated at a loss. Various plans have been tried, but it is a commentary that no sub-lessor would take the whole off our hands in 1930, '31, and '32, with a guarantee to us of more than $600 per year—insufficient to pay taxes and patch roofs. You will mention absentee ownership—a true curse of Southern farming. But with resident ownership, on adjoining plantations, conditions are no better. My first cousin, a bright young college graduate with improving ideas, tried living on the spot and diligent personal attention, and wound up by losing his 3000 acres for taxes, liabilities for tenants' grocery bills which the tenants couldn't pay, etc. All around, in the upper part of South Carolina and the cotton belt of North Carolina, inland from Wilmington, much land has been growing up in weeds. Some of the Negroes my grandfather helped to personal ownership a generation ago have lost their holdings in recent years because of very trivial tax bills. I cannot speak intimately of conditions since the summer of 1933. I am reviewing personally familiar facts covering the span of catastrophe since the post-war drop in cotton prices. I know I could not get 1/10 the 1922

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price for my share in this cotton land today —a testament that there is not much in the cotton growing business for the owner.

Referring to my mention of losses via tenants' defaults, I should say that probably not less than 20 tenant families have absconded on this land in the last ten years. The remittances to keep the land have exceeded several times its revenue. The hired manager plan has not worked well, either when the managers have been on shares or on stated salary. Nothing has worked. There has been no chance to sell, of course. I might do a little better, living on the spot, but economically I should be a fool to do so. I know I could not make a decent living. There must be thousands of young men with land in the South who reason likewise. And as long as prices are what they are, and have recently been, preachments to go back to the soil and lend a hand in economic and social uplift remain impossible of fulfilment for those of us who have acquired some means of livelihood in other parts of the United States or in industrial areas of the South. Of "leading class" white people whom I knew in childhood in the South, those who have panned out best since 1922 are those who left the country—that is a serious realization. But the air of hopelessness in which I found people in the rural cotton areas at the worst of the cotton low price levels appalled me. The social consequences of this economic degeneracy of the once responsible class you know quite well. I agree that there is a national calamity apparent in the spectacle. But I can see no out. I cannot see how any national (American) economy can be adjusted to the international situation. At best the Roosevelt limitation program is but a season or two ahead of speeded production abroad which will nullify its present rather conjectural advantages. A personal guess is that a lower-commodity-price-lower-wage economy adjustment such as that by which Japan captured world markets, without internal disadvantages, in 1933 is the answer. But that is off the subject, specifically, of cotton.

I hope you and your fellow-workers make progress in promoting small ownership. That will not make anybody prosperous, as I see the matter, but it will cultivate a self-reliance that is preferable to the degraded state of mind among Southern tenants now. I could hope for something like what you see in France—a region of small, thrifty owners. I used to notice that the small independents—the ex-tenants—were incredibly shiftless. In a land where grapes, peaches, and a dozen other fruits grew abundantly with little more work than planting, people lived in sun-parched yards with no one of the fruit trees or vegetables native to the area in sight. Few had cows. So that matter seems more a result of ignorance than land-owner policy, since the independents were no better than the tenants. My grandfather, who bossed his tenants like a Mussolini, did all their thinking for them, and ordered them to plant vegetables, keep cows, etc. Left to their own devices, the same people go half-starved, milkless and fruitless, even where their land-owners encourage them to grow things of their own. I am reminded of Tolstoi's accounts of the futility, or at least colossal difficulty, of efforts at getting the Russian peasants to improve their lot. The liberalism of our time does not admit that immense numbers of people are incompetent to know their own best interests, so of course any strong encouragement to tenants to grow their own stuff would be opposed by radicals as paternalism, oppression, etc. Personally, I should favor tax exemptions or other inducements in the South to have people keep cows, grow gardens, etc. I am aware that we are disposed to think of authority only in terms of oppression, because our familiar examples of it, within our own history, have been so frequently of a kind to justify this view. But if we admit we have no men we can entrust reliably with authority, or no system by which we can pick them, that is tantamount to saying that collectively we have no competence for political administration in the first place, and that I believe comes very close to the truth. The comment may seem a bit aside from the question of tenancy in the South—I have not time to fill in the gaps which might in part remove the inconsistency. The substance of the remark is that the forces against doing what ought to be done, and might improve the situation even if it cannot be wholly corrected, are very strong just now. All the advocated correctives tend to put the economics of agriculture more and more upon a basis by which paper acceptances, and not commodity exchange values, govern prices and currency circulation. As long as this situation prevails, the thinking spectator must view rather pessimistically the outlook for cotton farming in the South, by tenants or independents. The cog wheels of elapsing history have caught a generation or two of the growers in a predicament of hopeless helplessness.

and Mr. Carpenter replies:

My dear Mr. Townsend:

You are from South Carolina. I am from Rockbridge County, Virginia. My father marched under Lee, was with his army at Appomattox and after the surrender was General Lee's student at Washington College, Lexington, Virginia.

I share your feeling towards people who make incursions into the South and write sensational accounts of what they see and often of what they do not see. They not only arouse our prejudice but they create misunderstandings which do infinite harm. I practice law for a living, but am deeply interested in the lot of the poor, especially the poor whites of the South, of whom I am one. But our Northern friends should understand this: Much of our rich delta land is now in the hands of Northern people and of Northern corporations. These are our harshest landlords.

The largest landlord in this County owns some thirty-five or forty thousand acres of land in this part of the County. It runs a large commissary in this town and at two other points. It has discontinued renting its land because the renters would get a part of the government reduction money. It has now dispensed with sharecroppers because they would get a part of the parity payment. It works most of its land now by day labor, paying them about seventy-five cents a day. On this wage they eke a miserable existence, without many of the comforts and with only the barest necessities of life. None of the stockholders of this Company are Southern people. I could mention many other companies of which the same statements are true.

Southern landlords are like other people. Some are good and some are bad, but my observation is that the old-fashioned Southerner has more regard and feeling for his tenants than many of the new comers. My complaint is not against the individual landlord but against the system which is wrecking the landlord, the tenant and the country. I have not worked out my remedy in detail and I fully realize that it is not possible to accomplish, suddenly, a sweeping reform in Southern agriculture. It must be a process of years. That process involves the salvaging of the soil and the development of character—two great and important tasks. At the present we can only make a beginning, but it is important that the beginning be made along the right lines. Whatever the details of that plan may be, I feel very deeply that the objective should be home building.

W. W. Ellis of Capleville, Tenn., writes (before the AAA reversal):

Sirs:

Mr. Carpenter is a country lawyer, Poinsett County, Ark.

I am a dirt farmer, Shelby County, Tenn.

I am familiar with conditions in Mr. Carpenter's community. It is considerably less than 100 miles from my home. I have been in the communities of Marked Tree, Tyronza, Lepanto, and Hatchie Coon.

There are as honorable land owners and as honery tenants in Mr. Carpenter's community as will be found anywhere in the United States (East Tennessee included—and that's a broad statement).

If conditions were approximately as bad, as painted by Mr. Carpenter, does it not stand to reason that something would have come of the Federal investigations of a few short months ago?

I am enclosing a government bulletin, Form Cotton 4, dated December 18, 1933. This pamphlet explains, in detail, so that the simplest man can understand, just what the AAA means to the cotton producer.

The particular portion of Mr. Carpenter's communication, which I am taking the liberty to call to your attention, is found if you will begin reading from page 195 (your Oct. 1935 issue), starting with line 31 (which starts off—"Next came the acreage-reduction program of 1934 and 1935 . . ."). Then read what Mr. Carpenter says is the ruling of the Department of Agriculture as regards the rental benefits. Now turn to bulletin Form Cotton 4 and see for yourself what are the facts:—Page 10, Start with Question 65.

Is it not reasonable to assume that if Mr. Carpenter is so far afield, as to fact, other statments may be erroneous or exaggerated?

I am not trying to be personal as to Mr. Carpenter. I freely admit that some land lords are a sorry lot—but I also say some of the tenants are a little minus too. I do believe in "Giving the Devil his dues." Mr. Carpenter has gone to extremes in laying the cotton land owner out and his article positively is wrong in presuming to say how the rental benefits are distributed. (You don't have to take my word for this statment—read Form Cotton 4.)

The reason for this communication is to bring to your attention the fact that one of the most important utterances contained in the article taking first place in your October issue —is erroneous and the hope you will see fit to make a correction in one of your issues in the near future.

Of course I presume this article was as a sweet morsel to many of your readers—but take it from me—it don't read good, at all, to the Southern cotton producers.

If you could have some one snoop around and talk to the tenants of varied localities you would find the larger majority are heartily in favor of AAA as regards cotton.

I have in mind one tenant who last year put up a good little barn. When he finished his barn he had him a sign painted, reading: —"Uncle Sam done it all."

Yes this barn, too, is less than 100 miles

(*Continued in Advertising Section*)

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Phonograph Records

By Richard Gilbert

● *Lieder* of great German composers sung by Lotte Lehmann. . . . Sir Thomas Beecham records music by Rossini, Sibelius, Mozart, Handel, and Borodin. . . . Mozart's G minor symphony under Koussevitzky's baton. . . . Schnabel completes his recording of the Beethoven piano concerti. . . . Correspondence.

A Song Recital by Lotte Lehmann is something more than the title of this recent album implies. It is, in fact, as good an outline of the development of the art song in Germany through the nineteenth century as could be suggested. Mme. Lehmann's selections (several of which have never been recorded before) ranging from Mozart to Hugo Wolf, place before one in chronological order some of the high points of the romantic *Lied*. No one can resist the charming simplicity of Mozart's *An Chloe* and *Die Verschweigung;* and to appreciate thoroughly the deeply introspective art of Wolf's *Anakreon's Grab* and *In dem Schatten meiner Locken,* how helpful it is to hear first his great precursors, Schubert and Schumann, in examples like *Ungeduld* and *Im Abendrot,* and *Die Kartenlegerin* and *Waldespräch*. Between these two composers and Wolf appeared Brahms; his contributions to the form are beautifully exemplified by *Therese; Meine Liebe ist grün;* and *Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht*. All of the songs have a purity of melodic line, symmetrically drawn and classically poised. Each in its individual manner exhibits keen poetic sensitivity combined with unerring skill in providing rich harmonic molds to suit the varying sentiments, now gay, now grave, now avowing, of the texts.

Of the interpretation: Surely, no finer examples of the combination of the arts of vocalization and enunciation are to be found elsewhere on records. Even Mme. Lehmann's own previous recordings for Odeon and Parlophone cannot compare with the artistic presentation here. The singer's keen intelligence and superior musicianship, the veracity and variety of her treatment, completely reveal all there is to know and to feel in the above compositions. Every nuance of color and light and shade is projected with subtle persuasiveness by one of the finest soprano voices of our time. The recording is flawless—the balance between the voice and piano accompaniment is nicely poised. Finally, Erno Balogh's accompaniments are musically and spiritually in tune with the singer. A book of German texts and English translations, together with Mme. Lehmann's own impressions of the songs, accompany this set—a collection which, I am certain, will make of every listener a *Lieder* enthusiast (Victor set No. M292).

Few orchestra records emanating from European studios achieve the spontaneous brightness of those made under the direction of Sir Thomas Beecham. Ardent lover of the music of Rossini, Mozart, Handel, and Berlioz, Sir Thomas conducts the music of these composers with contagious ebulliency and polished nuance. He also has a penchant for some of the moderns, and in program-making (as he demonstrated during his recent visit here with several of our orchestras) he may be counted upon to provide entertaining evenings. Most listeners will relish his recent records with the London Philharmonic Orchestra. No other conductor, with the possible exception of Sir Hamilton Harty, obtains as fine a tonal response from this orchestra as does Sir Thomas. Hear, by all means, the infectious suite called *Rossiniana*. Ottorino Respighi years back arranged a ballet suite, *La Boutique fantasque,* from several of the brief piano *morceaux* composed by Rossini for his own and his friends' amusement. This delicious collection furnished material also for the *Barcarolle, Siciliana,* and *Tarantelle* in Respighi's *Rossiniana* which finds its first recording here (Columbia set No. 240). The instrumentation is deft and colorful. Beecham's playing demonstrates his resilient verve and the recording is exceptionally lucid. . . . More dramatic and darker hued are three fragments from the incidental music Sibelius (you will note that this is a Sibelius year) wrote for a Copenhagen performance of Shakespeare's *The Tempest: Caliban and Canon; Humoreske; Oak Tree*. Under Sir Thomas the London Philharmonic responds magnificently (Columbia No. 68409). . . . At Leeds, England, last year parts of Mozart's great *Mass in C minor* were recorded by the Leeds Festival Choir, the above orchestra and soloist under Sir Thomas's direction. The *Kyrie Eleison,* with Dora Labbette, soprano, is complete in two parts (Columbia No. 17050), and the *Qui Tollis* occupies the odd side of a two-disc set whose major portion is taken up by the *Polovtsienne Dances* from Borodin's opera *Prince Igor* (Columbia set No. 238). The festival also saw recorded by the above groups the choruses *Moses and the Children of Israel* and *But As For His People* from Handel's *Israel in Egypt* (Columbia 68412).

Beecham has no small part in the recording of Serge Prokofieff's dazzling *Concerto in D* for violin and orchestra. He supplies a particularly brilliant pedestal for the violinistic legerdemain of Joseph Szigeti. Prokofieff, once labelled an *enfant terrible* of modern music, poses an unusually large number of puzzling technical problems in this work for the soloist, but Szigeti, considered by the composer as the work's "greatest interpreter," is equal to every solution. Sentiment, of course, is eschewed completely; but the exhilarating character of the music, its angled ruggedness, sureness of purpose, and abounding gaiety, plus daring instrumental virtuosity, are sufficient qualities to recommend it (Columbia set No. 244).

The London Philharmonic, under the baton of Serge Koussevitzky, has recorded the exquisite *Symphony No. 40 in G minor* (*K550*) of Mozart (Victor set No. M293). I am sorry that this work wasn't assigned by Columbia to Sir Thomas Beecham (who, you will have guessed by this time, is something

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of a favorite with me). A new G minor has been sorely needed. Doctor Koussevitzky's well-reproduced version is only three-fourths successful. His experiments in tempo in the first movement are wholly unnecessary, distinctly un-Mozartean. Despite the strange orchestra, he gets results not far below the standards of precision required from his own Boston Symphony.

Artur Schnabel completes his recording of all five Beethoven piano concerti with the engravure of No. 2, in B-flat, *op. 19* (Victor set No. M295). This is perhaps the least absorbing of Beethoven's piano concerti. If Beethoven's piano works are not a specialty with you, concerti Nos. 4 and 5 have more to offer. Malcolm Sargent paces the orchestra, the familiar London Philharmonic.

The review of *Porgy and Bess* recordings in the January issue brought forth considerable comment none of which disagreed violently with this department's opinion. Now that Gershwin's "folk-opera" has taken to the road, I wonder if some one will submit a justification for Doctor Spaeth's stand (also in January SCRIBNER's) that *Porgy and Bess* is "already recognized as America's most important contribution to modern music." S. Harold Sargent, of Philadelphia, for one, doesn't think so:

> I wish to express appreciation of your department on Phonograph Records, with reference particularly to the comments on Gershwin in the November and January issues. While it may apply no more to this composer than to some others, I might add parenthetically that in common with many another music-lover I am everlastingly fed up with Negro music and its commercial exploitation. *The Glory Road,* by the way, is an especially vicious example of this; and it is to be regretted that a number of our better singers have yielded to the temptation to offer it so frequently.
>
> In your remarks on the *Rhapsody in Blue* and *Porgy and Bess,* I think you state the situation quite accurately. But I am a little mystified when you say of the latter that "it will entertain more people than any previous operatic attempt on the part of a native composer." Have you perhaps forgotten that Reginald De Koven was born in Middletown, Connecticut, and is generally credited with having written *Robin Hood?*
>
> As to present-day commercialism, the Gershwin ballyhoo, while not greatly differing from that of other popular writers, is more obnoxious in that it seeks to place him in the ranks of more serious composers. (See the irritatingly fulsome articles by Doctor Goldberg.) To the disinterested listener, however, Gershwin's melodic gift seems inferior to that of Herbert, Friml, and Kern, to mention but three contemporaries.
>
> By all means, let us encourage the American composer; but let us do so because he *is* a composer—not because he is an American.

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If I Should Ever Travel

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

● The world is smaller for a generation that has come of age. . . . Australia and America. . . . The sun shines bright in the Southwest. . . . New Mexico, Arizona, California. . . . Mexico and routes thereto.

The world, both of people and places, seems so enormous and unreachable, when we are children. I can remember with what awe my brother and I used to listen to Father say casually to Mother, when he picked up the Sunday rotogravure section: "Well, I see old So-and-So has been appointed Minister to France." Or the social column: "So John Bayles is getting married. He wasn't much of a scholar but I always liked that boy." Or the obituaries, solemnly: "Oh, I'm sorry to see this. Henry Josephson used to run the quarter with me at Michigan, and knew more about European history than any one I ever met." It seemed to us that hardly a day passed that the news did not contain a mention of some one that he knew. We thought he must be a very great man to count so many among his friends.

Now that today is here, and people that *we* know, or know of, figure in the news from time to time, the net result is not that I have changed my opinion of my father. I have come to see, or think I see, that the natural result of growing up is to have one's generation inevitably take its place in the world, get married, have children. Some, alas, are even dying. The world seems to grow closer, if not smaller; to be made up of people that we know, with whose names we are familiar, and whom we may approach.

The same holds true of places. Australia was once as far away as the moon and I had never heard of any one who had been there. Going there myself was unthinkable. Going to another State was an adventure. But when gradually one's own acquaintanceship —as whose does not?—comes to include people living in most States of the Union, in Australia, in Porto Rico, in Vienna, London, Paris, one realizes that one need not be great to know people all over the world. One grows to see that the world must be easier of access than one had, when younger, imagined. And so it is.

This month mail has come to me from Australia, from Vienna, from New Mexico, and Mexico. The letter from Australia comes from a friend who is working there for the British Government, and makes Australia and America seem to have much in common. "I have just returned to urban civilization," he says, "after five months in the bush—spent in the dry interior, where I have been investigating the problem of soil drift. (Your country knows all about this now, I gather)," he adds parenthetically. It is summer for them out there.

But now that winter has worn us down with cold and colds and a great weariness of the indoors, it is not of the far-flung places that I would speak, but of those nearer and even more accessible spots in our own country or on our own continent where the sun shines, the sky is the blue dome it's supposed to be, and great distances and spaces can help us come to grips with ourselves again in a week, two weeks, a month—whatever time we can afford.

New Mexico

The letter from Kathryn Peabody in Abiquiu, New Mexico, began with a sentence that was all I needed to send me off. "I must rush this to go down with the mail this afternoon, for we never know when the mail might go again." But if that is not enough for you, read this as the letter goes on:

"When I first announced my intention to go to New Mexico to work and live, an elderly uncle of mine took it upon himself to reproach me: 'What on earth do you want to go out there for? Nothing but cactus and rattlesnakes.' And a lot of uninitiated people seem to have the same idea.

"There is cactus, to be sure, and occasionally, in the summer months, one may see a rattler, one of the not very large or belligerent New Mexican variety. But there is much more. I shall never forget the wonder of the sunny mid-March days when I first came from the East to the ranch in the wild and varied country that lies some seventy miles north of Santa Fé. At night the stars seemed very near because of the lightness and clearness of the air, and the eerie barking of coyotes became as familiar as the dark. I awakened every morning to the loud sweet singing of a flock of purple finches in the huge cottonwood tree that sheltered the little adobe cottage in which I had a room—a room, bright with Indian rugs and blankets and heated on cool evenings by piñon wood burning in a quaint, Mexican-style adobe fireplace.

"I couldn't get enough of looking at sandstone cliffs, warmly colored in yellows and coppery tints, against the most intensely blue sky I had ever seen; or gazing out across the grass-covered prairie that stretched for miles southeast of the ranch to the foot of a handsome blue, flat-topped mountain. I climbed that mountain one day, after visiting an old flint mine on one of its lower slopes, and sat on its narrow top, to look across the same grassy plain from another direction and see the snow-capped mountains of Colorado, some two hundred miles away. An eagle, evidently resenting our presence near his lofty perch (the metal altitude plate read 9846) whizzed past as we sat, nearly grazing my companion's broad-brimmed hat with his wing.

"Riding with the cowboys while they work at looking after herds of white-faced cattle, and moving them from one grazing ground to another, is greatly enjoyed by Easterners who can ride at all, and one of my most memorable days was spent thus, when a girl guest and I were considered hardened enough to ride all day. We felt, as I guess every one does, like part of a Western movie, as we rode over flats covered with fragrant sage and along rocky trails, listening to the cowboy songs Jack sang, and laughing at his frequent exasperated exclamations of 'Dad-gum a cow!' whenever some contrary animal

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"The Soviet Union is a country of youth." This message is brought back by the increasing number of American travelers going each year. In industry, agriculture, in all fields of scientific and cultural progress, in the great Stakhanov movement now sweeping the country, youth — and the older generation infused with renewed youth — is taking the lead.

Americans in Europe this summer can scarcely afford to miss the opportunity to see this vast land being literally remade. Convenient and fast connections by air, train and boat from all Western European centers make for easy extension trips to Moscow, Leningrad, Kharkov, Kiev, the Caucasus Mountains and Crimea.

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TRAVEL IN THE SOVIET UNION

deliberately left the trail and had to be chased back.

"It is a strange State indeed, and one which offers a variety of interests. Artists come and linger on, finding in the gorgeous coloring of the country and in its sometimes rather forbidding, burned-out aspects, which contrast with its softer beauties, always new inspiration for their work, no matter of what school. Archæologists glory in ancient pueblo ruins, where they spend many happy and profitable, albeit extremely dusty hours, excavating. Paleontologists seem to know just where to dig to unearth bones of prehistoric animals of terrifying names and dimensions, while persons very weary from too much business and society come just to rest their jumpy nerves, and succeed in a measure far beyond their hopes.

"New Mexico has a way of snatching people up from other places not so good and claiming them as its own. The cautious traveller should think twice before visiting it, if he knows he can never return, for he may be left with a never-ending nostalgia for its airy spaciousness. But then, who would be cautious?"

Her ranch, as she says, is near Santa Fé—near, as distances go out there—but there is also fine dude ranching country (winter dude ranching), in all of what the Weather Bureau calls at this time of year the "sunniest area in all these United States" near Phœnix, Hot Springs Junction, and Wickenburg, Arizona, and Palm Springs, California. Winter round-trip fares from Chicago have again been cut so that they are now at the lowest level of record. The crack Pullmans, on one line at least, have been put on a four-times-a-week schedule out of Chicago instead of three, and daily air-conditioned trains leave Chicago for all the Southwest and California.

Mexico

We here in the East take it for granted that if we go to Mexico we should enter by Texas or from Vera Cruz—and good ways they are—but a friend of mine from California writes that too little is known of the "west coast of Mexico route. That entrance into Mexico is really one of the most interesting, although I think Easterners often feel that their most logical approach is from one of the eastern gateways. They miss some of the most primitive and picturesque portions of Mexico." And then there is always the sea. A Cali-

(Continued on page 14)

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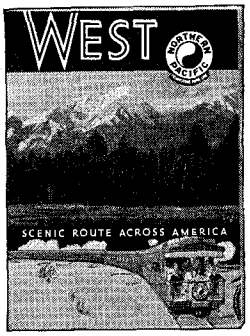

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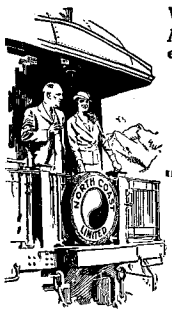

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TRAVEL SERVICE
65 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
"Intourist" Representatives

If I Should Ever Travel

(*Continued from page 13*)

fornia-Mexico cruise of eighteen days costs $250 on one line, with optional trips back by train—eleven or twelve days for $198.50 or $232.50 respectively.

Elizabeth Reagan has sent me some very helpful information from Mexico City for all travellers to Mexico:

Once over the border [she says] the feeling of Mexico reaches you—that indefinite something very old, simple, yet mysterious mingling with an uncertain newness. Always, in Mexican life there is a touch of the old and the new—it carries through, even to the clothes of the workers. Blue-overalled laborers rub shoulders with those in white pajama-like suits. Señoritas in scant modern dresses walk arm in arm with the generation that clings to rebozo-covered heads and many skirts, full and wide. Picturesque villages of adobe huts with thatched roofs show their touch of the modern in a gasoline station.

For American tourists passports are not necessary. An identification card, which may be secured from any Mexican Consul, admits one to the country for a period of six months. Vaccination is required. Automobiles may be driven in for the duration of one's visit for a fee of less than one dollar. A normal spring wardrobe with the addition of a heavy coat for evening and mountain drives, gives suitable and comfortable clothing.

The hotels of Mexico, D. F., are modern. Those of the small towns distinctly modest. Monterrey, Ciudad Victoria, Valles, and Tamazunchale, offer among the best hotels for automobile tourists.

Behind the Scenes

(*Continued from page 192*)

from my home. It is easily read from one of our Federal paved highways.

And again Mr. Carpenter replies:

Dear Sir:

You say that I am a country lawyer. That is true, and having lived for twenty years in the Cotton Belt, I have had the opportunity to study, at first hand, the cotton tenant system and to observe its deadly effect.

You say that "there are as honorable landlords and as honery tenants." I did not and do not condemn all landlords. In *The Press Scimitar,* published in Memphis only a few miles from your home, there appeared an article written by me on the 18th of last May, containing these two paragraphs:

"In these articles it has not been my intention to make a wholesale indictment against landlords and planters. Like share-croppers, they are good and bad.

"Some of the finest men I have known have been planters whose treatment of tenants has never been questioned. It is not against these that war should be waged, but against the system which makes possible abuses herein described."

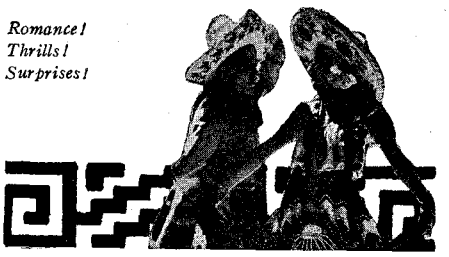
Perhaps the article published in SCRIBNER'S should have contained a similar statement to avoid misconstruction.

You say: "If conditions were approximately as bad as painted, does it not stand to reason that something would have come of the Federal investigations of a few short months ago?" Do you not know that the legal department of the AAA sent here last January one of the ablest members of its staff in the person of Mrs. Mary Conner Meyers to investigate conditions; that she made a thorough investigation; and that the papers stated that she likened this country, with its evicted and homeless tenants to war-torn Belgium?

Her report was suppressed. And why? Be-

(*Continued on page 16*)

Romance! Thrills! Surprises!



Someone has said there are more guitars than shoes in old Guanajuato.

And while that may be a gross exaggeration, Guanajuato *does* offer escape from our break-neck, materialistic existence. On your very next trip to Mexico visit this romantic, historic colonial city.

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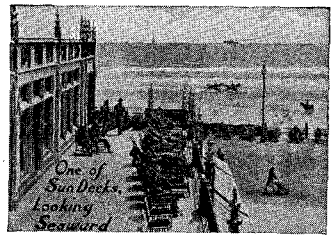

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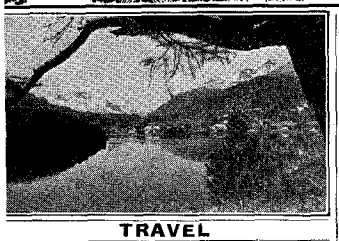

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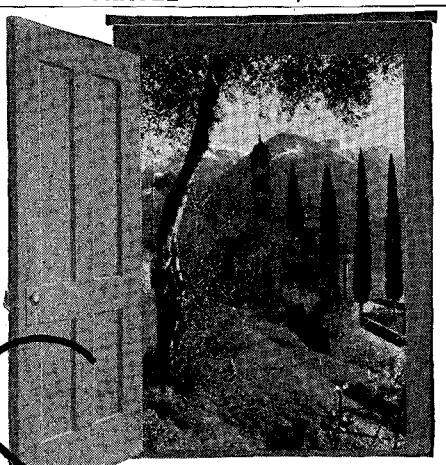

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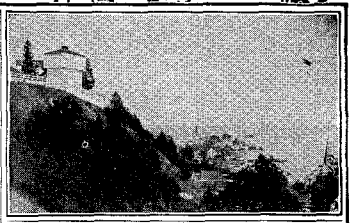

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This summer make Sweden your gateway to all the Scandinavian wonderlands and the fascinating Baltic region.

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For 29 years WHERE-TO-GO departments now featured in 8 magazines have been especially noteworthy. 92.2 per cent of our space has been taken by old friends over a 5-year period.

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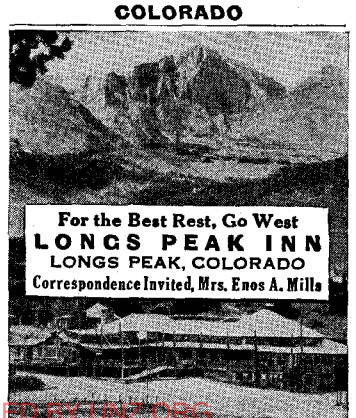

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When writing to these advertisers will you please mention The Where-to-go Bureau? It will be greatly to your advantage to do so.

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Fifth Avenue bus passengers come from the highest-income sections of New York City. In addition to residents of the better class sections of New York, the Fifth Avenue buses carry a large number of visitors from all parts of the world. The Fifth Avenue buses are the most convenient means of reaching the Fifth Avenue retail shopping district. A survey made by the Fifth Avenue Coach Company a few years ago showed that, based on a month's tabulations, the buses delivered to

Lord & Taylor's	378,000	passengers	per	year
Altman's	423,000	"	"	"
McCreery's Fifth Ave. Entrance	233,400	"	"	"
Best & Co.	184,500	"	"	"
Franklin Simon & Co. . . .	134,700	"	"	"
John Wanamaker	284,294	"	"	"

Advertisements in the Fifth Avenue buses reach these people at a logical time. Bus advertising space is the only "point of purchase" advertising on Fifth Avenue — the greatest shopping center of the world.

Fifth Avenue bus passengers pay ten cents for a seated ride, in preference to a five cent fare on other transportation lines. All passengers are seated. No standees are allowed.

6,300 passengers are carried downstairs, in **each** Fifth Avenue bus in a month.

The advertising rates are as follows:

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*Full run, 1 card in each of 400 coaches .	$800 a month	$920 a month
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20% discount on a five-year uncancelable contract

* Jackson Heights buses are not included in a "full run."

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Bills are rendered the first of the month of service.

Mechanical data: Cards in side racks, 11 inches high by 21 inches long, outside dimensions; printing surface 10 by 20 inches; should be on 5 ply stock. Special positions $2.50 to $8.00 per month according to location.

Further information may be procured from

JOHN H. LIVINGSTON, JR.,

Advertising Space in the Fifth Avenue Buses

425 Fifth Avenue, New York City Tel. CAledonia 5-2151

Behind the Scenes

(*Continued from page 14*)

cause it was unpleasant to face the facts. For how could the administration explain the fact that while it was leasing at a high rental forty per cent of the lands formerly planted in cotton, yet it was permitting the poor and homeless to be driven from these very lands? To prevent this it would only have been necessary for the AAA to have stipulated that these people should remain on this land it had leased.

You next say that my "article positively is wrong in presuming to say how the rental benefits are distributed, and that therefore it is reasonable to assume that my other statements may be erroneous or exaggerated."

I am willing that the merit of your criticism and the truth of my statements shall be judged by the evidence you submit. I copy below my statement which you so sharply criticize, and certain questions and answers from the bulletin "Form Cotton 4," published by the AAA, which you submit as proof that I am wrong. My statement in SCRIBNER'S follows:

"By a ruling of the Department of Agriculture the share-cropper is denied any share in this money. The renter who furnishes himself is not permitted to share in it unless he can qualify as a 'managing share-tenant.' To defeat him, the landlord only has to assert his management of the crop, whether he ever enters the field or not."

Following are certain questions and answers from Form Cotton 4:

"Question 65: What is the rental payment?

"Answer: The rental payment is that amount which will be paid on each rented acre and is determined on the basis of the average yield of lint cotton per acre for the base period.

"Question 66: What is the parity payment?

"Answer: The parity payment is that amount which will be paid on each pound of lint cotton in the producer's farm allotment.

"Question 67: Does the producer receive both payments?

"Answer: Yes, if he signs the 1934 and 1935 cotton acreage reduction contract and fulfills the terms."

According to answer 67, the producer who signs the contract receives both payments. But who is the producer who can sign the contract? This question is also answered in Form Cotton 4.

"Question 19: Who may enter into the cotton acreage reduction plan?

"Answer: Any producer who is an owner, landlord, cash tenant or managing share tenant and who operates or controls a cotton farm. . . ."

Now, according to this authority, what part of the rental does the share-cropper get? Not one cent. What part does the small renter get? Not one cent unless he can qualify as a "cash or managing share tenant" who operates and controls a cotton farm.

Thus my statements are proved to be true by the very authority you introduce.

You may answer that the share-tenant receives a part of the parity payment. He should. But my statement and your criticism do not discuss or even mention the parity payment. They deal only with the rental. Perhaps your mistake has resulted from confusing the two.

You say that if some one could "snoop around he would find a majority of the tenants in favor of AAA." In answer let me say we do not need any more "snooping around." We have had too much of that. An investigation of the tenant situation, to be of value, must be open and free and the report thereof frank and fair.

One great cause of our trouble is that we have refused to face the facts and have therefore failed to work honestly for a solution. I think the time has come for a different attitude towards this problem and for a patriotic effort to solve it.

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